Alexander's Male Choir

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ALEXANDER'S
MALE CHOIR

THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION QUARTETTE BOOK

EDITED BY
CHARLES M. ALEXANDER
AND
THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION QUARTETTE

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
MARSHALL BROTHERS, LONDON

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Dedicated to the service of the Master with a prayer that the Holy Spirit may bless this effort, and make it a collection of songs that will be of great help in all active Christian work.

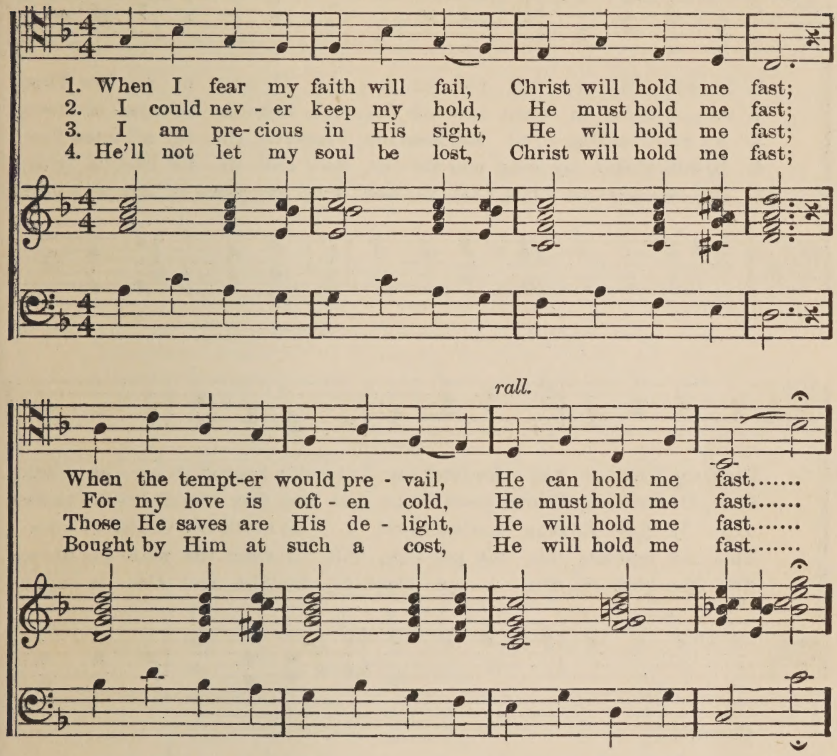
"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly; in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord . . . . Col. 3. 16.

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER

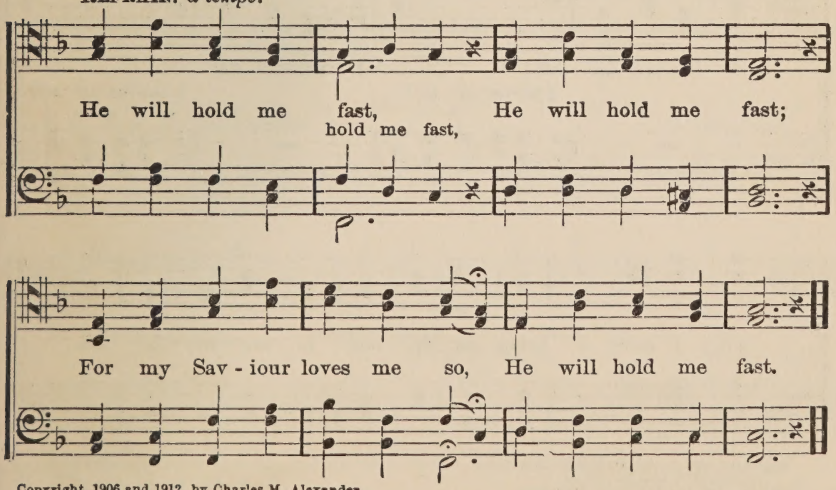
No. 1. He Will Hold Me Fast.

"Thy right hand shall hold me."—Psalm cxxxix: 10.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
3. I am pre-cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;
rall.
When the tempt-er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast.....
For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast.....
Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast.....
Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast.....

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*



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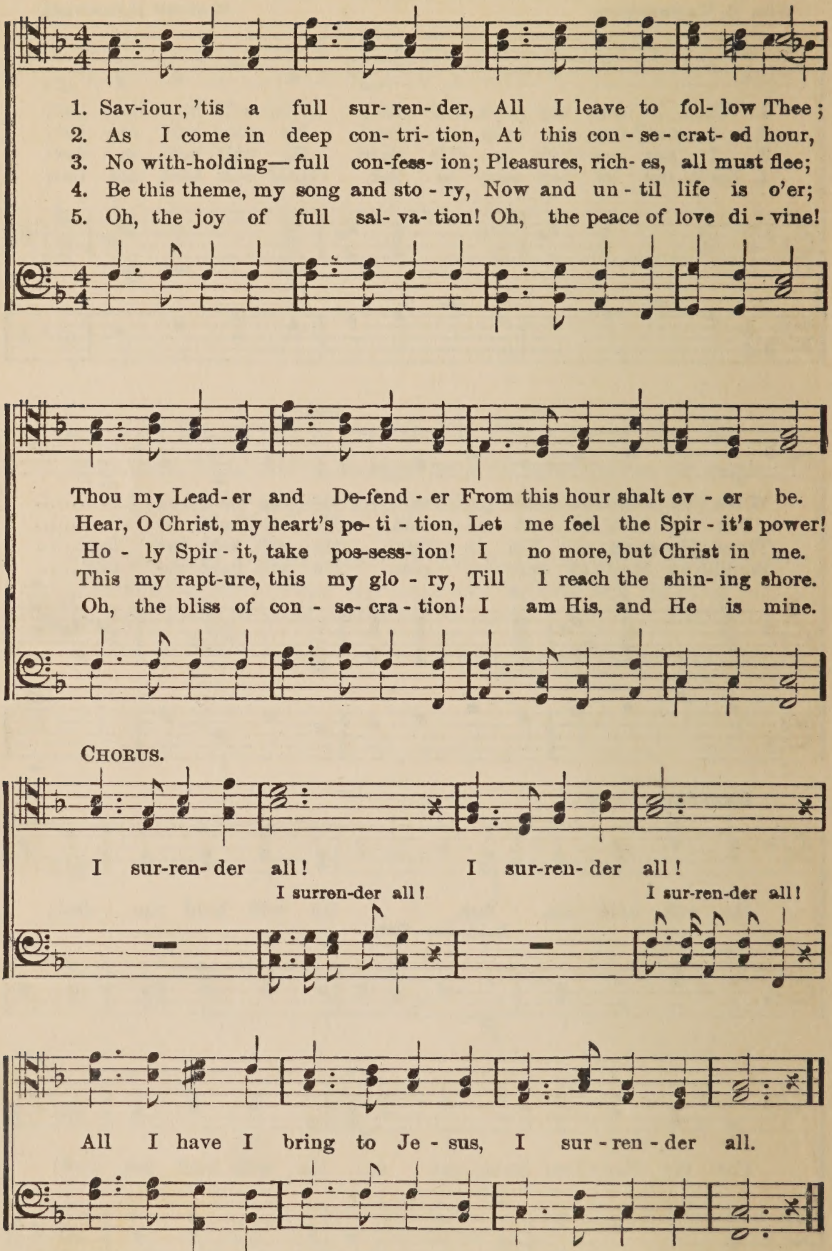
No. 2. Full Surrender.

REBECCA S. POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Sav-iour, 'tis a full sur-ren-der, All I leave to fol-low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con-tri-tion, At this con-se-crat-ed hour,
3. No with-holding—full con-fess-ion; Pleasures, rich-es, all must flee;
4. Be this theme, my song and sto-ry, Now and un-til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal-va-tion! Oh, the peace of love di-vine!
Thou my Lead-er and De-fend-er From this hour shalt ev-er be.
Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe-ti-tion, Let me feel the Spir-it's power!
Ho-ly Spir-it, take pos-sess-ion! I no more, but Christ in me.
This my rapt-ure, this my glo-ry, Till I reach the shin-ing shore.
Oh, the bliss of con-se-cra-tion! I am His, and He is mine.
CHORUS.
I sur-ren-der all! I sur-ren-der all!
I surren-der all! I sur-ren-der all!
All I have I bring to Je-sus, I sur-ren-der all.

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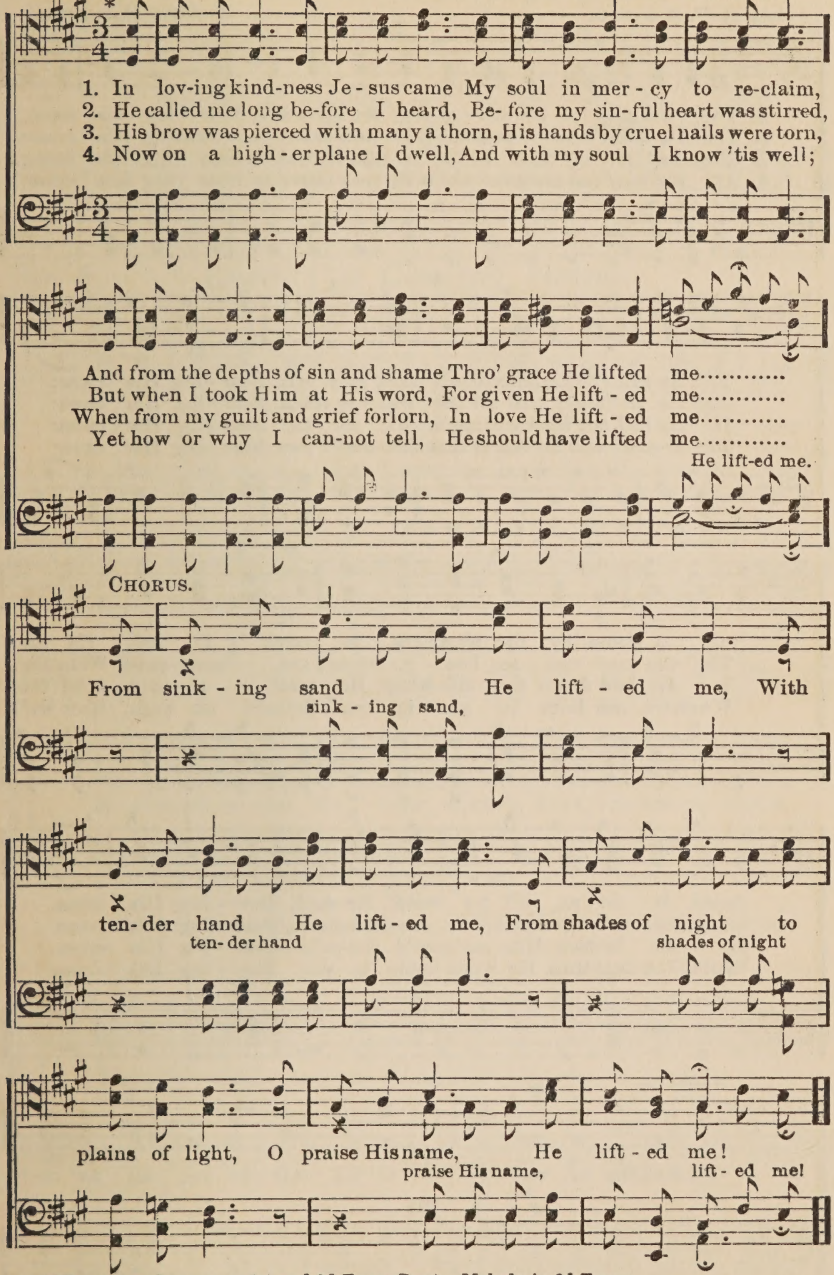
No. 3. He Lifted Me.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. In lov-ing kind-ness Je - sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cruel nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lifted me.....
But when I took Him at His word, For given He lift - ed me.....
When from my guilt and grief forlorn, In love He lift - ed me.....
Yet how or why I can-not tell, He should have lifted me.....
He lift-ed me.
CHORUS.
From sink - ing sand He lift - ed me, With
sink - ing sand,
ten- der hand He lift - ed me, From shades of night to
ten- der hand
shades of night
plains of light, O praise His name, He lift - ed me!
praise His name,
lift - ed me!

Verses may be sung as 1st and 2d Tenor Duet. Melody in 2d Tenor.

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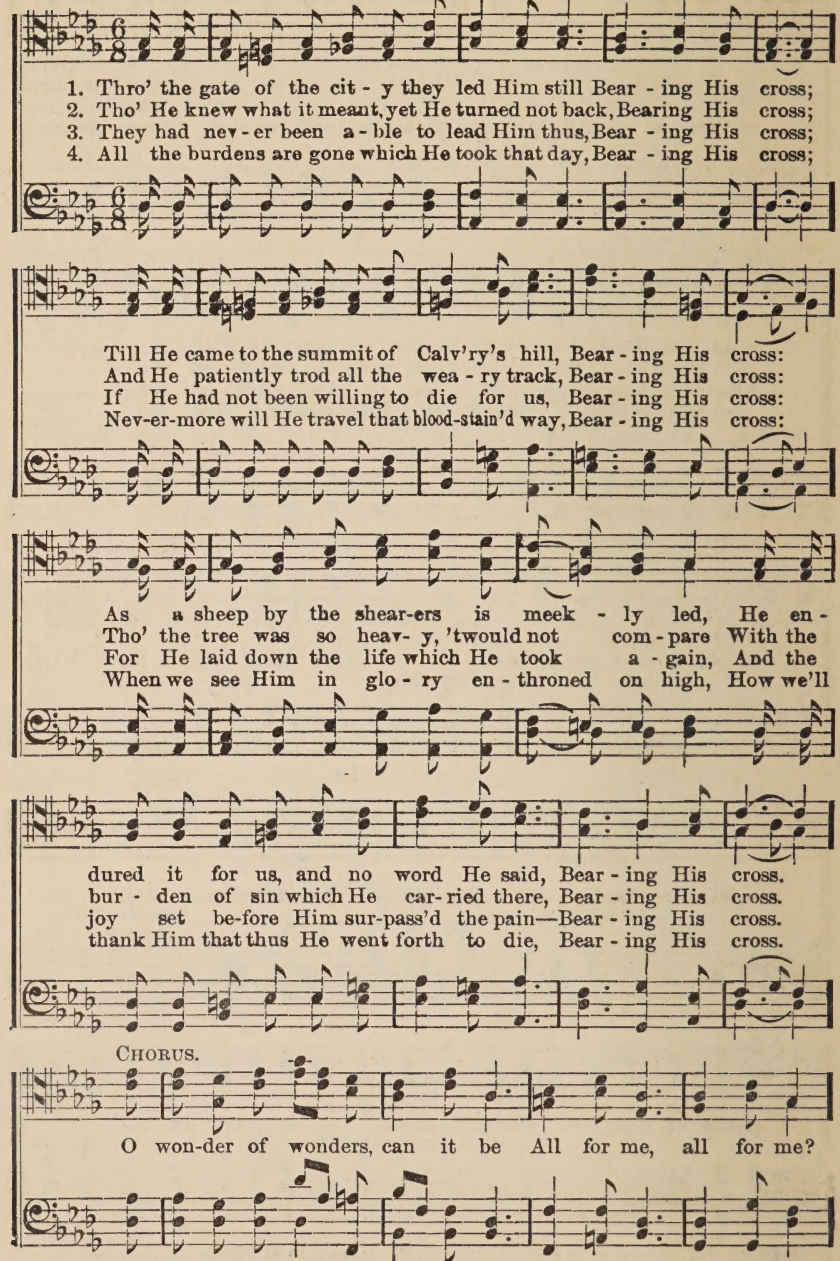
No. 4. Bearing His Cross.

"He, bearing His cross, went forth."—JOHN xix: 17.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Thro' the gate of the cit - y they led Him still Bear - ing His cross;
2. Tho' He knew what it meant, yet He turned not back, Bearing His cross;
3. They had nev - er been a - ble to lead Him thus, Bear - ing His cross;
4. All the burdens are gone which He took that day, Bear - ing His cross;
Till He came to the summit of Calv'ry's hill, Bear - ing His cross:
And He patiently trod all the wea - ry track, Bear - ing His cross:
If He had not been willing to die for us, Bear - ing His cross:
Nev-er-more will He travel that blood-stain'd way, Bear - ing His cross:
As a sheep by the shear-ers is meek - ly led, He en -
Tho' the tree was so heav- y, 'twould not com - pare With the
For He laid down the life which He took a - gain, And the
When we see Him in glo - ry en - throned on high, How we'll
dured it for us, and no word He said, Bear - ing His cross.
bur - den of sin which He car-ried there, Bear - ing His cross.
joy set be-fore Him sur-pass'd the pain—Bear - ing His cross.
thank Him that thus He went forth to die, Bear - ing His cross.
CHORUS.
O won-der of wonders, can it be All for me, all for me?

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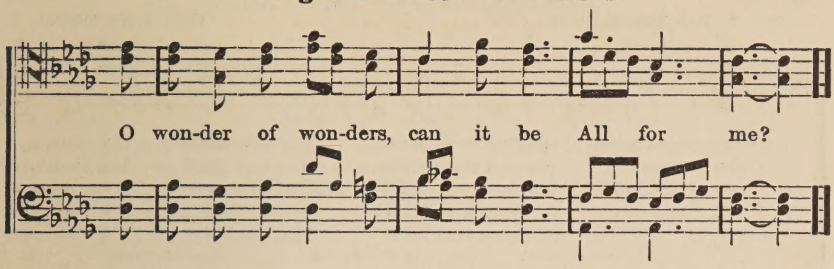
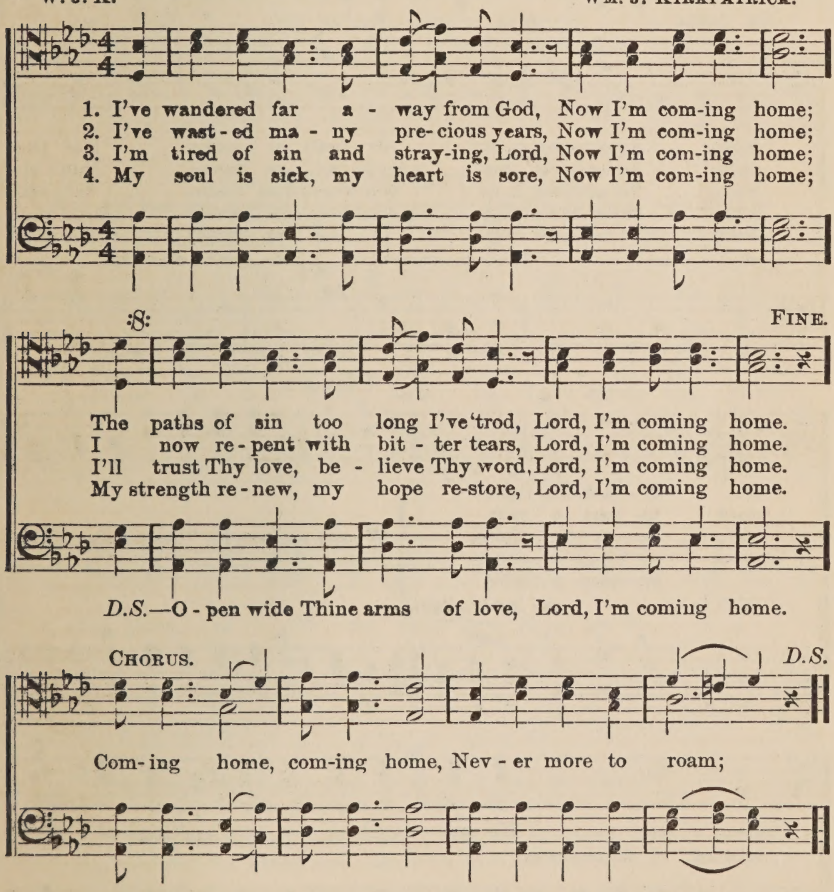


No. 5. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
:S:
FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.
D.S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow.
Lord, I'm coming home.

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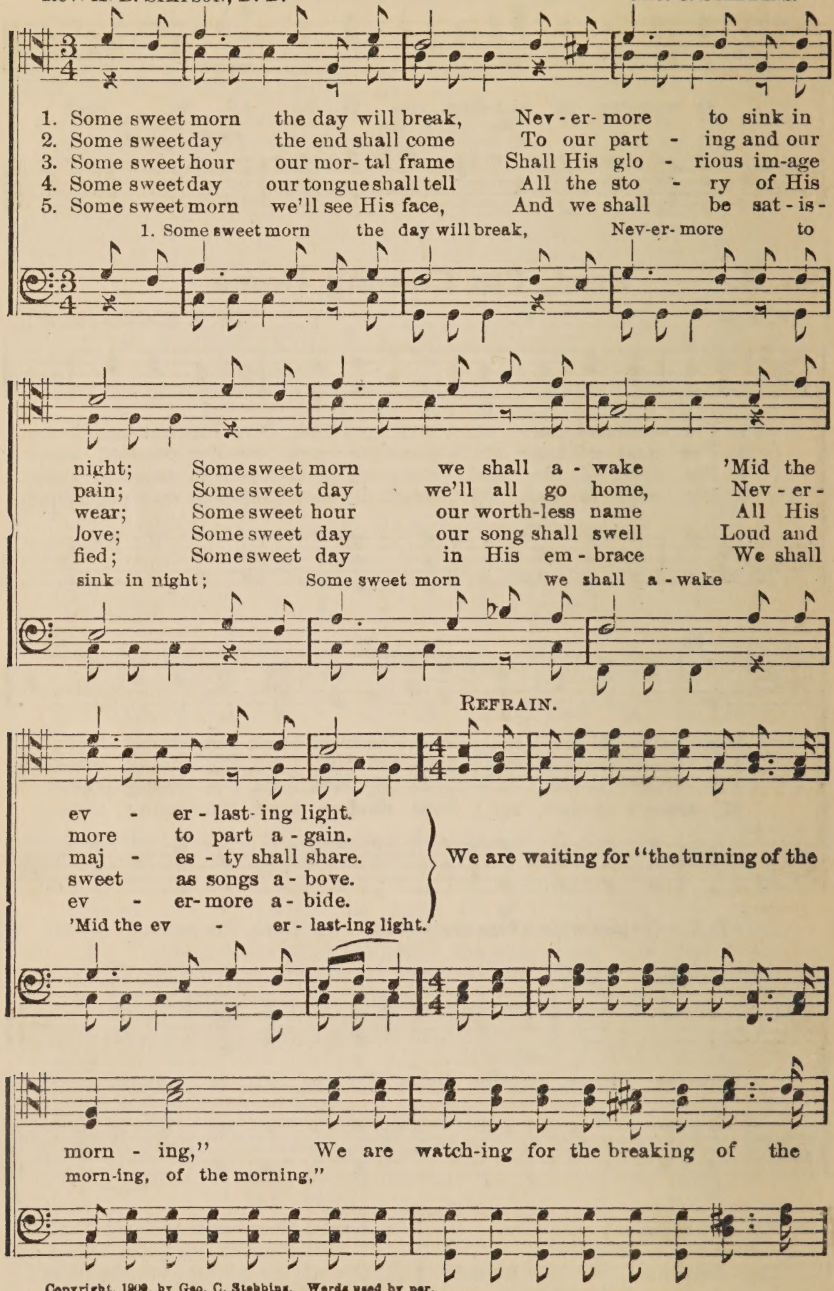
No. 6. Some Sweet Morn.

Rev. A. B. Simpson, D. D. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Nev-er-more to sink in
2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our part - ing and our
3. Some sweet hour our mor-tal frame Shall His glo - rious im-age
4. Some sweet day our tongue shall tell All the sto - ry of His
5. Some sweet morn we'll see His face, And we shall be sat-is-
1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Nev-er-more to
night; Some sweet morn we shall a-wake 'Mid the
pain; Some sweet day we'll all go home, Nev-er-
wear; Some sweet hour our worth-less name All His
love; Some sweet day our song shall swell Loud and
fied; Some sweet day in His em-brace We shall
sink in night; Some sweet morn we shall a-wake
Refrain.
ev - er-last-ing light.
more to part a-gain.
maj - es-ty shall share.
sweet as songs a-bove.
ev - er-more a-bide.
'Mid the ev - er-last-ing light.
We are waiting for "the turning of the
morn - ing," We are watch-ing for the breaking of the
morn-ing, of the morning,"

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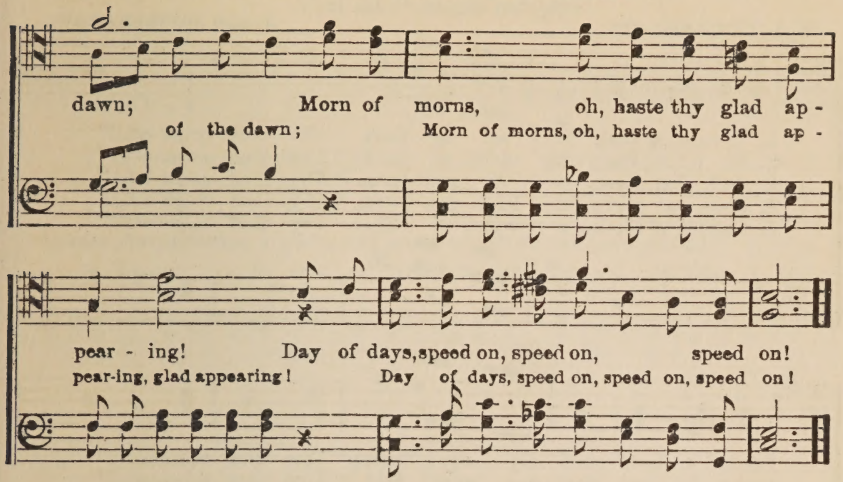
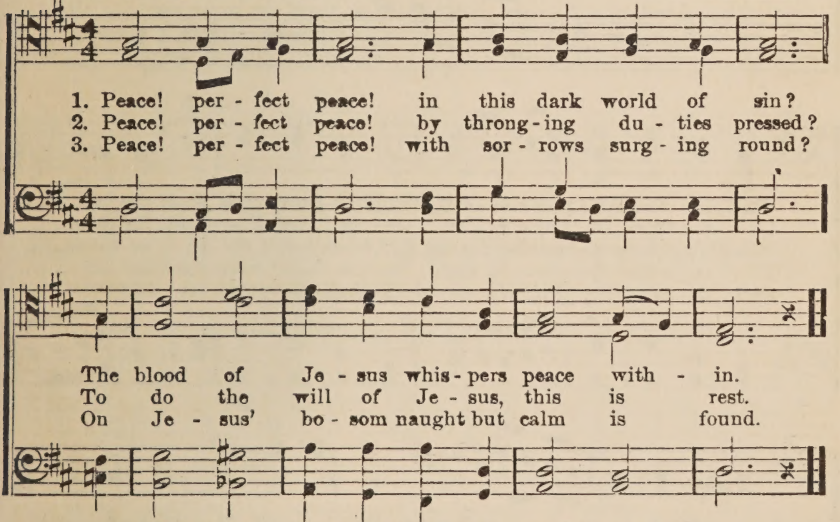

dawn; Morn of morns, oh, haste thy glad ap-
of the dawn; Morn of morns, oh, haste thy glad ap-
pear-ing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!
pear-ing, glad appearing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!

No. 7. Peace! Perfect Peace.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."—Isa. xxvi : 3.
(Pax Tecum. 10. 10.)

Rt. Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, D. D. G. T. Caldbeck.

1. Peace! per-fect peace! in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace! per-fect peace! by throng-ing du-ties pressed?
3. Peace! per-fect peace! with sor-rows surg-ing round?
The blood of Je-sus whis-pers peace with-in.
To do the will of Je-sus, this is rest.
On Je-sus' bo-som naught but calm is found.

4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown,
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

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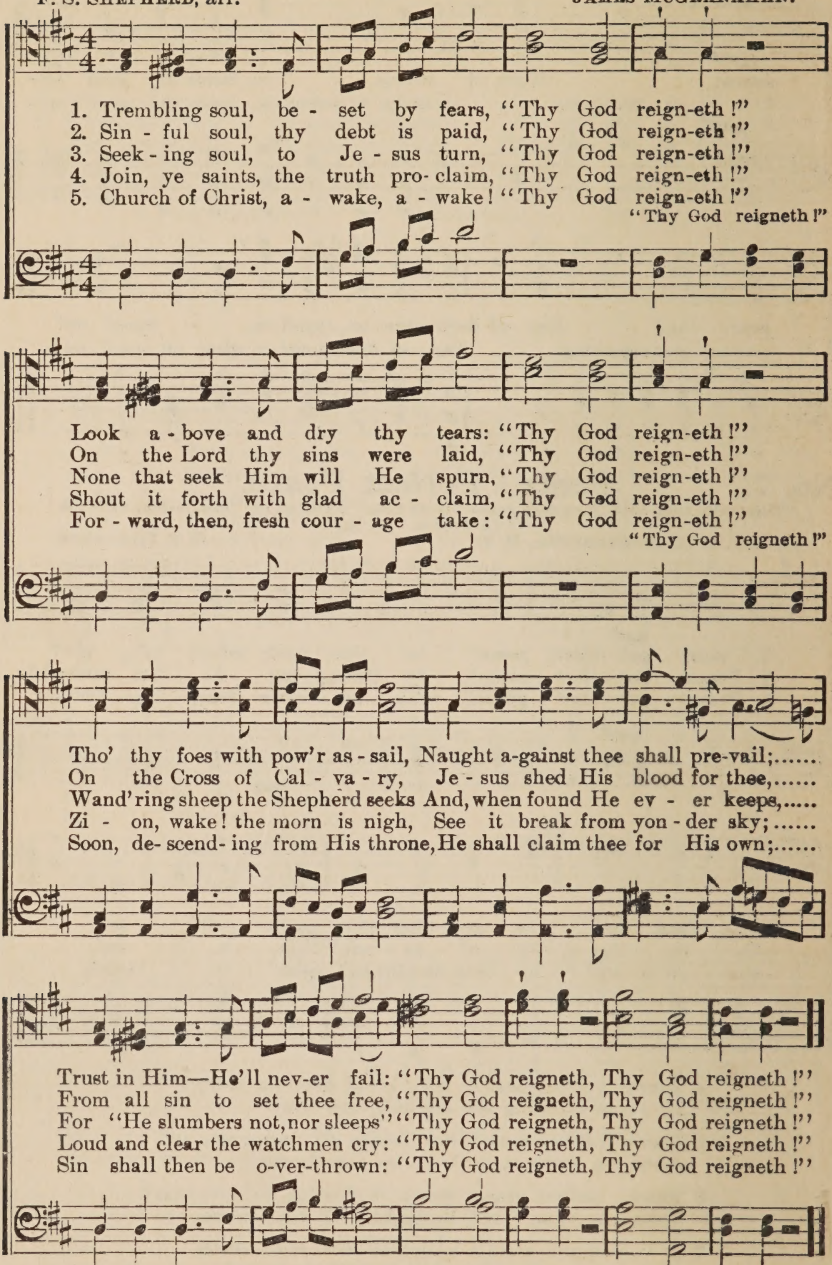
No. 8. Thy God Reigneth!

"Thy God reigneth."—Isa. iii: 7.

F. S. SHEPHERD, arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Trembling soul, be - set by fears, "Thy God reign-eth!"
2. Sin - ful soul, thy debt is paid, "Thy God reign-eth!"
3. Seek - ing soul, to Je - sus turn, "Thy God reign-eth!"
4. Join, ye saints, the truth pro- claim, "Thy God reign-eth!"
5. Church of Christ, a - wake, a - wake! "Thy God reign-eth!"
"Thy God reigneth!"
Look a - bove and dry thy tears: "Thy God reign-eth!"
On the Lord thy sins were laid, "Thy God reign-eth!"
None that seek Him will He spurn, "Thy God reign-eth!"
Shout it forth with glad ac - claim, "Thy God reign-eth!"
For - ward, then, fresh cour - age take: "Thy God reign-eth!"
"Thy God reigneth!"
Tho' thy foes with pow'r as - sail, Naught a-gainst thee shall pre-vail;.....
On the Cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus shed His blood for thee,.....
Wand'ring sheep the Shepherd seeks And, when found He ev - er keeps,.....
Zi - on, wake! the morn is nigh, See it break from yon - der sky;.....
Soon, de- scend- ing from His throne, He shall claim thee for His own;.....
Trust in Him—He'll nev-er fail: "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth!"
From all sin to set thee free, "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth!"
For "He slumbers not, nor sleeps" "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth!"
Loud and clear the watchmen cry: "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth!"
Sin shall then be o-ver-thrown: "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth!"

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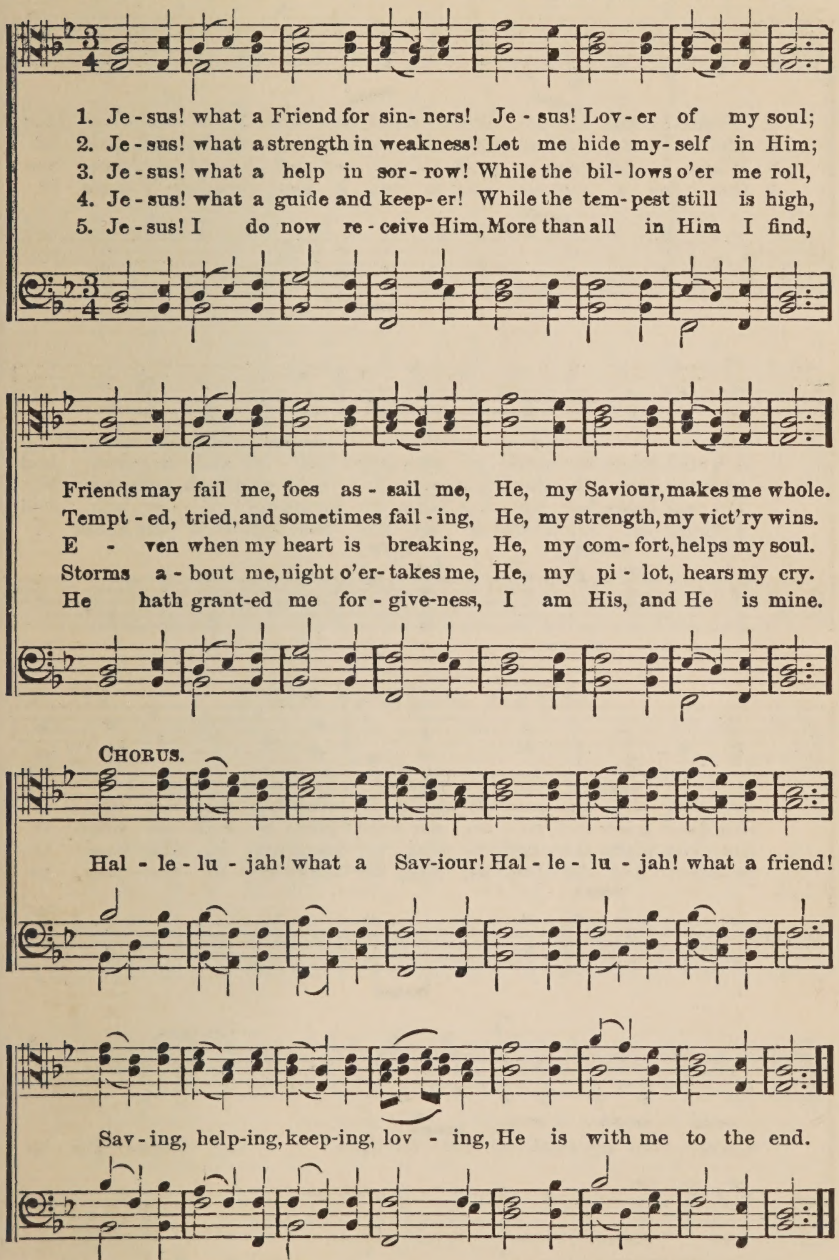
No. 9. Our Great Saviour.

Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN. Arr. by ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. Je - sus! what a Friend for sin- ners! Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul;
2. Je - sus! what a strength in weakness! Let me hide my- self in Him;
3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the bil- lows o'er me roll,
4. Je - sus! what a guide and keep- er! While the tem- pest still is high,
5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive Him, More than all in Him I find,
Friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, He, my Saviour, makes me whole.
Tempt - ed, tried, and sometimes fail - ing, He, my strength, my vict'ry wins.
E - ven when my heart is breaking, He, my com- fort, helps my soul.
Storms a - bout me, night o'er- takes me, He, my pi - lot, hears my cry.
He hath grant-ed me for - give-ness, I am His, and He is mine.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav-iour! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a friend!
Sav - ing, help-ing, keep-ing, lov - ing, He is with me to the end.

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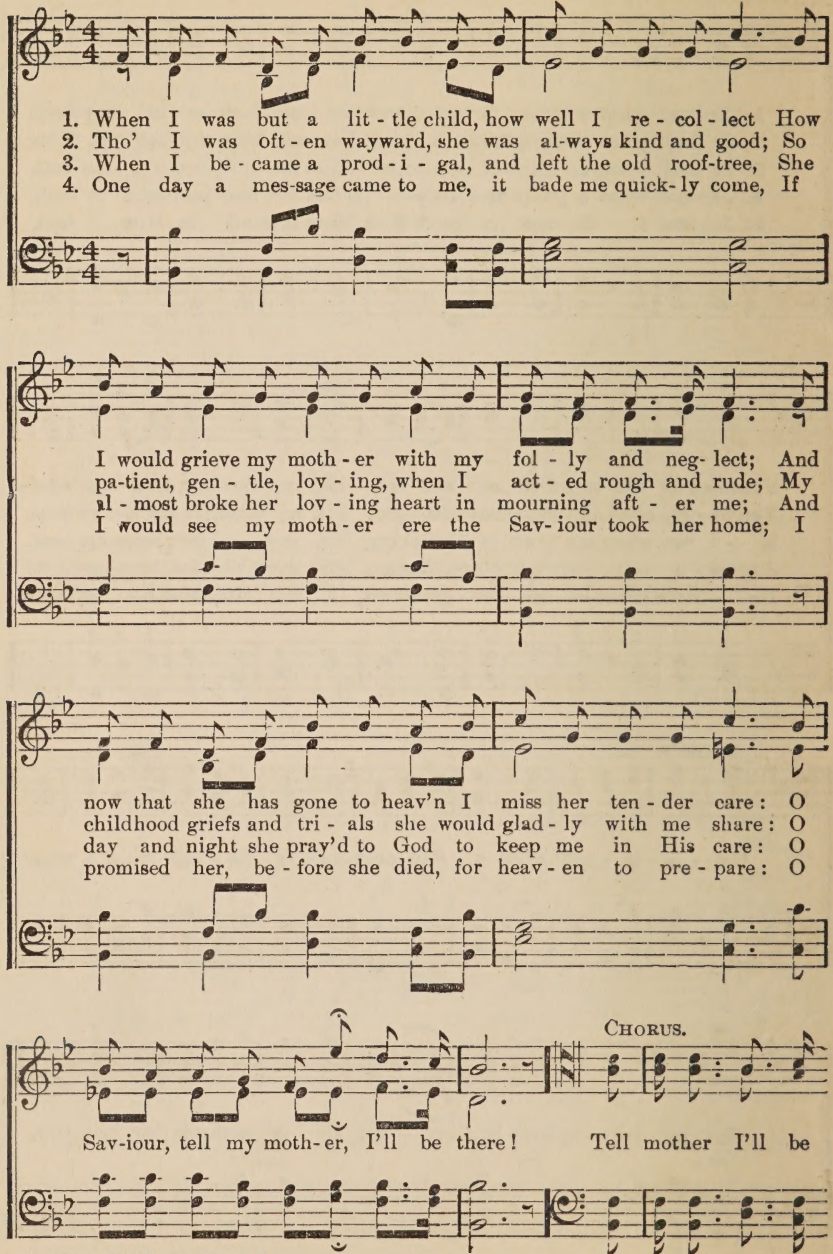
No. 10. Tell Mother I'll be There.

C. M. F. CHARLES M. FILLMORE.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I re - col - lect How
2. Tho' I was oft - en wayward, she was al-ways kind and good; So
3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof-tree, She
4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it bade me quick-ly come, If
I would grieve my moth - er with my fol - ly and neg - lect; And
pa-tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when I act - ed rough and rude; My
al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourning aft - er me; And
I would see my moth - er ere the Sav - iour took her home; I
now that she has gone to heav'n I miss her ten - der care: O
childhood griefs and tri - als she would glad - ly with me share: O
day and night she pray'd to God to keep me in His care: O
promised her, be - fore she died, for heav - en to pre - pare: O
CHORUS.
Sav-iour, tell my moth-er, I'll be there! Tell mother I'll be

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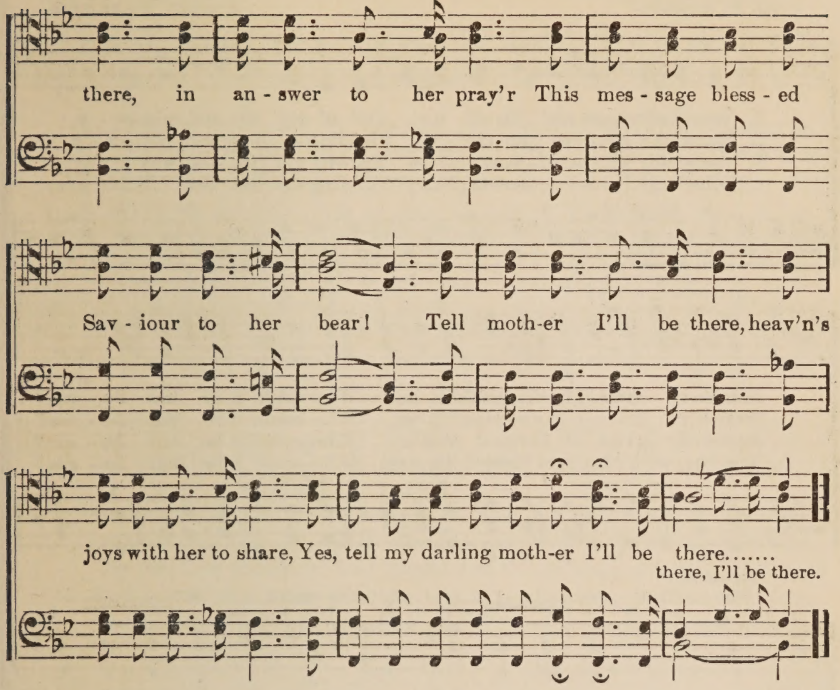
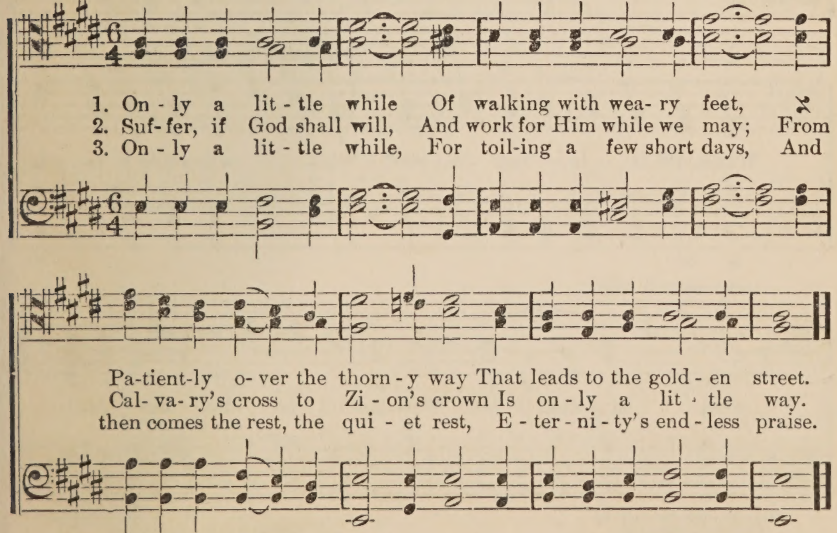

there, in an - swer to her pray'r This mes - sage bless - ed
Sav - iour to her bear! Tell moth-er I'll be there, heav'n's
joys with her to share, Yes, tell my darling moth-er I'll be there.....
there, I'll be there.

No. 11. Only a Little While.

Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. On - ly a lit - tle while Of walking with wea - ry feet,
2. Suf-fer, if God shall will, And work for Him while we may; From
3. On - ly a lit - tle while, For toil-ing a few short days, And
Pa-tient-ly o - ver the thorn - y way That leads to the gold - en street.
Cal- va- ry's cross to Zi - on's crown Is on - ly a lit - tle way.
then comes the rest, the qui - et rest, E - ter - ni - ty's end - less praise.

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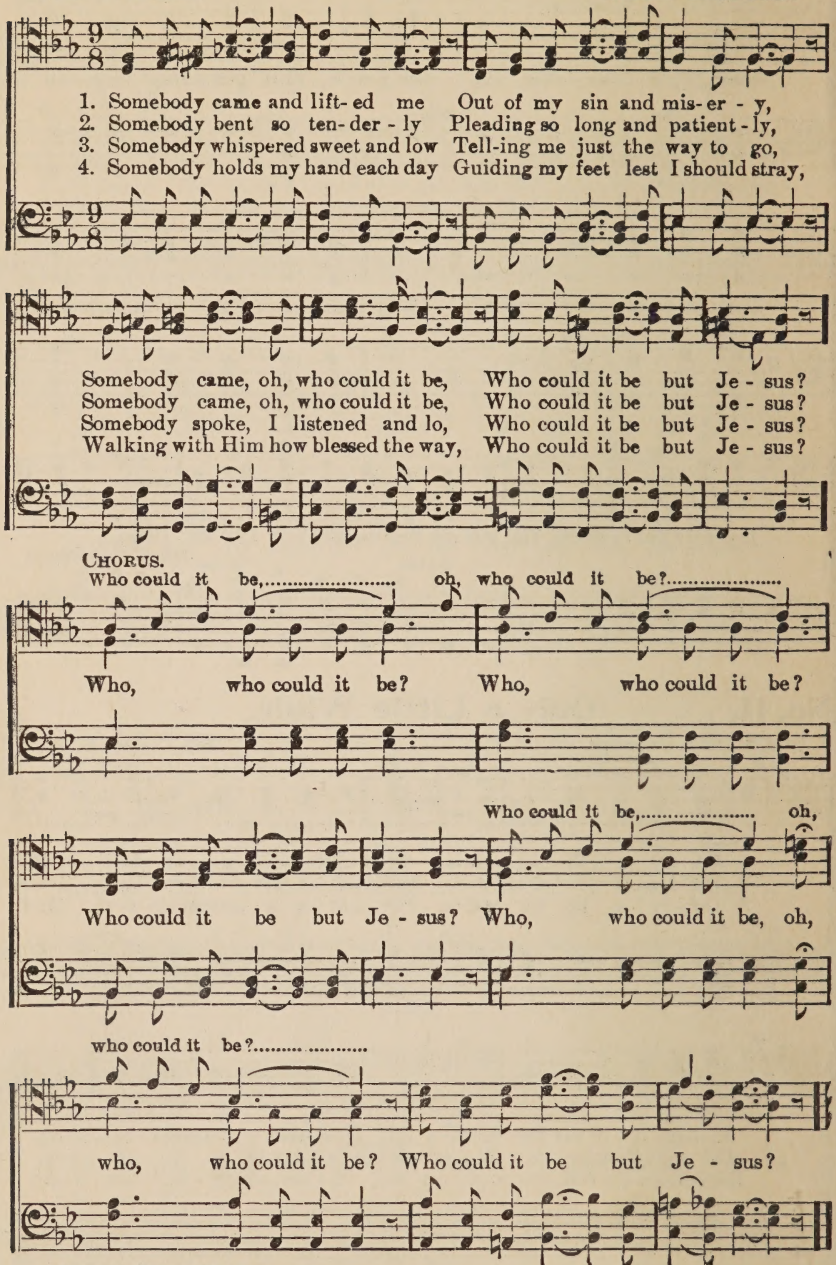
No. 12. Who Could It Be?

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii.

Fred P. Morris. Robert Harkness.

1. Somebody came and lift- ed me Out of my sin and mis- er - y,
2. Somebody bent so ten- der - ly Pleading so long and patient - ly,
3. Somebody whispered sweet and low Tell-ing me just the way to go,
4. Somebody holds my hand each day Guiding my feet lest I should stray,
Somebody came, oh, who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
Somebody came, oh, who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
Somebody spoke, I listened and lo, Who could it be but Je - sus?
Walking with Him how blessed the way, Who could it be but Je - sus?
Chorus.
Who could it be,..... oh, who could it be?.....
Who, who could it be? Who, who could it be?
Who could it be,..... oh,
Who could it be but Je - sus? Who, who could it be, oh,
who could it be?.....
who, who could it be? Who could it be but Je - sus?

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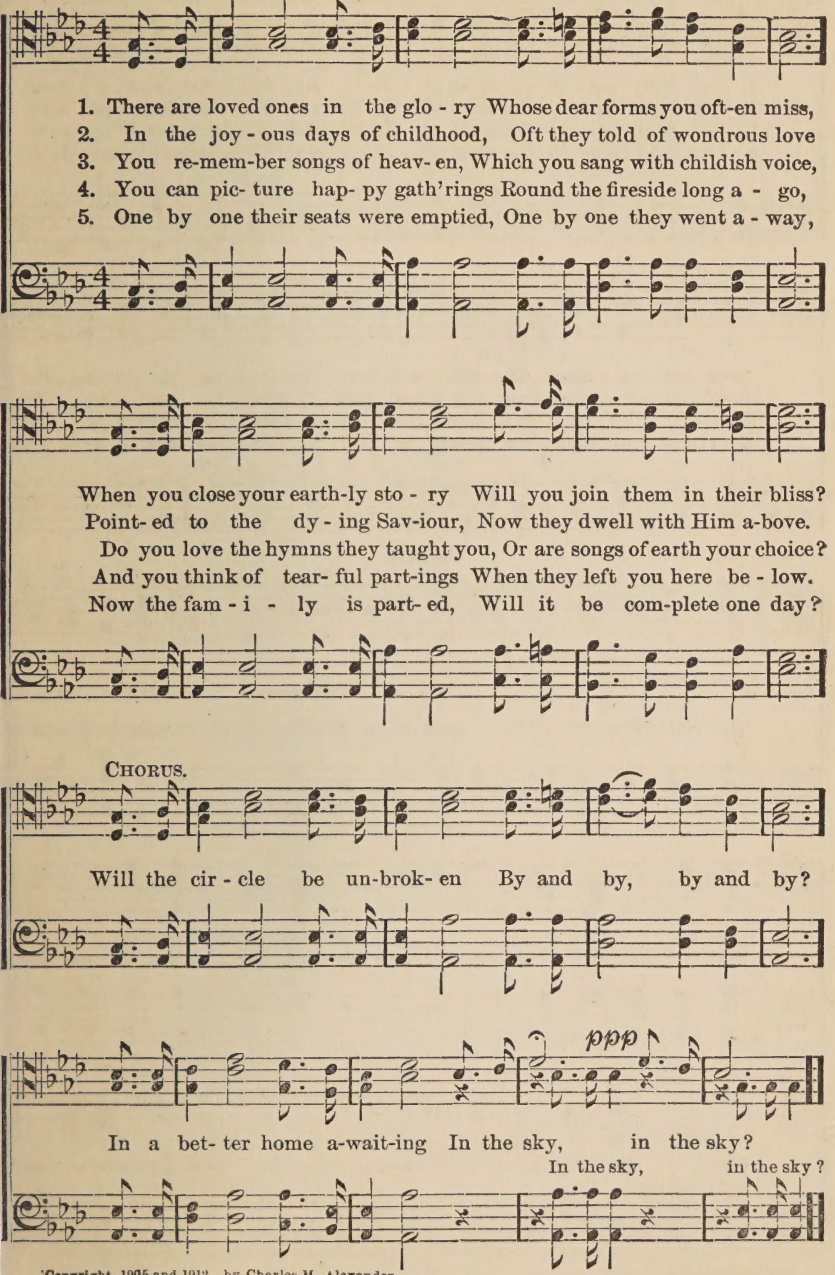
No. 13. Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

ADA R. HABERSHON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. There are loved ones in the glo - ry Whose dear forms you oft-en miss,
2. In the joy - ous days of childhood, Oft they told of wondrous love
3. You re-mem-ber songs of heav- en, Which you sang with childish voice,
4. You can pic- ture hap- py gath'rings Round the fireside long a - go,
5. One by one their seats were emptied, One by one they went a - way,
When you close your earth-ly sto - ry Will you join them in their bliss?
Point- ed to the dy - ing Sav-iour, Now they dwell with Him a-bove.
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
And you think of tear- ful part-ings When they left you here be - low.
Now the fam - i - ly is part- ed, Will it be com-plete one day?
CHORUS.
Will the cir - cle be un-brok- en By and by, by and by?
ppp
In a bet- ter home a-wait-ing In the sky, in the sky?
In the sky, in the sky?

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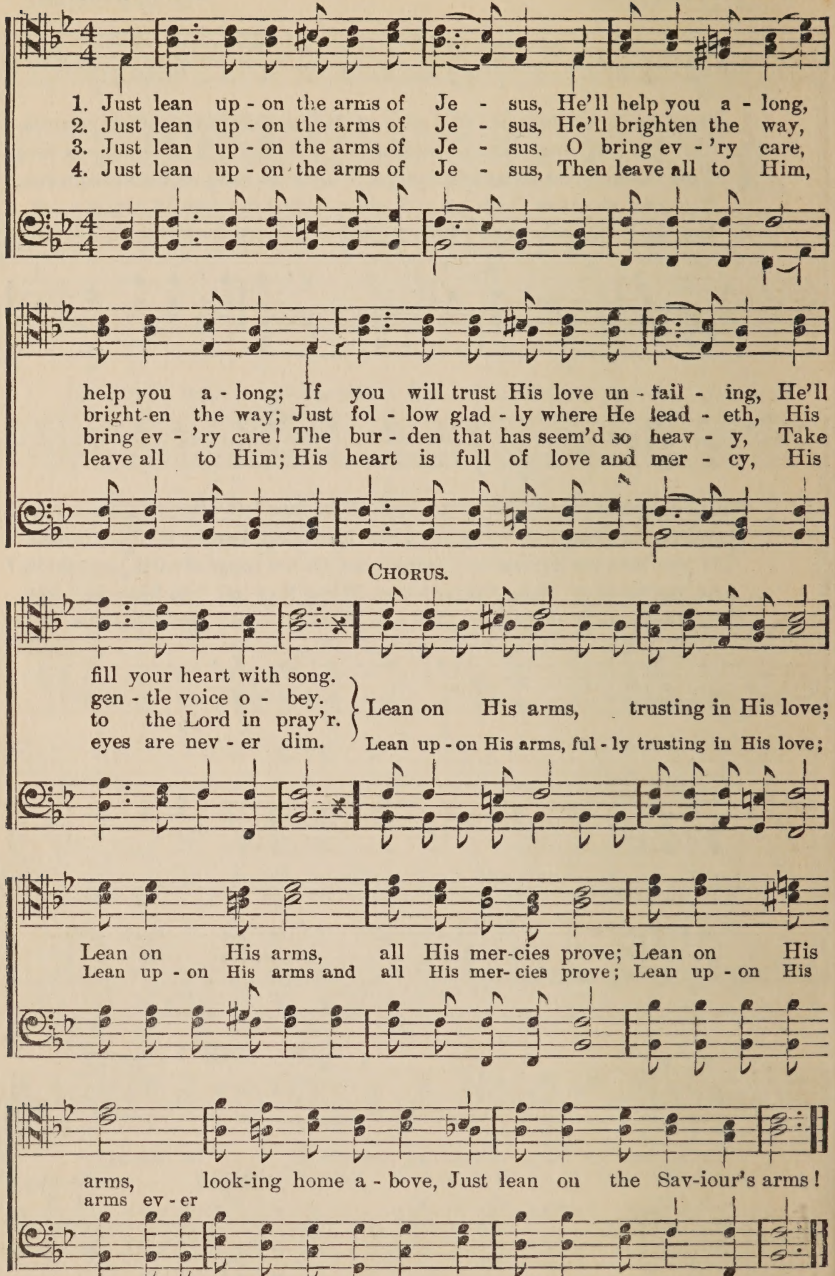
No. 14. Lean on His Arms.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll brighten the way,
3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,
help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
bright-en the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seem'd so heav - y, Take
leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His
CHORUS.
fill your heart with song.
gen - tle voice o - bey.
to the Lord in pray'r.
eyes are nev - er dim.
Lean on His arms, trusting in His love;
Lean up - on His arms, ful - ly trusting in His love;
Lean on His arms, all His mer-cies prove; Lean on His
Lean up - on His arms and all His mer-cies prove; Lean up - on His
arms, look-ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav-iour's arms!
arms ev - er

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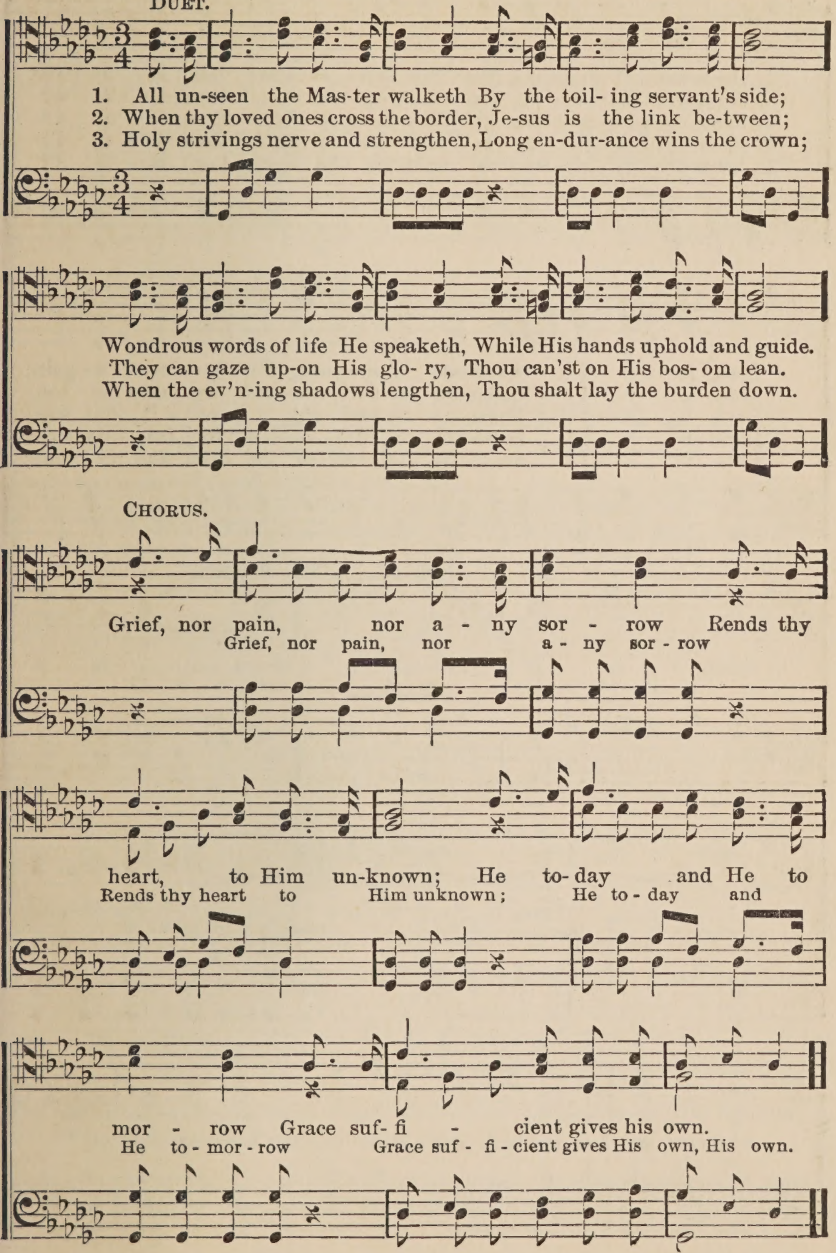
No. 15. A Constant Friend.

T. I.

Arr. by Mrs. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER. ROBERT HARKNESS.

DUET.


1. All un-seen the Mas-ter walketh By the toil- ing servant's side;
2. When thy loved ones cross the border, Je-sus is the link be-tween;
3. Holy strivings nerve and strengthen, Long en-dur-ance wins the crown;
Wondrous words of life He speaketh, While His hands uphold and guide.
They can gaze up-on His glo- ry, Thou can'st on His bos- om lean.
When the ev'n-ing shadows lengthen, Thou shalt lay the burden down.
CHORUS.
Grief, nor pain, nor a - ny sor - row Rends thy
Grief, nor pain, nor a - ny sor - row
heart, to Him un-known; He to- day and He to
Rends thy heart to Him unknown; He to - day and
mor - row Grace suf- fi - cient gives his own.
He to - mor - row Grace suf - fi - cient gives His own, His own.

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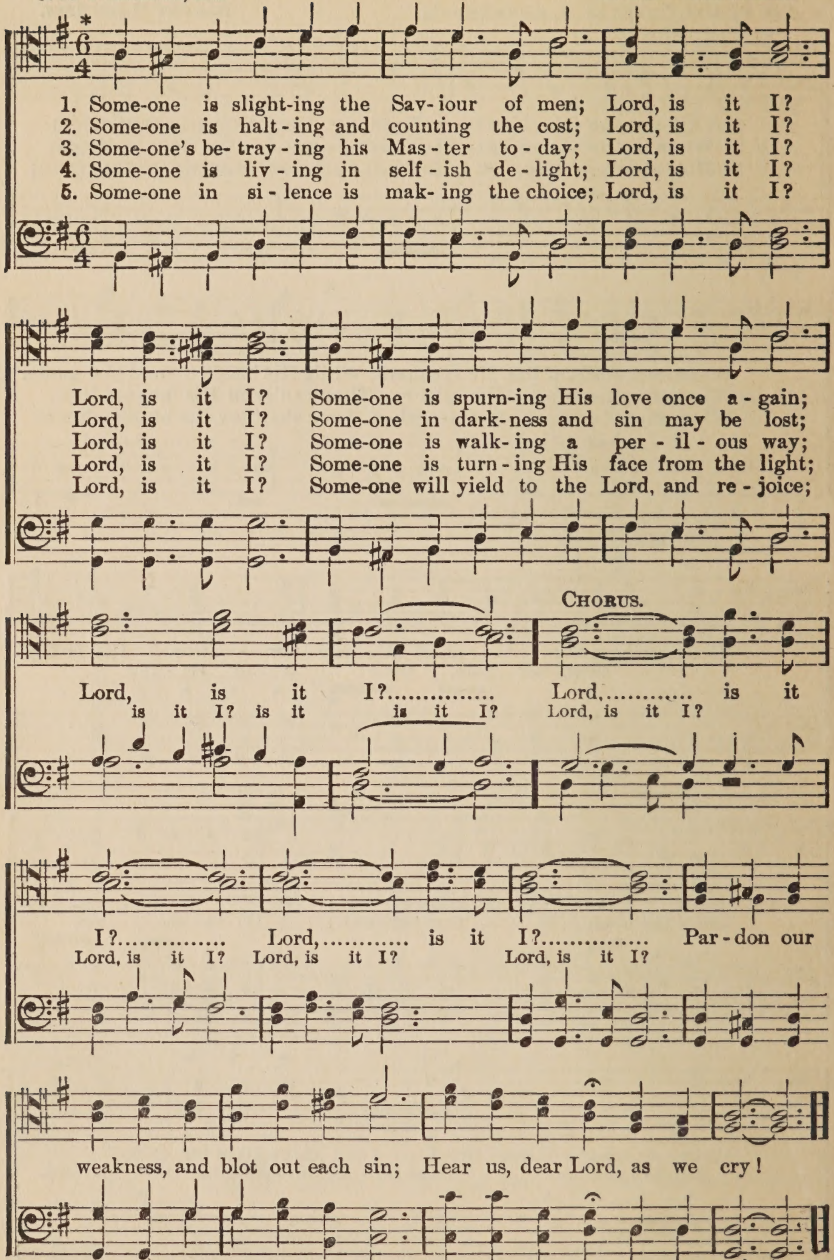
No. 16. Lord, is it I?

J. R. CLEMENTS, arr. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Some-one is slight-ing the Sav-iour of men; Lord, is it I?
2. Some-one is halt-ing and counting the cost; Lord, is it I?
3. Some-one's be-tray-ing his Mas-ter to-day; Lord, is it I?
4. Some-one is liv-ing in self-ish de-light; Lord, is it I?
5. Some-one in si-lence is mak-ing the choice; Lord, is it I?
Lord, is it I? Some-one is spurn-ing His love once a-gain;
Lord, is it I? Some-one in dark-ness and sin may be lost;
Lord, is it I? Some-one is walk-ing a per-il-ous way;
Lord, is it I? Some-one is turn-ing His face from the light;
Lord, is it I? Some-one will yield to the Lord, and re-joice;
CHORUS.
Lord, is it I?..... Lord,..... is it
is it I? is it is it I? Lord, is it I?
I?..... Lord,..... is it I?..... Par-don our
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?
weakness, and blot out each sin; Hear us, dear Lord, as we cry!

* 1st and 3d lines may be sung in unison with two or more voices.

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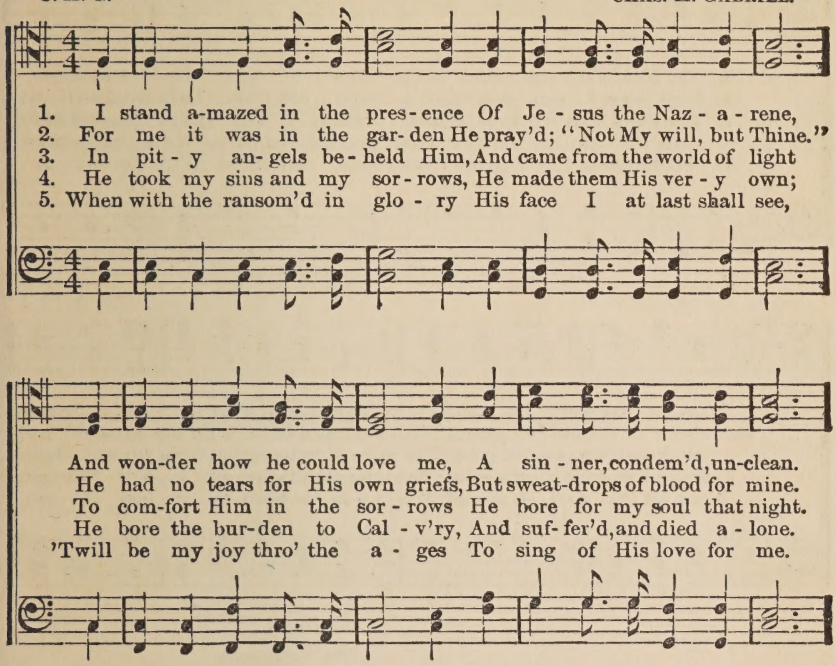
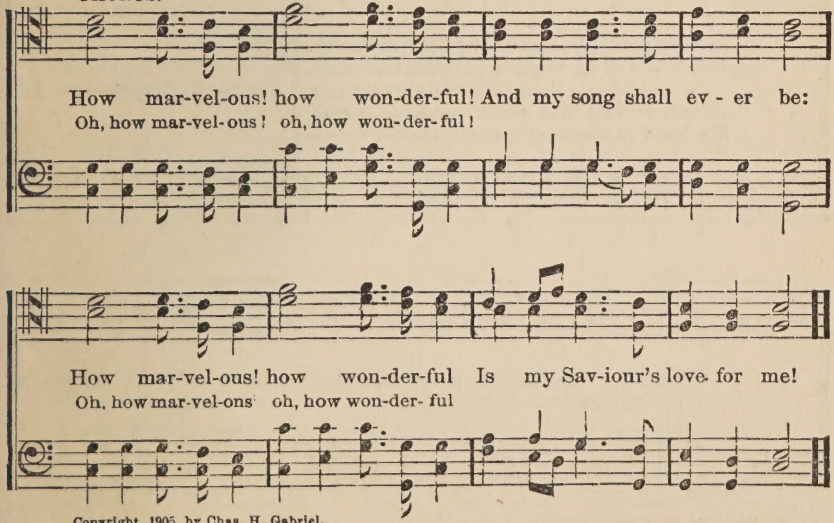
No. 17. My Saviour's Love.

"And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."—Luke 22: 44.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He pray'd; "Not My will, but Thine."
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor-rows, He made them His ver-y own;
5. When with the ransom'd in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,
And won-der how he could love me, A sin-ner, condem'd, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur-den to Cal-v'ry, And suf-fer'd, and died a-lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.


How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!
How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-iour's love for me!
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful

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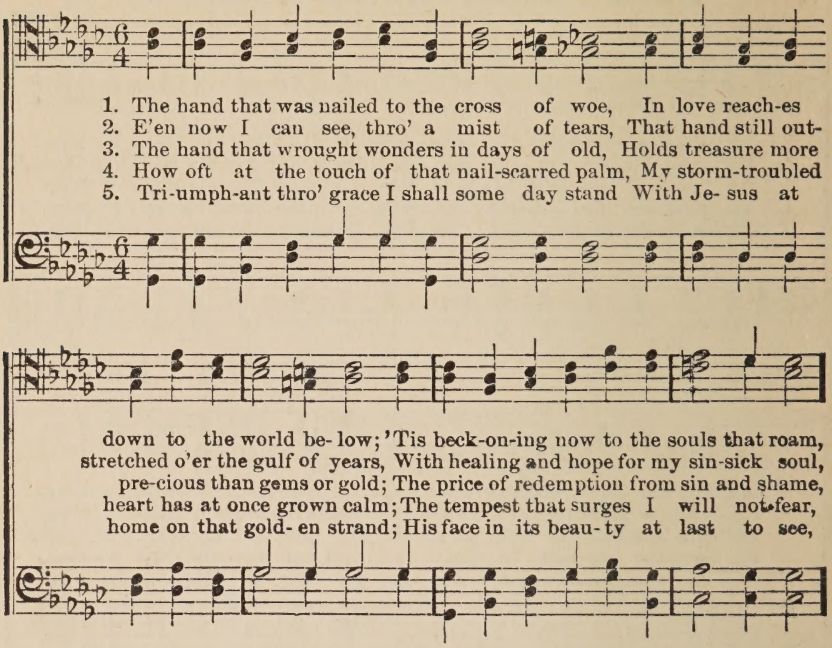
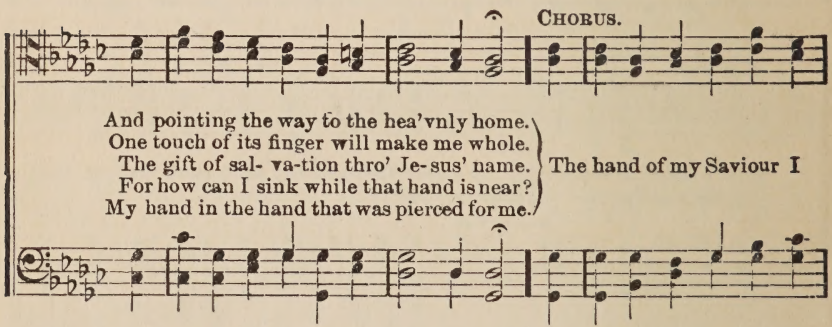
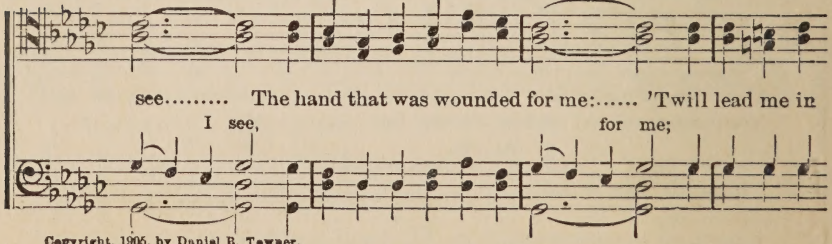
No. 18. The Hand that was Wounded for Me.

HATTIE H. PIERSON and FRED P. MORRIS. D. B. TOWNER.


1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still out-
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old, Holds treasure more
4. How oft at the touch of that nail-scarred palm, My storm-troubled
5. Tri-umph-ant thro' grace I shall some day stand With Je- sus at
down to the world be- low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam,
stretched o'er the gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin-sick soul,
pre-cious than gems or gold; The price of redemption from sin and shame,
heart has at once grown calm; The tempest that surges I will not fear,
home on that gold- en strand; His face in its beau-ty at last to see,


CHORUS.
And pointing the way to the hea'vnly home.
One touch of its finger will make me whole.
The gift of sal- va-tion thro' Je-sus' name.
For how can I sink while that hand is near?
My hand in the hand that was pierced for me.
The hand of my Saviour I



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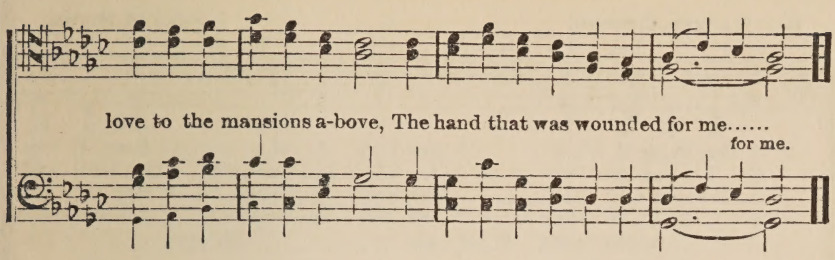
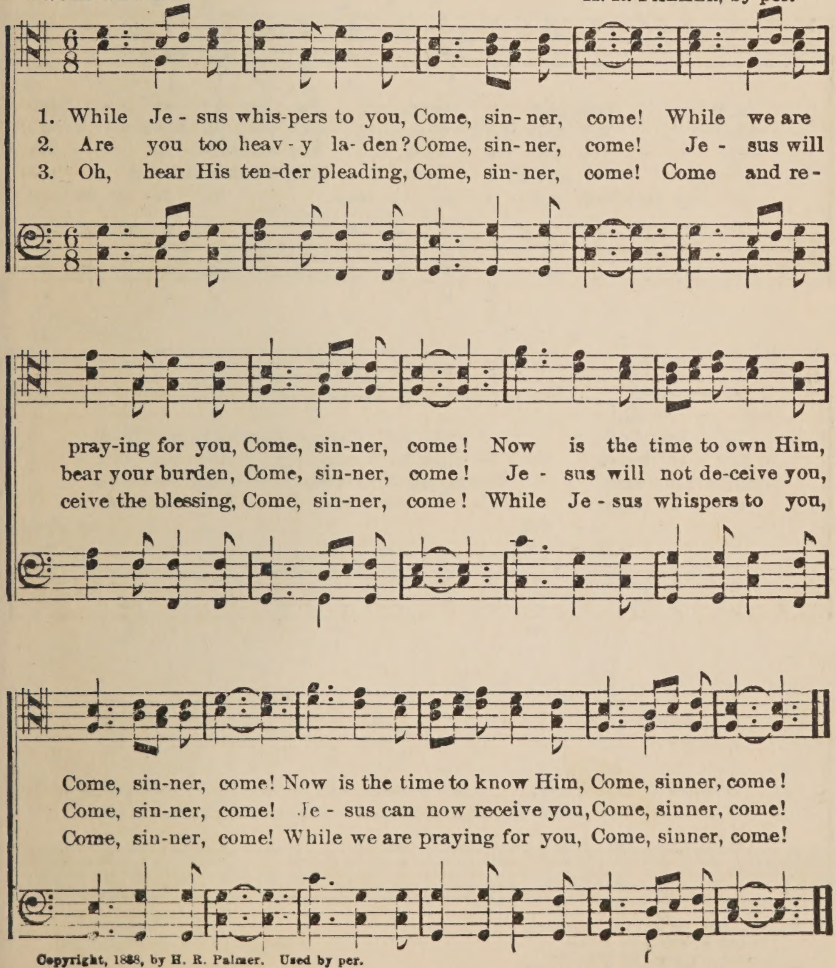


No. 19. Come, Sinner, Come.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER, by per.


1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin- ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
2. Are you too heav - y la- den? Come, sin- ner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
3. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin- ner, come! Come and re- ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now receive you, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

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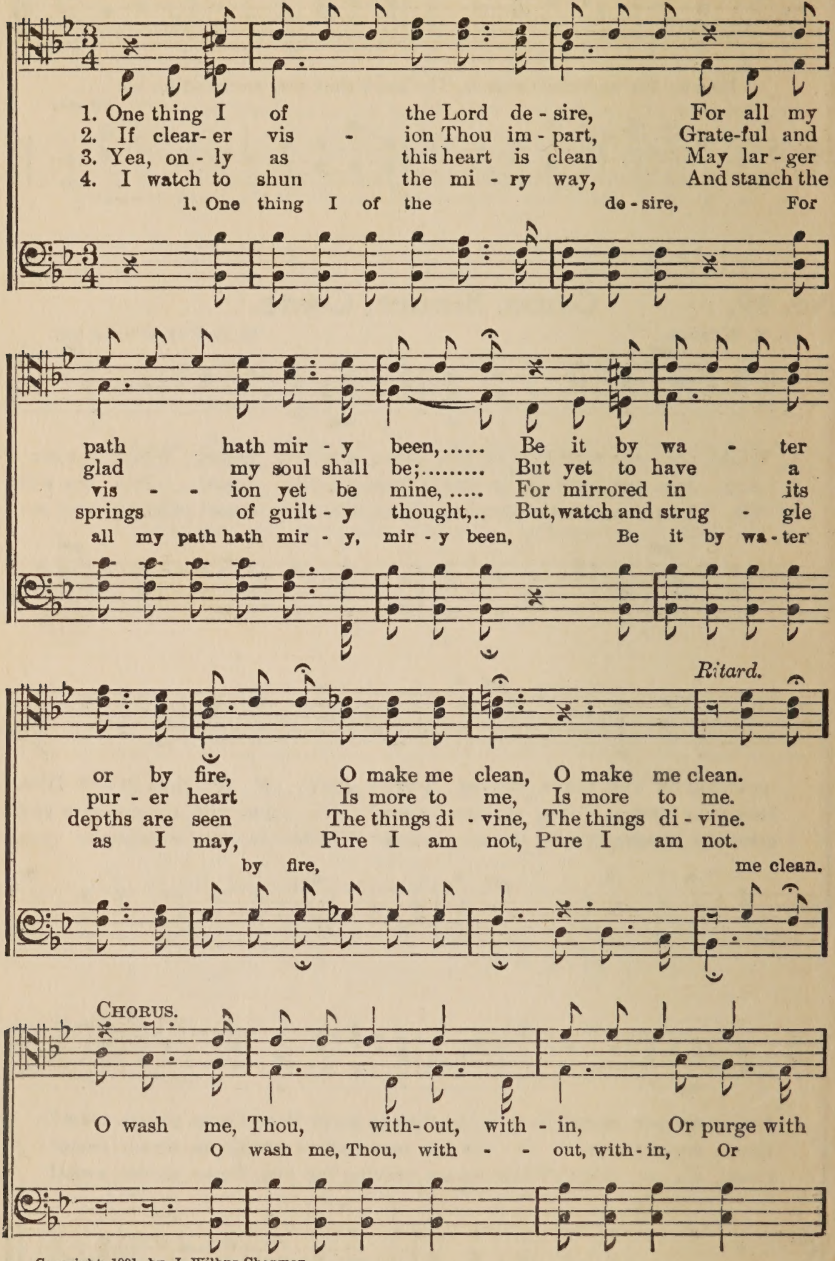
No. 20. A Clean Heart.

Rev. WALTER. C. SMITH. FRED H. BYSHE.

1. One thing I of the Lord de - sire, For all my
2. If clear- er vis - ion Thou im - part, Grate-ful and
3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May lar - ger
4. I watch to shun the mi - ry way, And stanch the
1. One thing I of the de - sire, For
path hath mir - y been,..... Be it by wa - ter
glad my soul shall be;..... But yet to have a
vis - - ion yet be mine, ... For mirrored in its
springs of guilt - y thought,.. But, watch and strug - gle
all my path hath mir - y, mir - y been, Be it by wa - ter
Ritard.
or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
depths are seen The things di - vine, The things di - vine.
as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.
by fire, me clean.
CHORUS.
O wash me, Thou, with-out, with - in, Or purge with
O wash me, Thou, with - - out, with - in, Or

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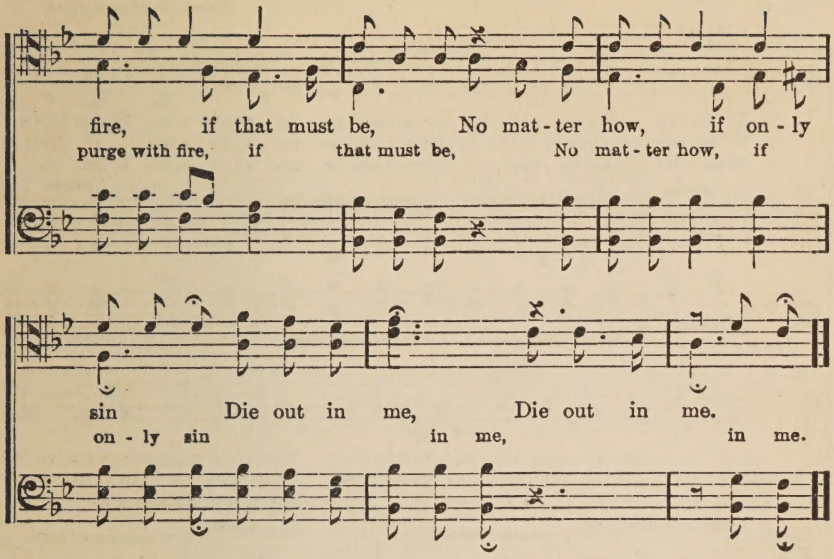
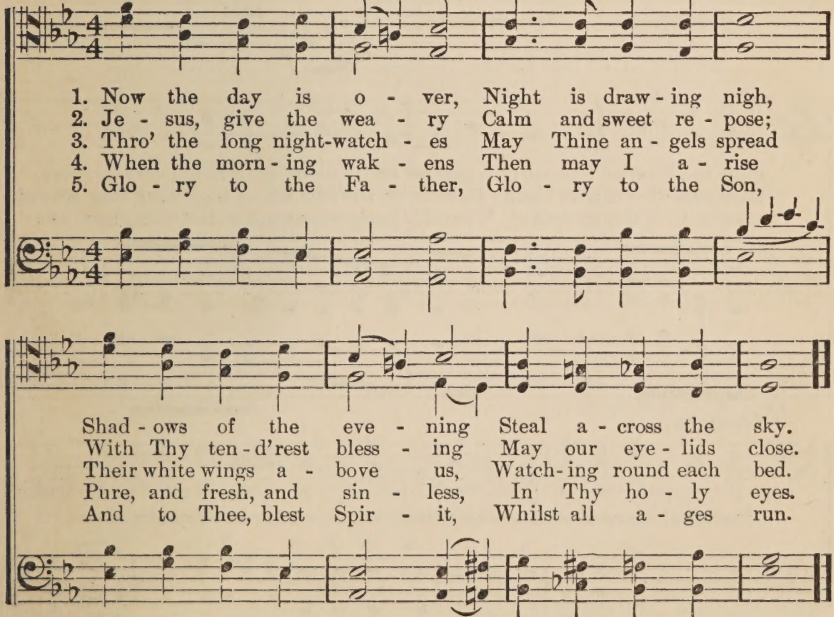

fire, if that must be, No mat-ter how, if on-ly
purge with fire, if that must be, No mat-ter how, if
sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
on-ly sin in me, in me.

No. 21. Now the Day is Over.

"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."—JER. vi, 4.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, by per. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch-es May Thine an-gels spread
4. When the morn-ing wak-ens Then may I a-rise
5. Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, Glo-ry to the Son,
Shad-ows of the eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless-ing May our eye-lids close.
Their white wings a-bove us, Watch-ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin-less, In Thy ho-ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir-it, Whilst all a-ges run.

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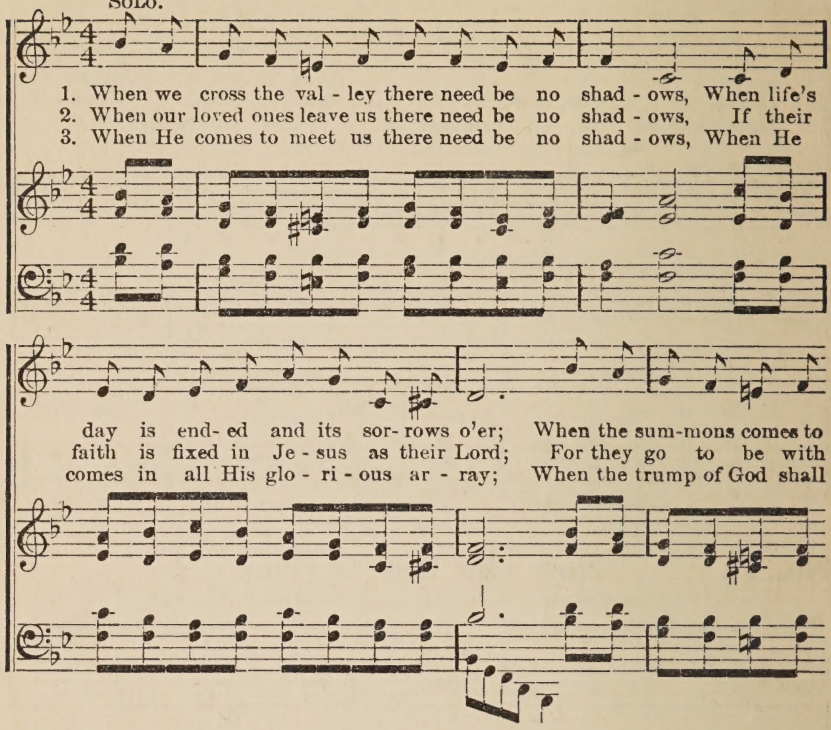
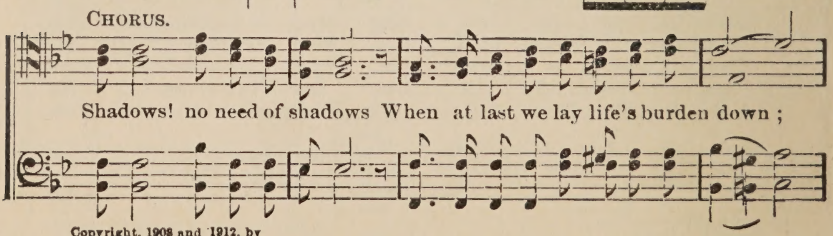
No. 22. Shadows.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.

SOLO.


1. When we cross the val - ley there need be no shad - ows, When life's
2. When our loved ones leave us there need be no shad - ows, If their
3. When He comes to meet us there need be no shad - ows, When He
day is end- ed and its sor- rows o'er; When the sum-mons comes to
faith is fixed in Je - sus as their Lord; For they go to be with
comes in all His glo - ri - ous ar - ray; When the trump of God shall
meet the bless-ed Sa-viour, When we rise to dwell with Him for-ev-er-more.
Him who died to save them, To be with the One whom they have long adored.
sound and lov'd ones waken, When He leads us onward with triumphant sway.

CHORUS.



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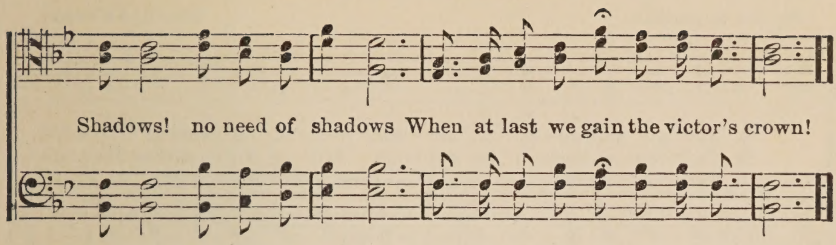
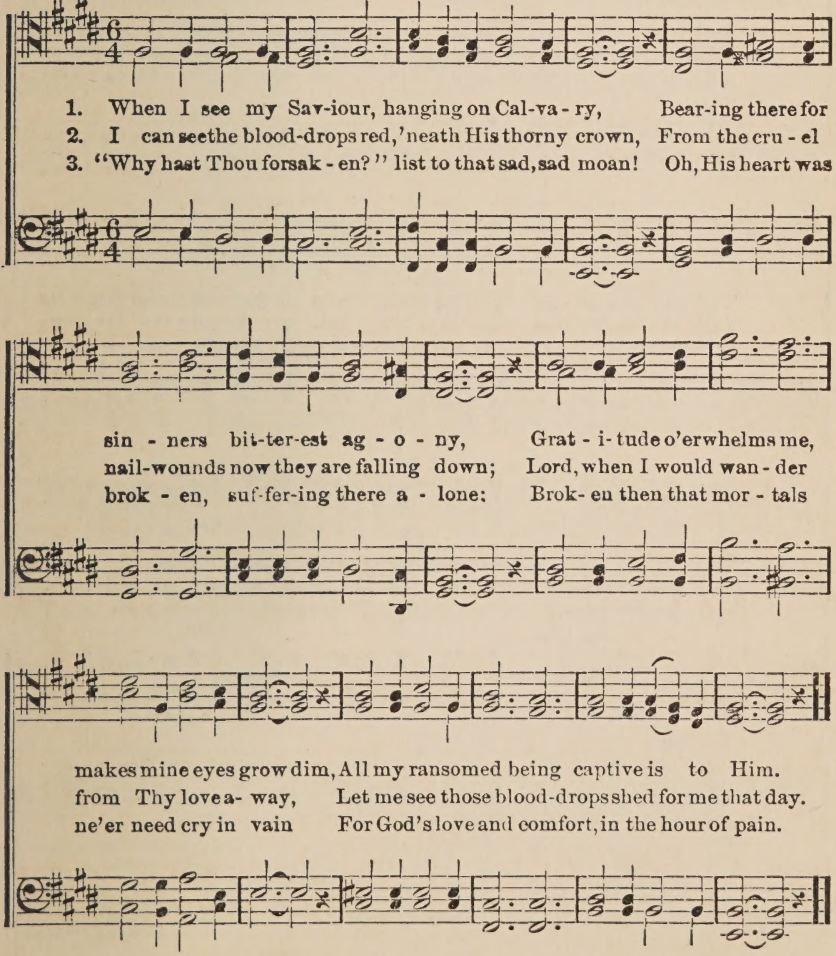


No. 23. When I See My Saviour.

MAUD FRAZER. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. When I see my Sav-iour, hanging on Cal-va-ry, Bear-ing there for
2. I can see the blood-drops red, 'neath His thorny crown, From the cru-el
3. "Why hast Thou forsak-en?" list to that sad, sad moan! Oh, His heart was
sin-ners bit-ter-est ag-o-ny, Grat-i-tude o'erwhelms me,
nail-wounds now they are falling down; Lord, when I would wan-der
brok-en, suf-fer-ing there a-lone: Brok-en then that mor-tals
makes mine eyes grow dim, All my ransomed being captive is to Him.
from Thy love a-way, Let me see those blood-drops shed for me that day.
ne'er need cry in vain For God's love and comfort, in the hour of pain.

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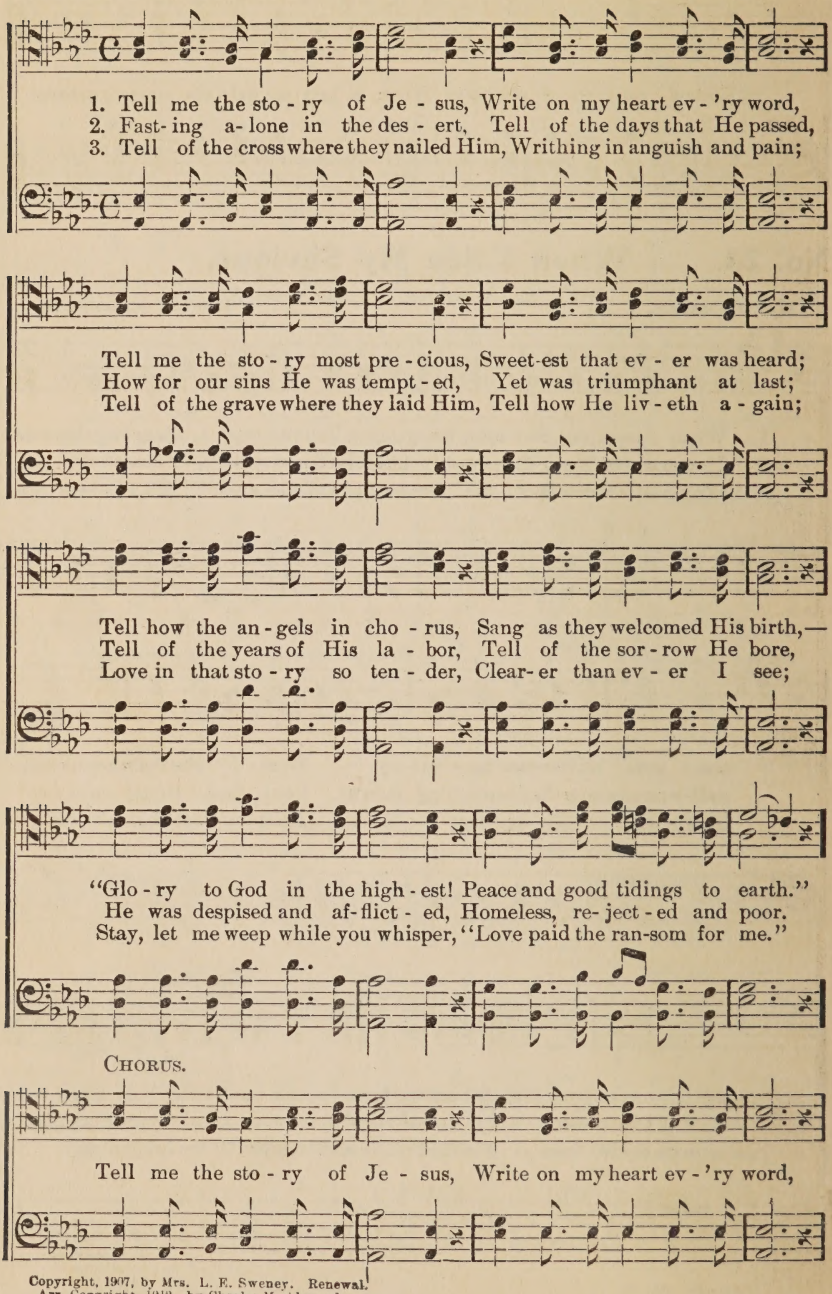
No. 24. Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,
2. Fast - ing a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writhing in anguish and pain;
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was triumphant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain;
Tell how the an - gels in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,—
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth."
He was despised and af - flict - ed, Homeless, re - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, "Love paid the ran-som for me."
CHORUS.
Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,

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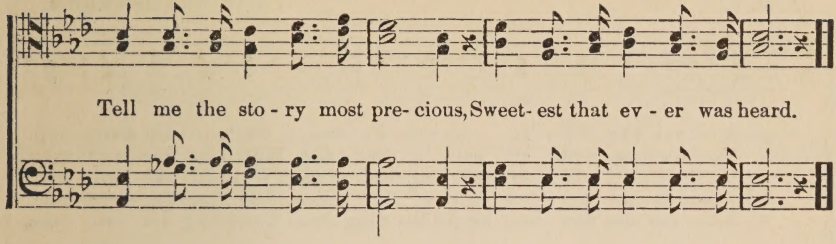
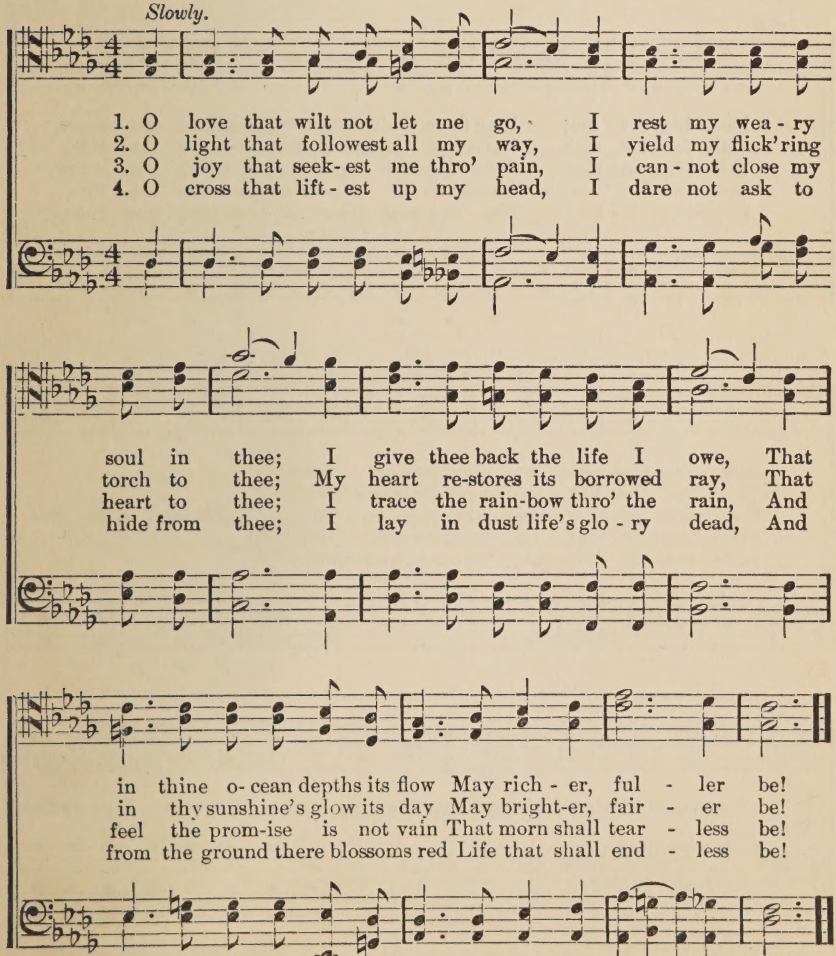


No. 25. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

Rev. George Matheson, D. D. Albert L. Peace.

Slowly.

1. O love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring
3. O joy that seek- est me thro' pain, I can - not close my
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to
soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe, That
torch to thee; My heart re-stores its borrowed ray, That
heart to thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And
hide from thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And
in thine o- cean depths its flow May rich - er, ful - ler be!
in thy sunshine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be!
feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be!
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be!

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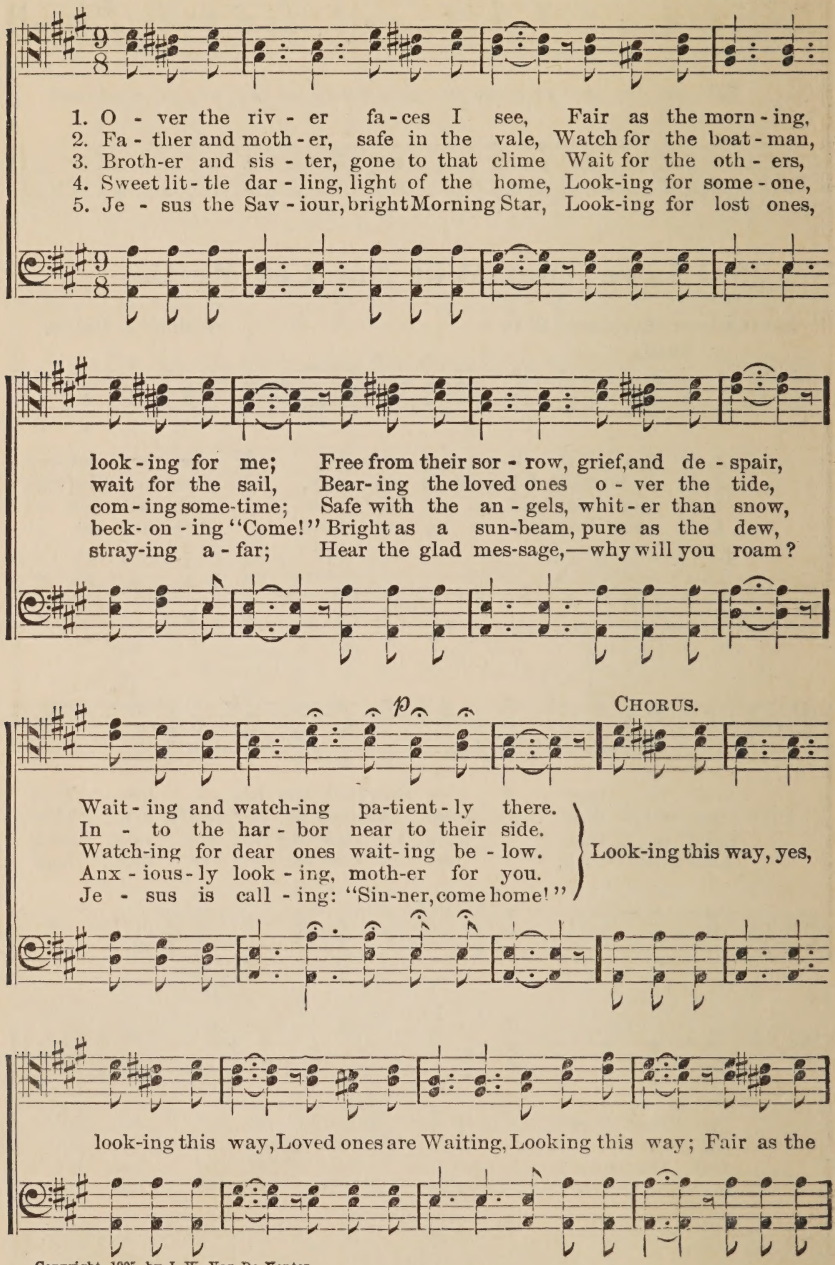
No. 26. Looking This Way.

J. W. V. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn - ing,
2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - man,
3. Broth-er and sis - ter, gone to that clime Wait for the oth - ers,
4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look-ing for some - one,
5. Je - sus the Sav - iour, bright Morning Star, Look-ing for lost ones,
look - ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair,
wait for the sail, Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide,
com - ing some-time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow,
beck- on - ing "Come!" Bright as a sun-beam, pure as the dew,
stray-ing a - far; Hear the glad mes-sage,—why will you roam?
CHORUS.
Wait - ing and watch-ing pa-tient - ly there.
In - to the har - bor near to their side.
Watch-ing for dear ones wait - ing be - low.
Anx - ious - ly look - ing, moth-er for you.
Je - sus is call - ing: "Sin-ner, come home!"
Look-ing this way, yes,
look-ing this way, Loved ones are Waiting, Looking this way; Fair as the

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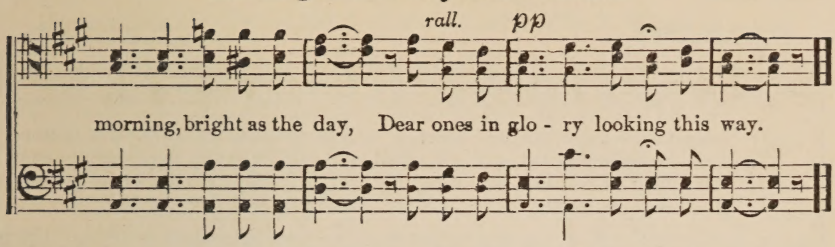
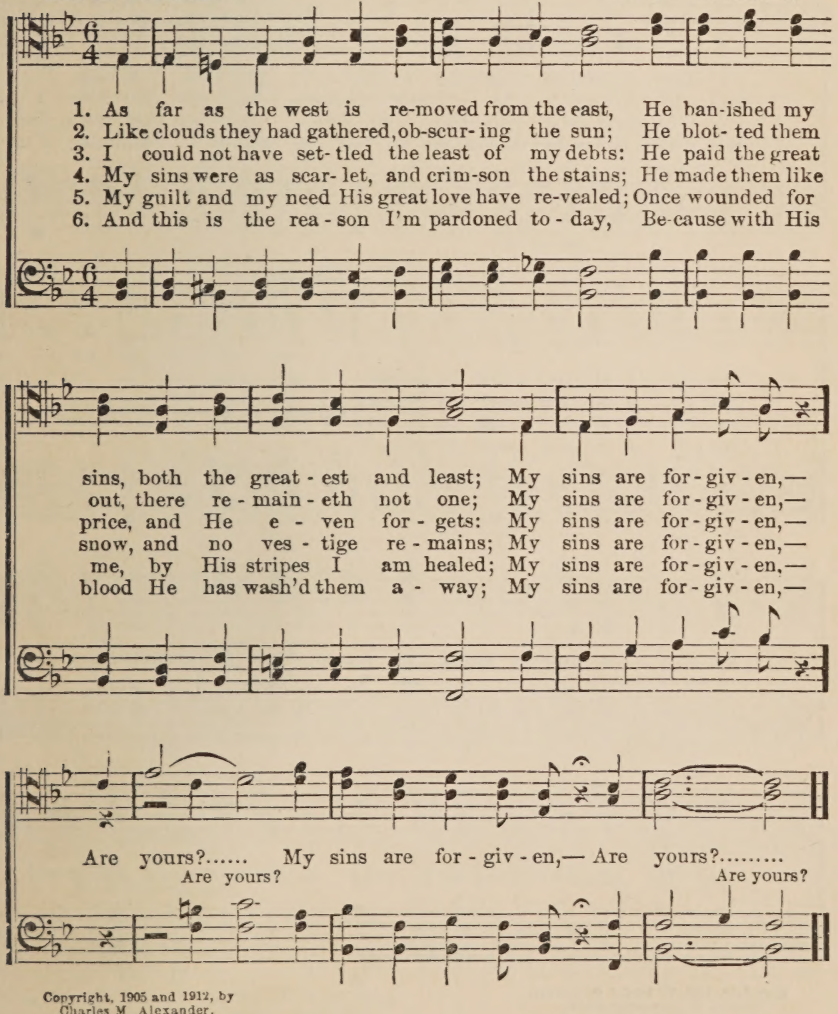


No. 27. My Sins are Forgiven.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. As far as the west is re-moved from the east, He ban-ished my
2. Like clouds they had gathered, ob-scur-ing the sun; He blot- ted them
3. I could not have set-tled the least of my debts: He paid the great
4. My sins were as scar-let, and crim-son the stains; He made them like
5. My guilt and my need His great love have re-vealed; Once wounded for
6. And this is the rea - son I'm pardoned to - day, Be-cause with His
sins, both the great - est and least; My sins are for - giv - en,—
out, there re - main - eth not one; My sins are for - giv - en,—
price, and He e - ven for - gets: My sins are for - giv - en,—
snow, and no ves - tige re - mains; My sins are for - giv - en,—
me, by His stripes I am healed; My sins are for - giv - en,—
blood He has wash'd them a - way; My sins are for - giv - en,—
Are yours?..... My sins are for - giv - en,— Are yours?.....
Are yours?
Are yours?

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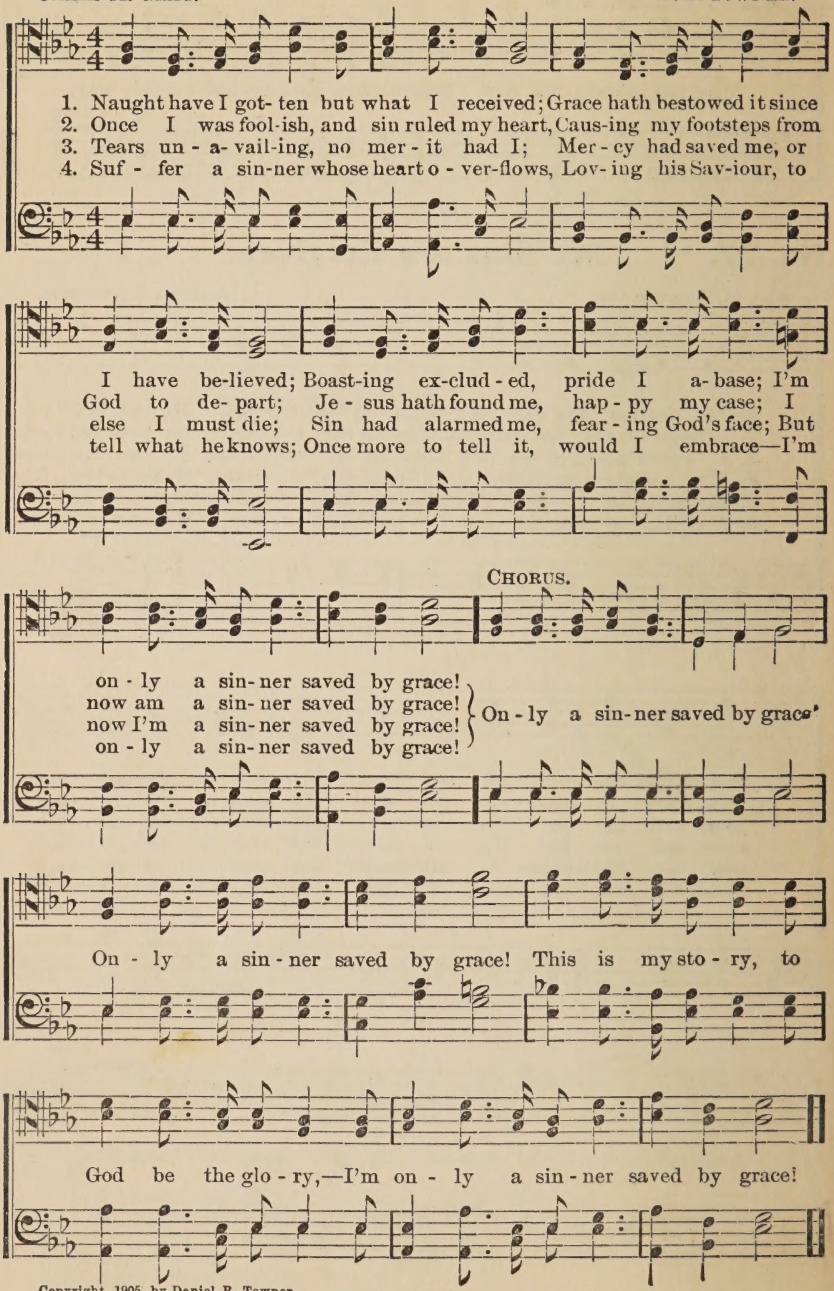
No. 28. Only a Sinner.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Naught have I got- ten but what I received; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a-vail-ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin-ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov-ing his Sav-iour, to
I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex-clud - ed, pride I a-base; I'm
God to de- part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I
else I must die; Sin had alarmed me, fear - ing God's face; But
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm
CHORUS.
on - ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
now am a sin-ner saved by grace!
now I'm a sin-ner saved by grace!
on - ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
On - ly a sin-ner saved by grace'
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to
God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

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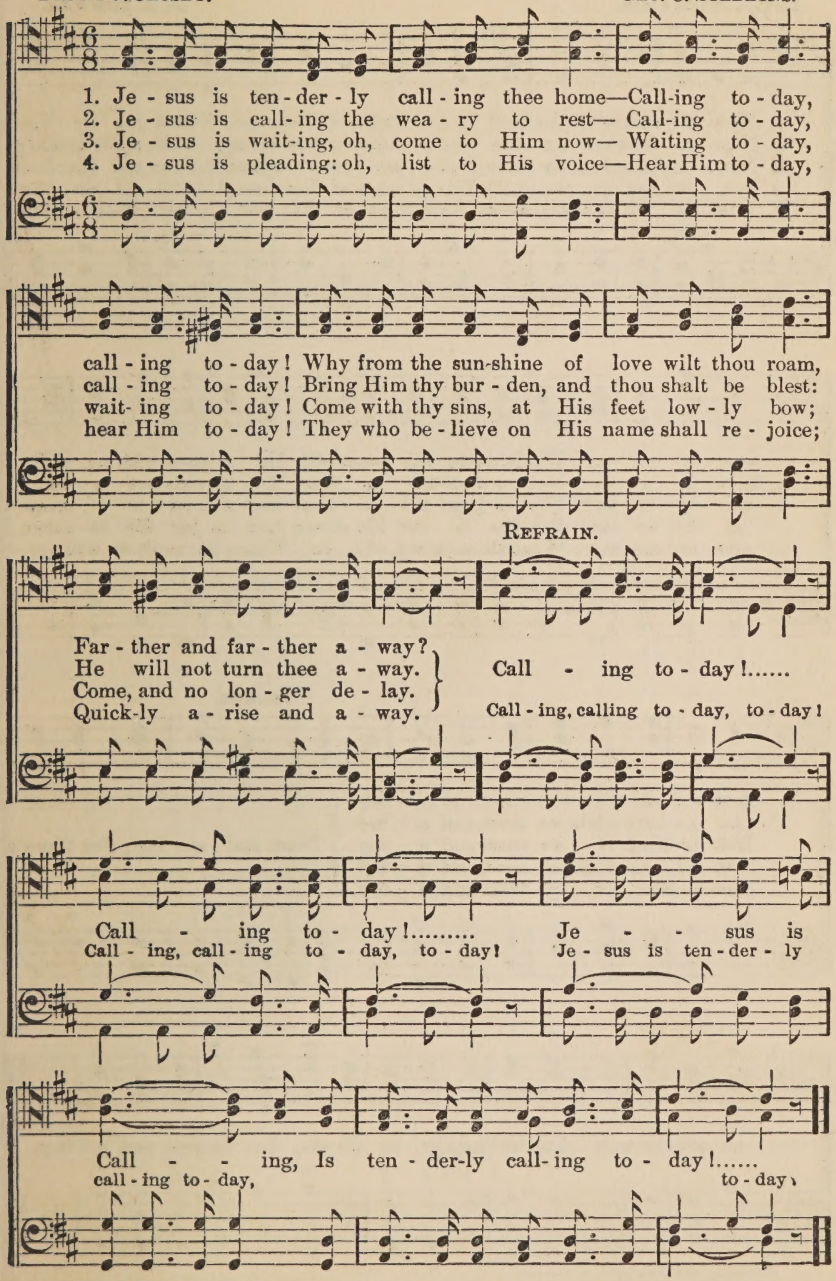
No. 29. Jesus is Calling.

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call-ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Call-ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now— Waiting to - day,
4. Je - sus is pleading: oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to - day,
call - ing to - day! Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam,
call - ing to - day! Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest:
wait- ing to - day! Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day! They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;
REFRAIN.
Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way.
Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.
Call - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, calling to - day, to - day!
Call - ing to - day!..... Je - - sus is
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Je - sus is ten - der - ly
Call - - ing, Is ten - der-ly call - ing to - day!.....
call - ing to - day, to - day.

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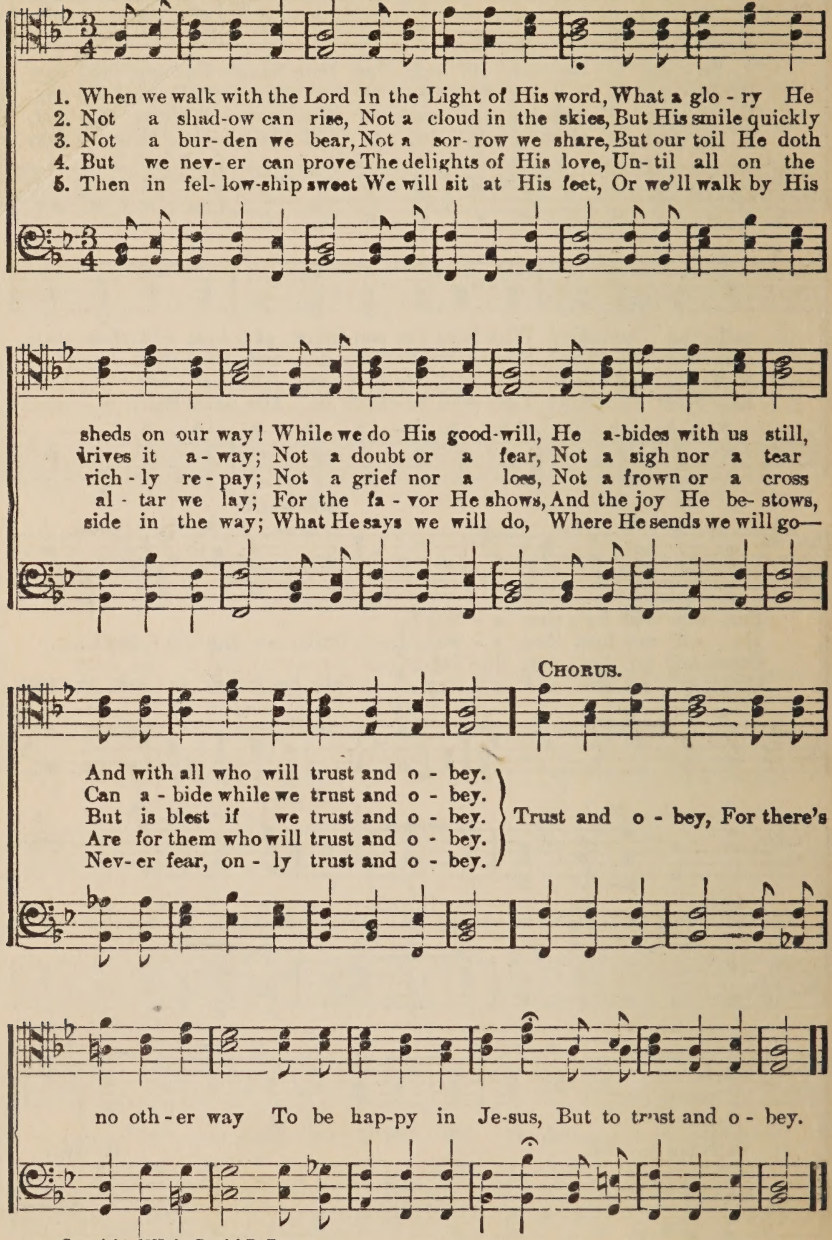
No. 30. Trust and Obey.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Proverbs xxi: 20.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.


1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love, Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His
sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross
al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go—
CHORUS.
And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
Trust and o - bey, For there's
no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, But to trust and o - bey.

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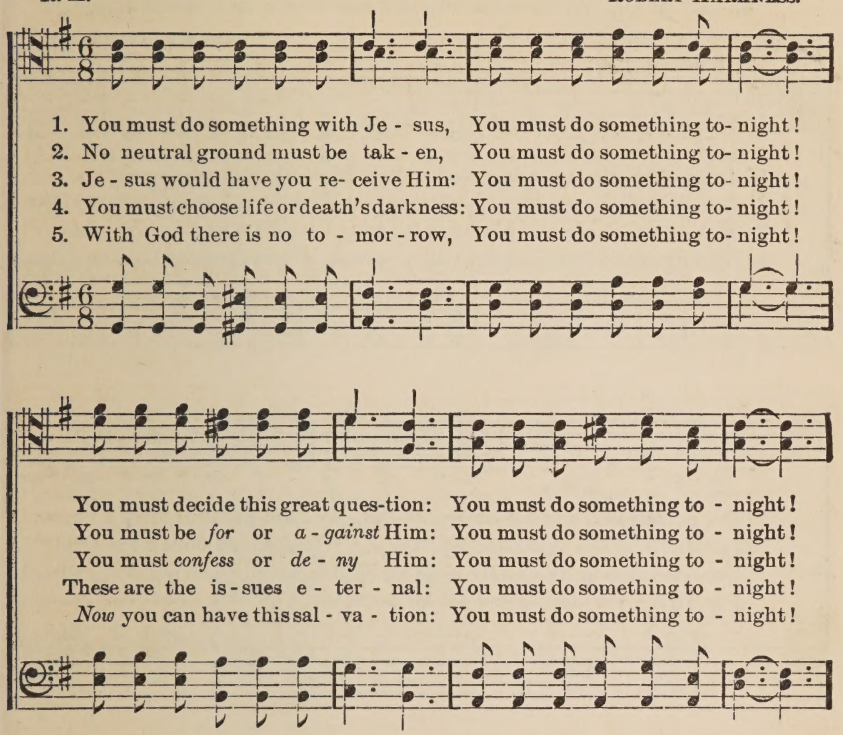
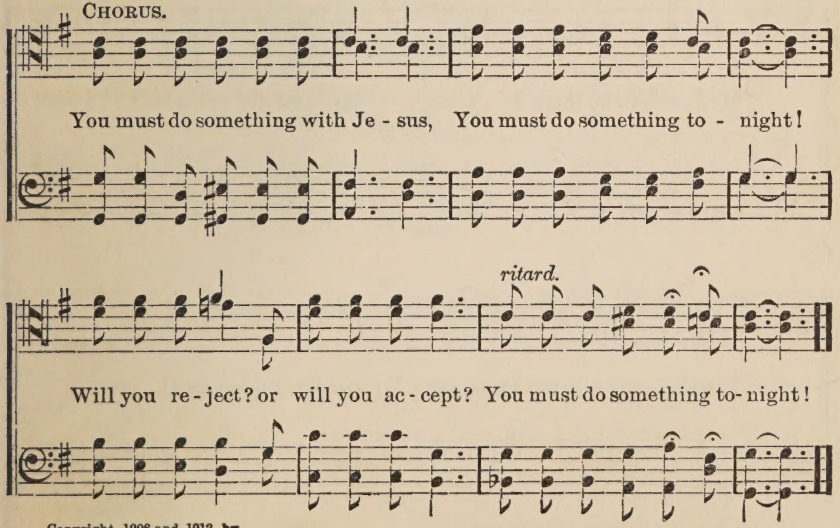
No. 31. You must do Something To-night!

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. You must do something with Je - sus, You must do something to- night!
2. No neutral ground must be tak - en, You must do something to- night!
3. Je - sus would have you re- ceive Him: You must do something to- night!
4. You must choose life or death's darkness: You must do something to- night!
5. With God there is no to - mor - row, You must do something to- night!
You must decide this great ques-tion: You must do something to - night!
You must be *for* or *a - gainst* Him: You must do something to - night!
You must *confess* or *de - ny* Him: You must do something to - night!
These are the is - sues e - ter - nal: You must do something to - night!
Now you can have this sal - va - tion: You must do something to - night!

CHORUS.


You must do something with Je - sus, You must do something to - night!
ritard.
Will you re - ject? or will you ac - cept? You must do something to- night!

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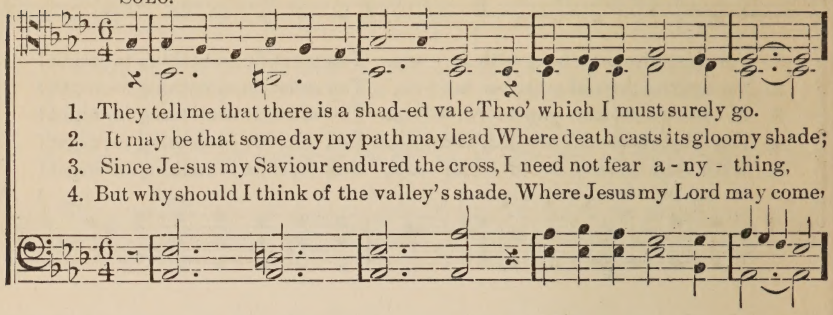
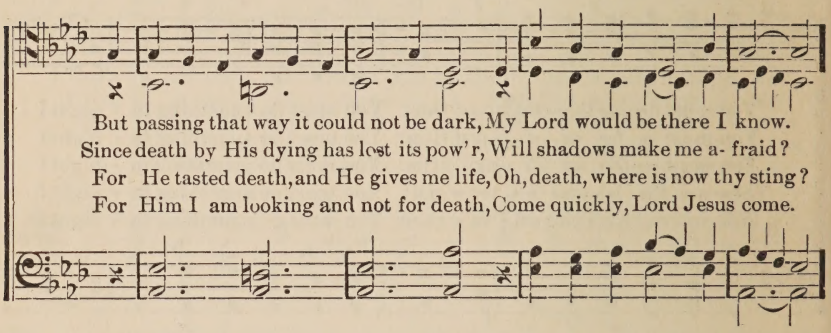
No. 32 The Valley of Shadow.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Psalm 23 : 4.

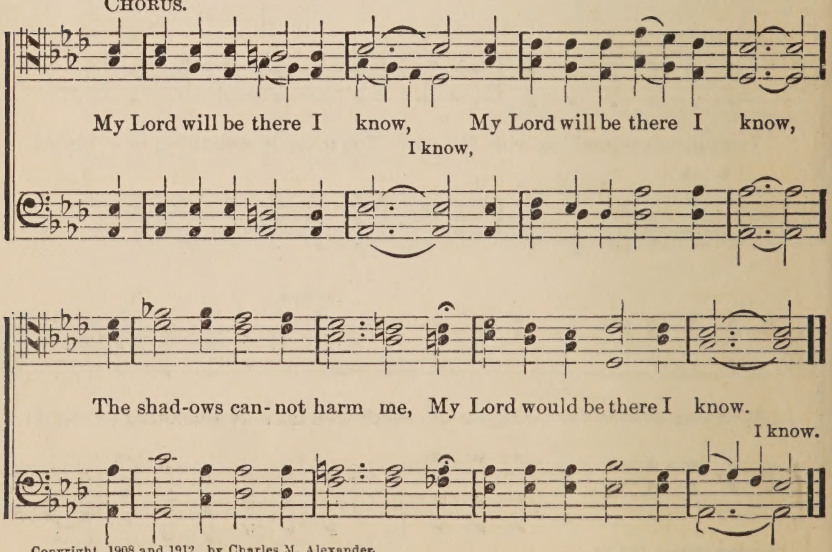
ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

SOLO.


1. They tell me that there is a shad-ed vale Thro' which I must surely go.
2. It may be that some day my path may lead Where death casts its gloomy shade;
3. Since Je-sus my Saviour endured the cross, I need not fear a - ny - thing,
4. But why should I think of the valley's shade, Where Jesus my Lord may come,


But passing that way it could not be dark, My Lord would be there I know.
Since death by His dying has lost its pow'r, Will shadows make me a- fraid?
For He tasted death, and He gives me life, Oh, death, where is now thy sting?
For Him I am looking and not for death, Come quickly, Lord Jesus come.

CHORUS.



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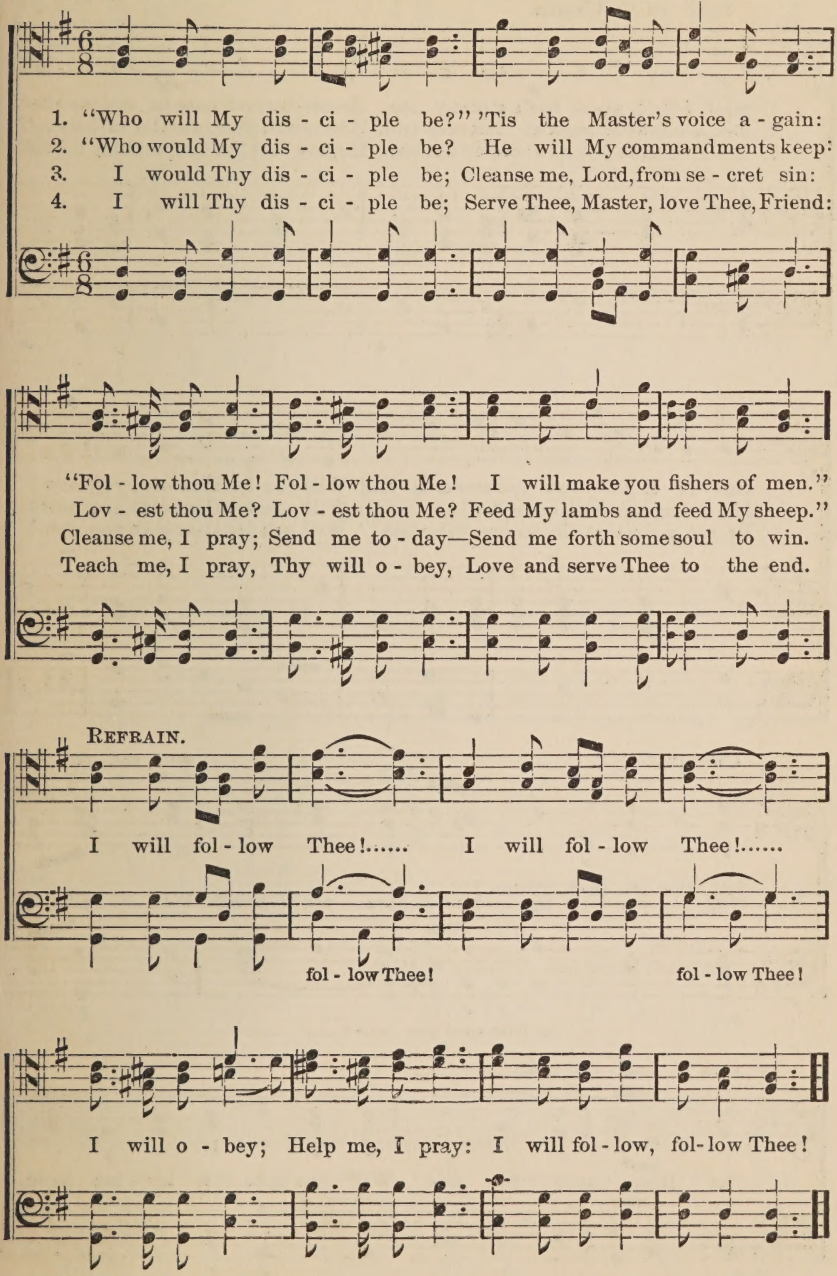
No. 32A. I Will Follow Thee.

BLANCHE THORNELY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. "Who will My dis - ci - ple be?" 'Tis the Master's voice a - gain:
2. "Who would My dis - ci - ple be? He will My commandments keep:
3. I would Thy dis - ci - ple be; Cleanse me, Lord, from se - cret sin:
4. I will Thy dis - ci - ple be; Serve Thee, Master, love Thee, Friend:
"Fol - low thou Me! Fol - low thou Me! I will make you fishers of men."
Lov - est thou Me? Lov - est thou Me? Feed My lambs and feed My sheep."
Cleanse me, I pray; Send me to - day—Send me forth some soul to win.
Teach me, I pray, Thy will o - bey, Love and serve Thee to the end.
REFRAIN.
I will fol - low Thee!..... I will fol - low Thee!.....
fol - low Thee!
fol - low Thee!
I will o - bey; Help me, I pray: I will fol - low, fol - low Thee!

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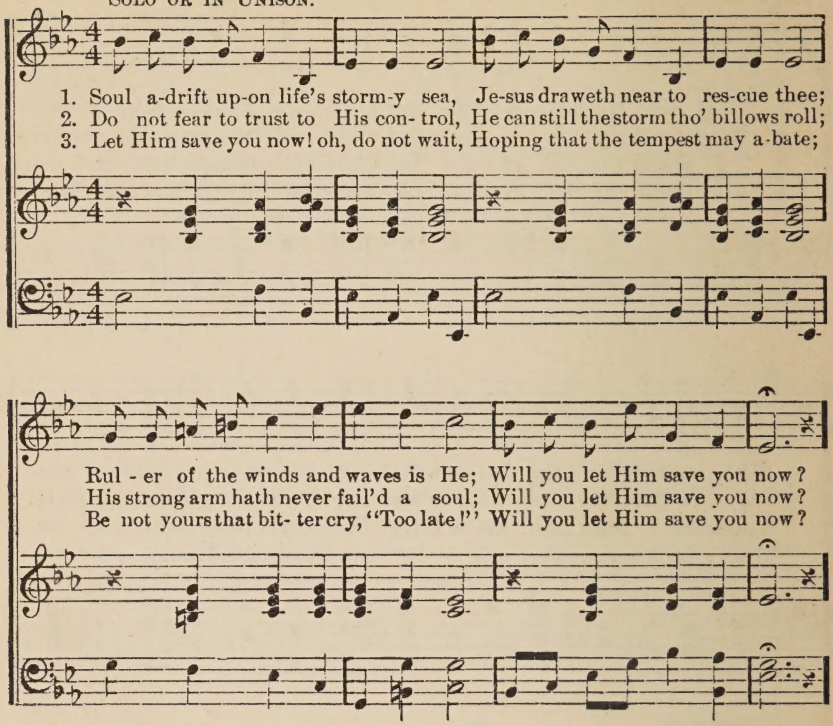
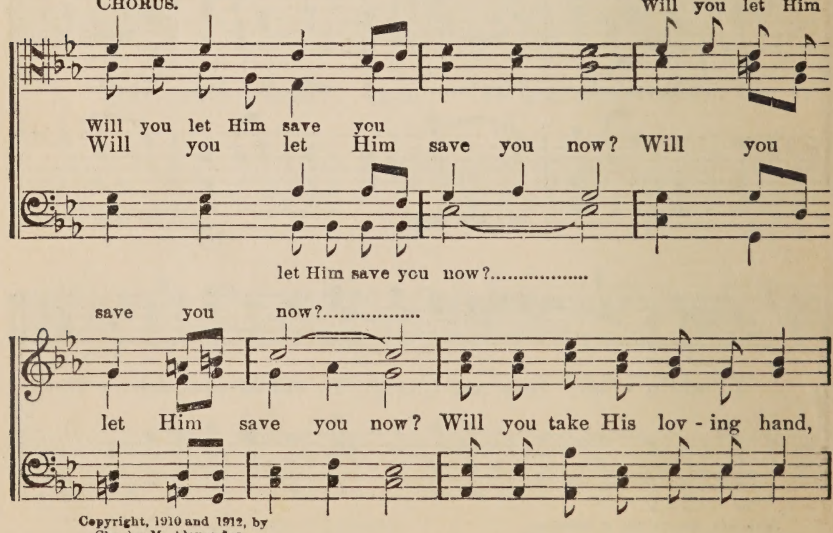
No. 33. Let Him Save You Now.

MAUD FRAZER. ROBERT HARKNESS.

SOLO OR IN UNISON.


1. Soul a-drift up-on life's storm-y sea, Je-sus draweth near to res-cue thee;
2. Do not fear to trust to His con- trol, He can still the storm tho' billows roll;
3. Let Him save you now! oh, do not wait, Hoping that the tempest may a-bate;
Rul - er of the winds and waves is He; Will you let Him save you now?
His strong arm hath never fail'd a soul; Will you let Him save you now?
Be not yours that bit- ter cry, "Too late!" Will you let Him save you now?

CHORUS.


Will you let Him
Will you let Him save you
Will you let Him save you now? Will you
let Him save you now?.....
save you now?.....
let Him save you now? Will you take His lov - ing hand,

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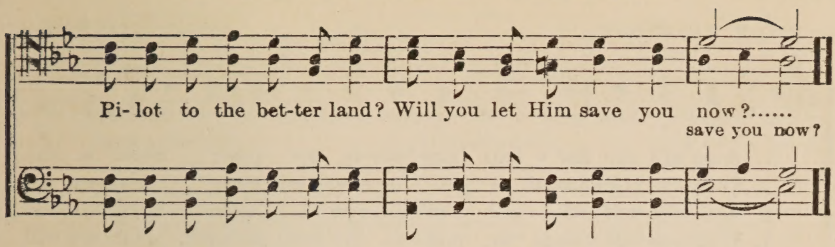
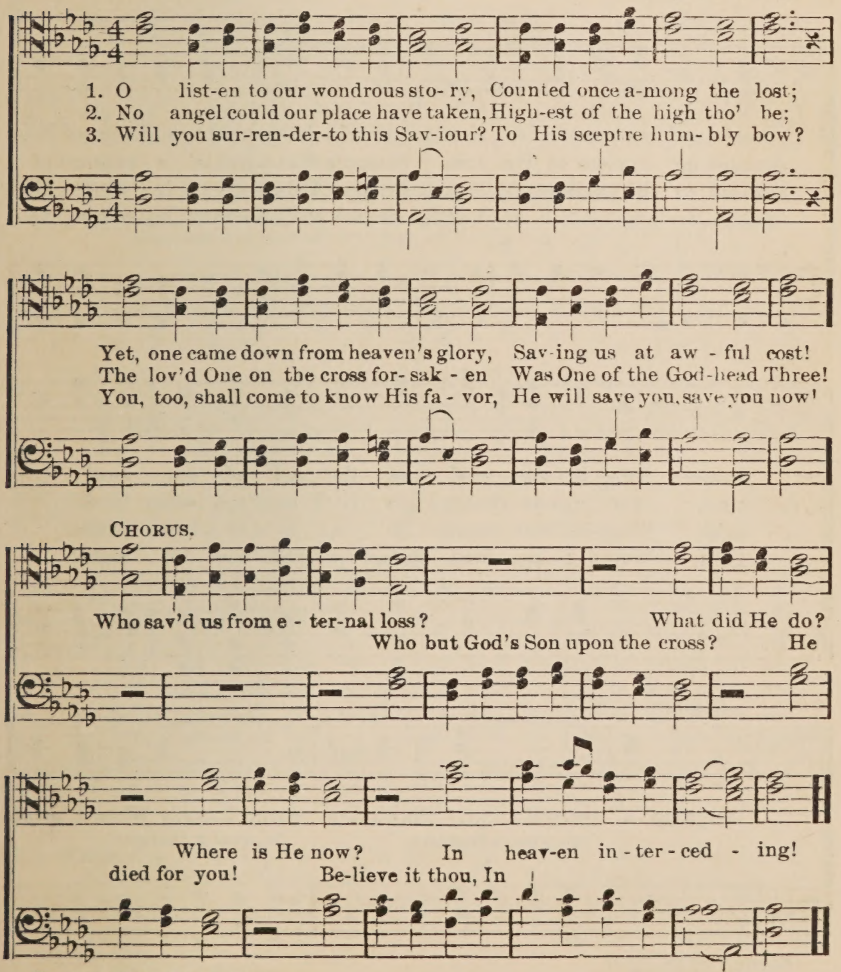


No. 34. What Did He Do?

Rev. James M. Gray. Welsh Owen. Arr. by O. F. Pugh.


1. O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry, Counted once a-mong the lost;
2. No angel could our place have taken, High-est of the high tho' be;
3. Will you sur-ren-der-to this Sav-iour? To His sceptre hum-bly bow?
Yet, one came down from heaven's glory, Sav-ing us at aw-ful cost!
The lov'd One on the cross for-sak-en Was One of the God-head Three!
You, too, shall come to know His fa-vor, He will save you, save you now!
Chorus.
Who sav'd us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son upon the cross? He
Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In

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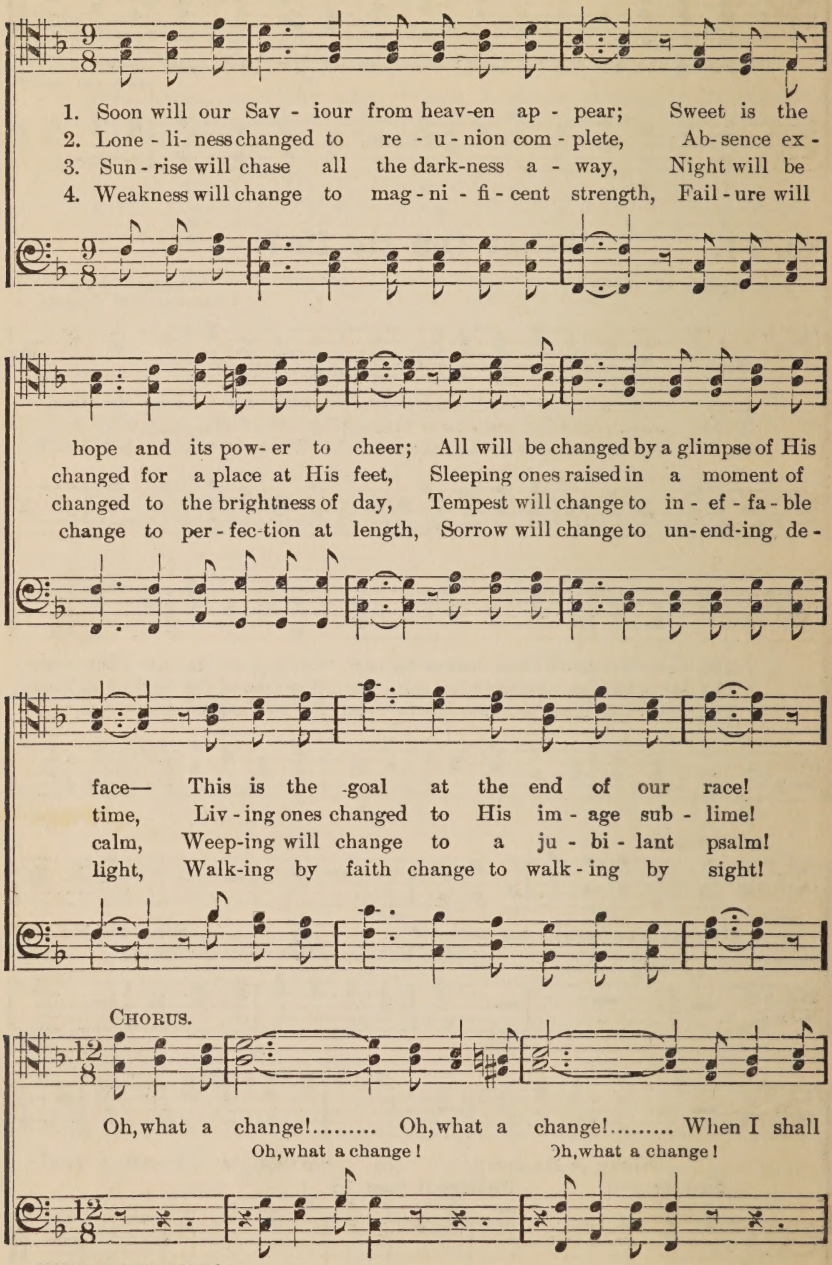
No. 35 Oh, What a Change!

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. Soon will our Sav - iour from heav-en ap - pear; Sweet is the
2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - u - nion com - plete, Ab - sence ex -
3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark-ness a - way, Night will be
4. Weakness will change to mag - ni - fi - cent strength, Fail - ure will
hope and its pow - er to cheer; All will be changed by a glimpse of His
changed for a place at His feet, Sleeping ones raised in a moment of
changed to the brightness of day, Tempest will change to in - ef - fa - ble
change to per - fec - tion at length, Sorrow will change to un - end - ing de -
face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
calm, Weep-ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
light, Walk-ing by faith change to walk - ing by sight!
CHORUS.
Oh, what a change!..... Oh, what a change!..... When I shall
Oh, what a change! Oh, what a change!

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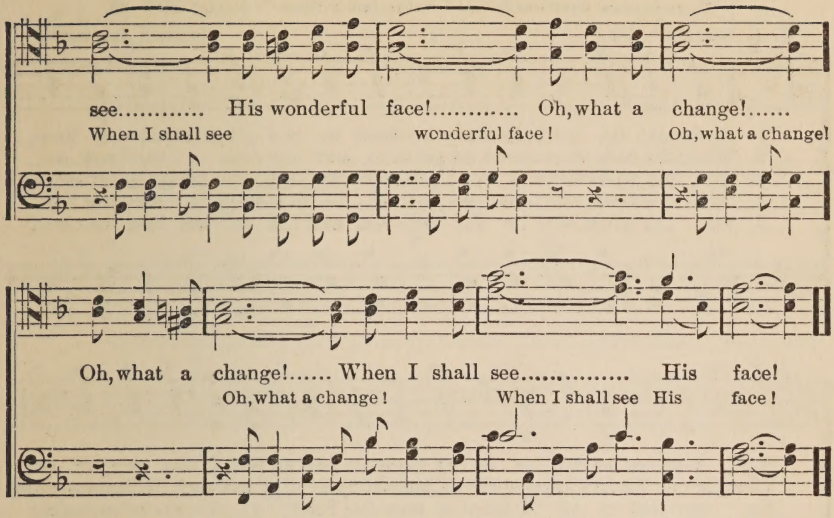
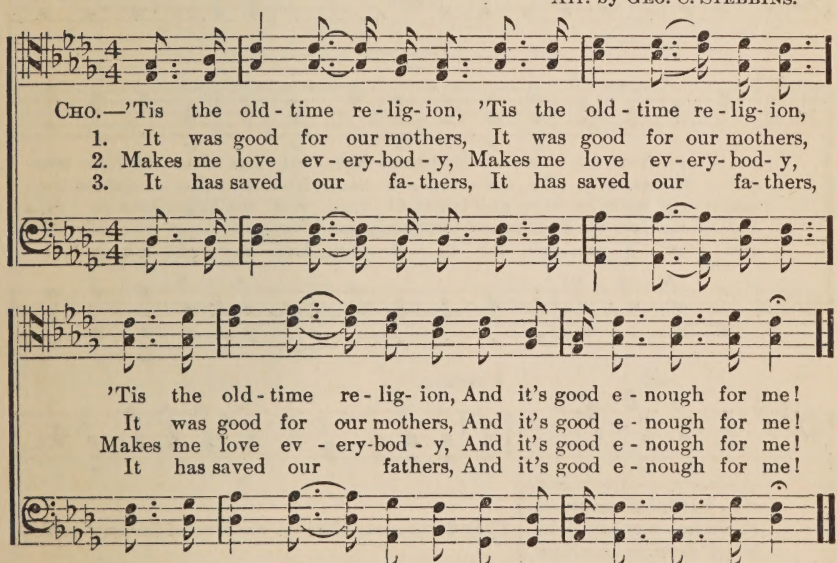

see..... His wonderful face!..... Oh, what a change!.....
When I shall see wonderful face! Oh, what a change!
Oh, what a change!..... When I shall see..... His face!
Oh, what a change! When I shall see His face!

No. 36. The Old-Time Religion.

"The hope set before us: which we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and entereth into that within the veil."—HEB. vi: 18, 19.

Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.


CHO.—'Tis the old-time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old-time re-lig-ion,
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,
2. Makes me love ev-ery-bod-y, Makes me love ev-ery-bod-y,
3. It has saved our fa-thers, It has saved our fa-thers,
'Tis the old-time re-lig-ion, And it's good e-nough for me!
It was good for our mothers, And it's good e-nough for me!
Makes me love ev-ery-bod-y, And it's good e-nough for me!
It has saved our fathers, And it's good e-nough for me!

4 ‖: Makes me love the good old Bible, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

5 ‖: It will lead me to Jesus, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

6 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

7 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

Male Voice Arrangement Copyright, 1912, by
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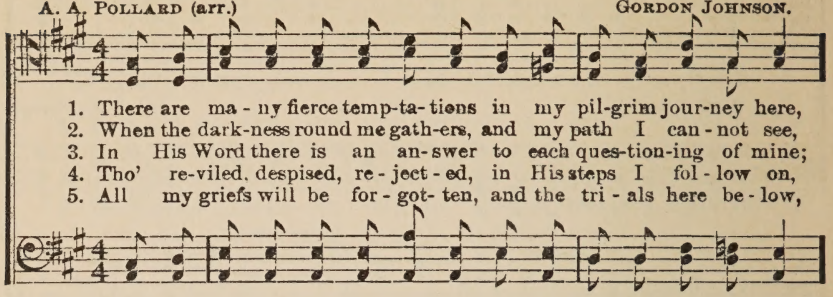
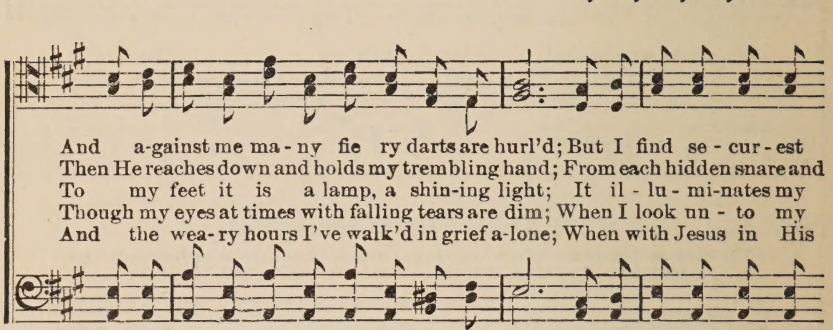
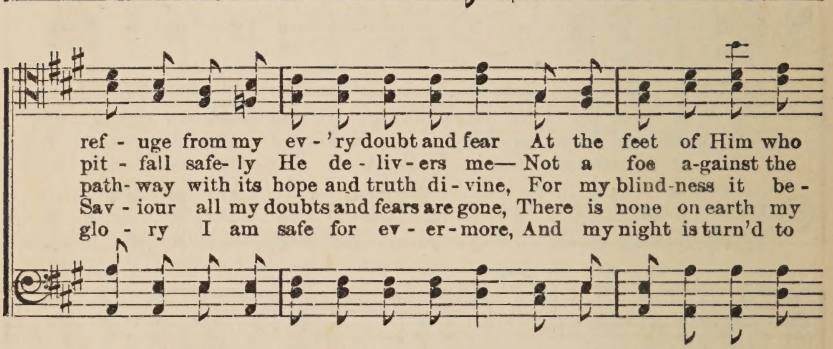
No. 37. They Drive me to His Side!

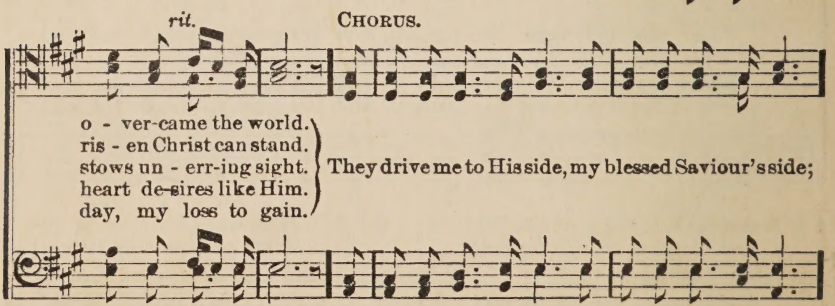
"There is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."—PSALM lxiii : 25.

A. A. POLLARD (arr.) GORDON JOHNSON.


1. There are ma - ny fierce temp-ta- tions in my pil-grim jour-ney here,
2. When the dark-ness round me gath-ers, and my path I can - not see,
3. In His Word there is an an-swer to each ques-tion-ing of mine;
4. Tho' re-viled, despised, re - ject - ed, in His steps I fol - low on,
5. All my griefs will be for - got- ten, and the tri - als here be - low,


And a-gainst me ma - ny fie ry darts are hurl'd; But I find se - cur - est
Then He reaches down and holds my trembling hand; From each hidden snare and
To my feet it is a lamp, a shin-ing light; It il - lu - mi-nates my
Though my eyes at times with falling tears are dim; When I look un - to my
And the wea-ry hours I've walk'd in grief a-lone; When with Jesus in His


ref - uge from my ev - 'ry doubt and fear At the feet of Him who
pit - fall safe- ly He de - liv - ers me— Not a foe a-gainst the
path- way with its hope and truth di - vine, For my blind-ness it be -
Sav - iour all my doubts and fears are gone, There is none on earth my
glo - ry I am safe for ev - er - more, And my night is turn'd to


rit.
CHORUS.
o - ver-came the world.
ris - en Christ can stand.
stows un - err-ing sight.
heart de-sires like Him.
day, my loss to gain.
They drive me to His side, my blessed Saviour's side;

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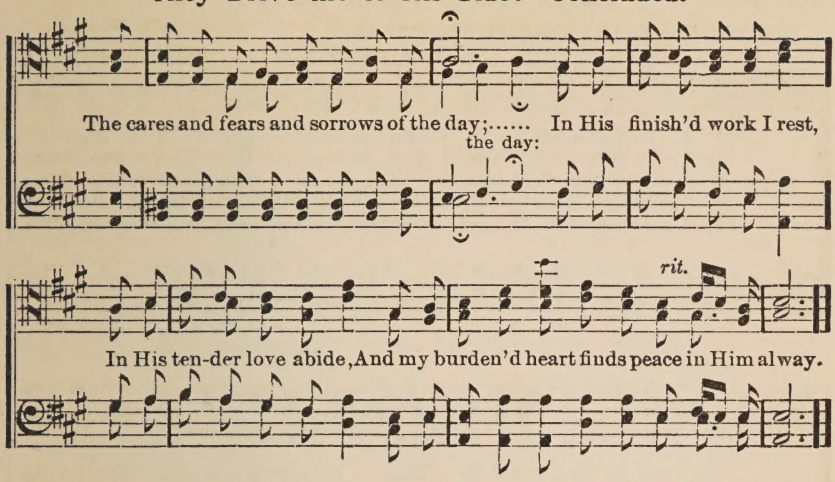
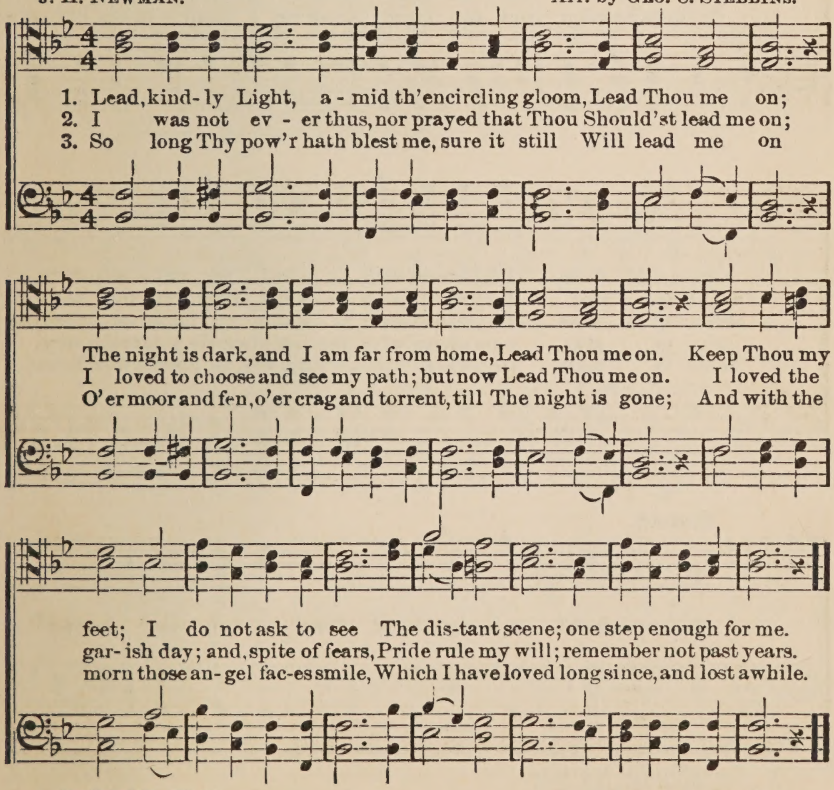
They Drive me to His Side!—Concluded.


The cares and fears and sorrows of the day;..... In His finish'd work I rest,
the day:
rit.
In His ten-der love abide, And my burden'd heart finds peace in Him al way.

No. 38. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Should'st lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the
feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me.
gar-ish day; and, spite of fears, Pride rule my will; remember not past years.
morn those an-gel fac-es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

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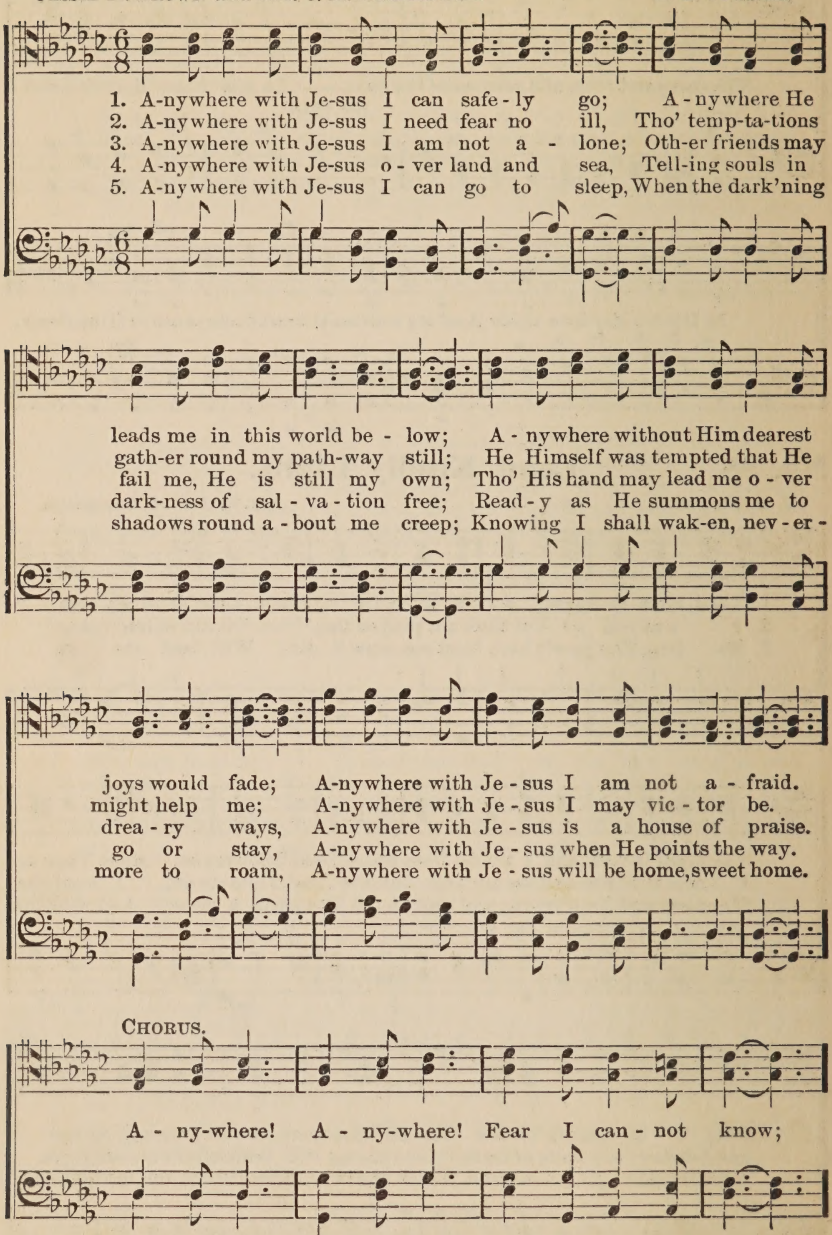
No. 39. Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN and Mrs. C. M. ALEXANDER. D. B. TOWNER.


1. A-nywhere with Je-sus I can safe-ly go; A-nywhere He
2. A-nywhere with Je-sus I need fear no ill, Tho' temp-ta-tions
3. A-nywhere with Je-sus I am not a-lone; Oth-er friends may
4. A-nywhere with Je-sus o-ver land and sea, Tell-ing souls in
5. A-nywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning
leads me in this world be-low; A-nywhere without Him dearest
gath-er round my path-way still; He Himself was tempted that He
fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o-ver
dark-ness of sal-va-tion free; Read-y as He summons me to
shadows round a-bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak-en, nev-er-
joys would fade; A-nywhere with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
might help me; A-nywhere with Je-sus I may vic-tor be.
drea-ry ways, A-nywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise.
go or stay, A-nywhere with Je-sus when He points the way.
more to roam, A-nywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.
CHORUS.
A-ny-where! A-ny-where! Fear I can-not know;

* Verse 5 to be sung softly and slowly, omitting the Chorus.

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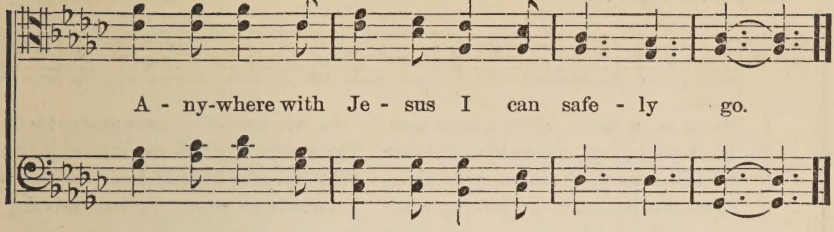
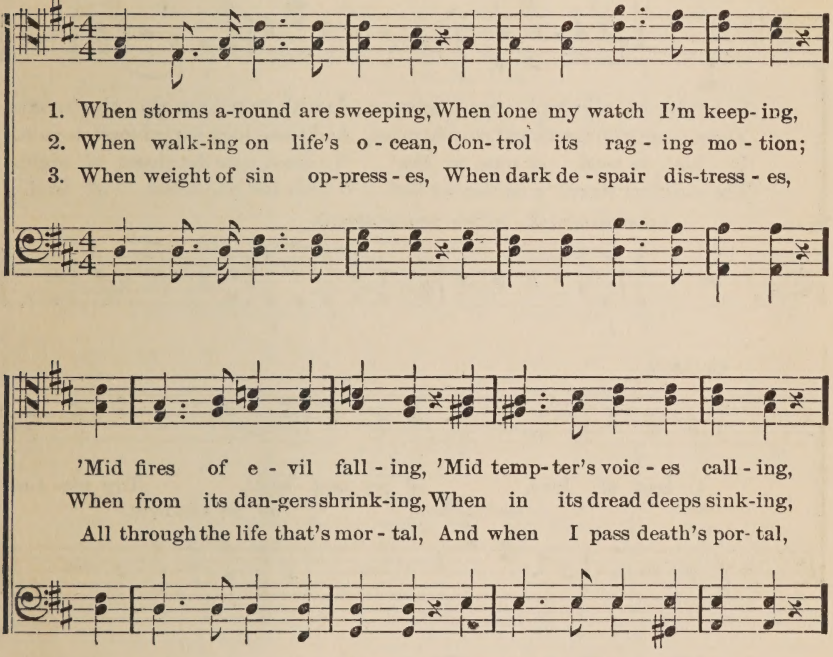
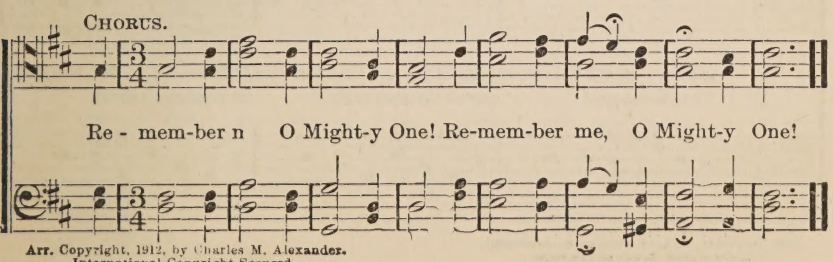


No. 40. Remember Me, O Mighty One.

Anon. JOANNA KINKEL, arr.


1. When storms a-round are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keep- ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o - cean, Con- trol its rag - ing mo - tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press - es, When dark de - spair dis-tress - es,
'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid temp- ter's voic - es call - ing,
When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sink-ing,
All through the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por- tal,



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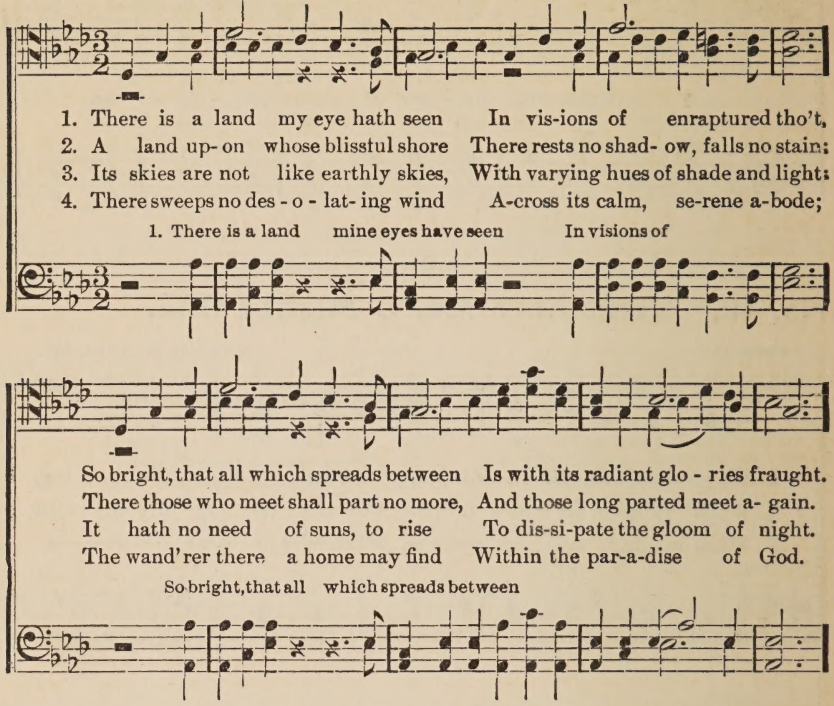
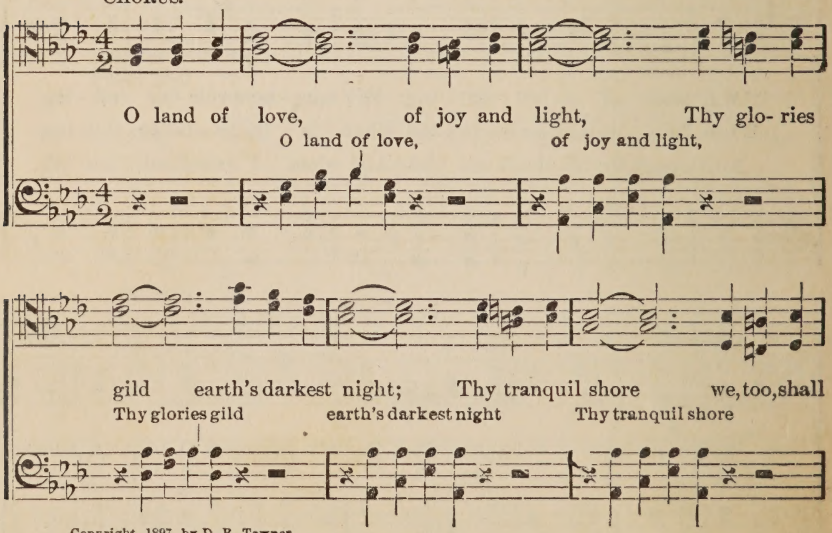
No. 41. The Better Land.

GORDON ROBBINS, arr. D. B. TOWNER.


1. There is a land my eye hath seen In vis-ions of enraptured tho't,
2. A land up-on whose blisstul shore There rests no shad- ow, falls no stain:
3. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light:
4. There sweeps no des - o - lat- ing wind A-cross its calm, se-rene a-bode;
1. There is a land mine eyes have seen In visions of
So bright, that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glo - ries fraught.
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a- gain.
It hath no need of suns, to rise To dis-si-pate the gloom of night.
The wand'rer there a home may find Within the par-a-dise of God.
So bright, that all which spreads between

CHORUS.

O land of love, of joy and light, Thy glo- ries
O land of love, of joy and light,
gild earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore we, too, shall
Thy glories gild earth's darkest night Thy tranquil shore

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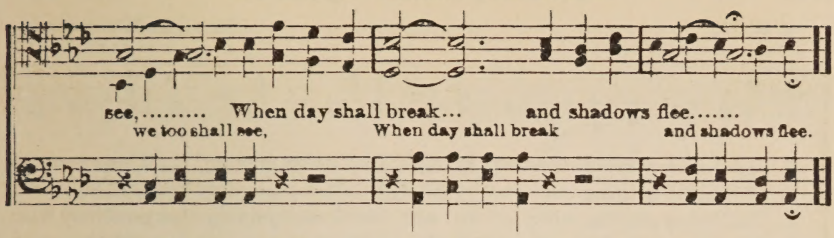
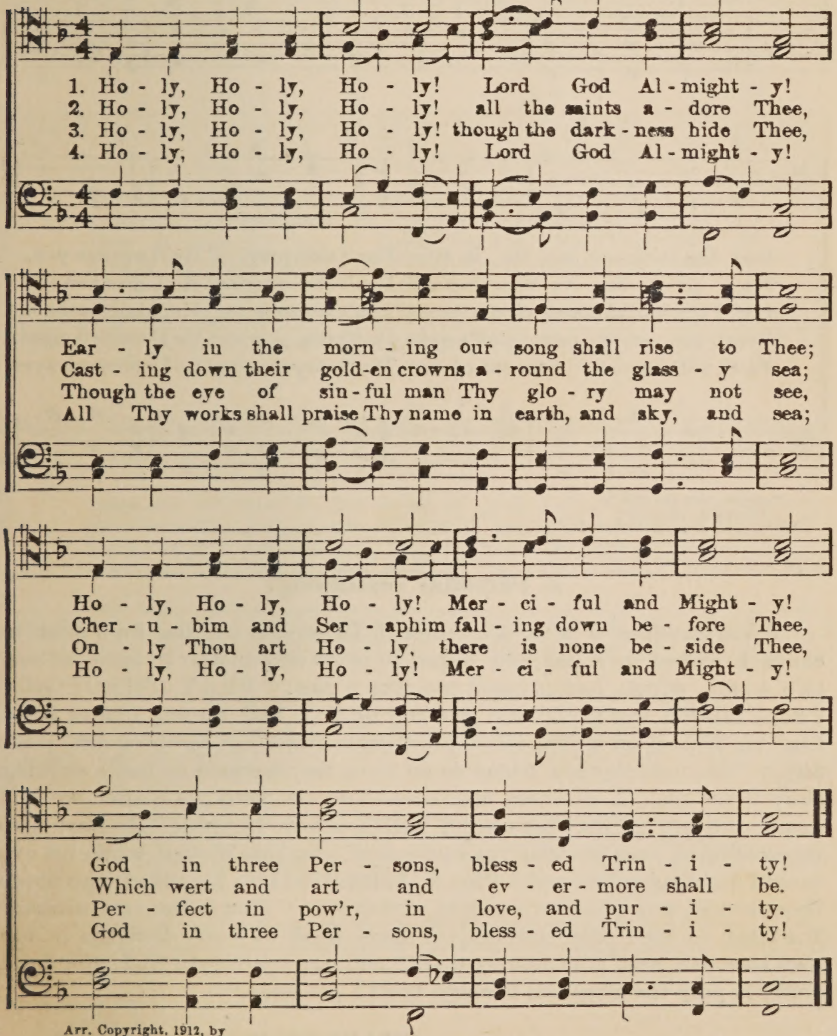


No. 42. Holy, Holy! Lord God Amighty!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert and art and ev - er - more shall be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

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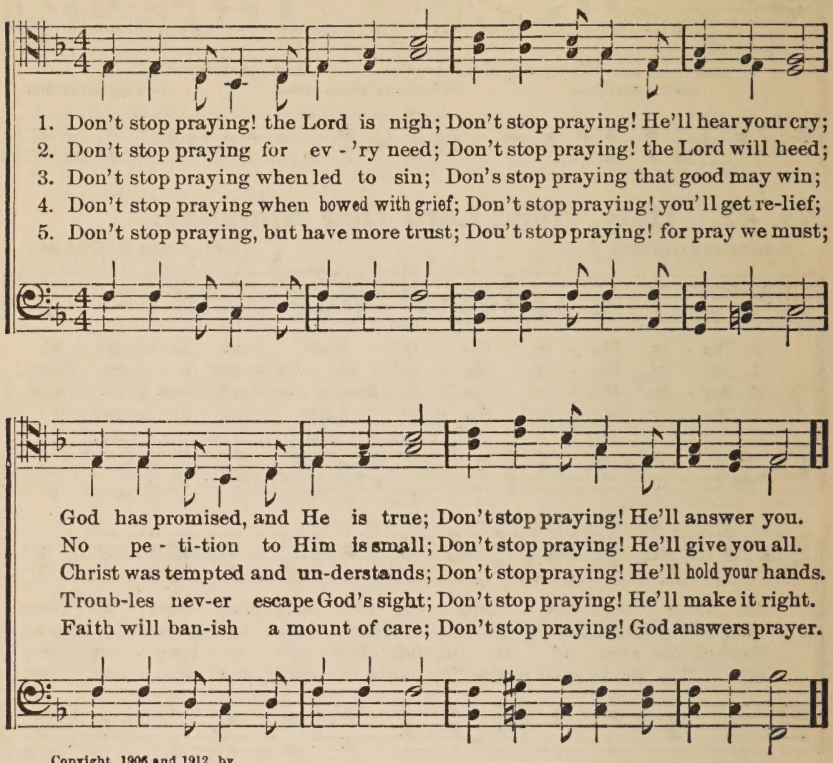
No. 43. "Pray Through."

E. R. W. EDNA R. WORRELL.


1. Don't stop praying! the Lord is nigh; Don't stop praying! He'll hear your cry;
2. Don't stop praying for ev - 'ry need; Don't stop praying! the Lord will heed;
3. Don't stop praying when led to sin; Don's stop praying that good may win;
4. Don't stop praying when bowed with grief; Don't stop praying! you'll get re-lief;
5. Don't stop praying, but have more trust; Dou't stop praying! for pray we must;
God has promised, and He is true; Don't stop praying! He'll answer you.
No pe - ti-tion to Him is small; Don't stop praying! He'll give you all.
Christ was tempted and un-derstands; Don't stop praying! He'll hold your hands.
Troub-les nev-er escape God's sight; Don't stop praying! He'll make it right.
Faith will ban-ish a mount of care; Don't stop praying! God answers prayer.

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A Personal Testimony.

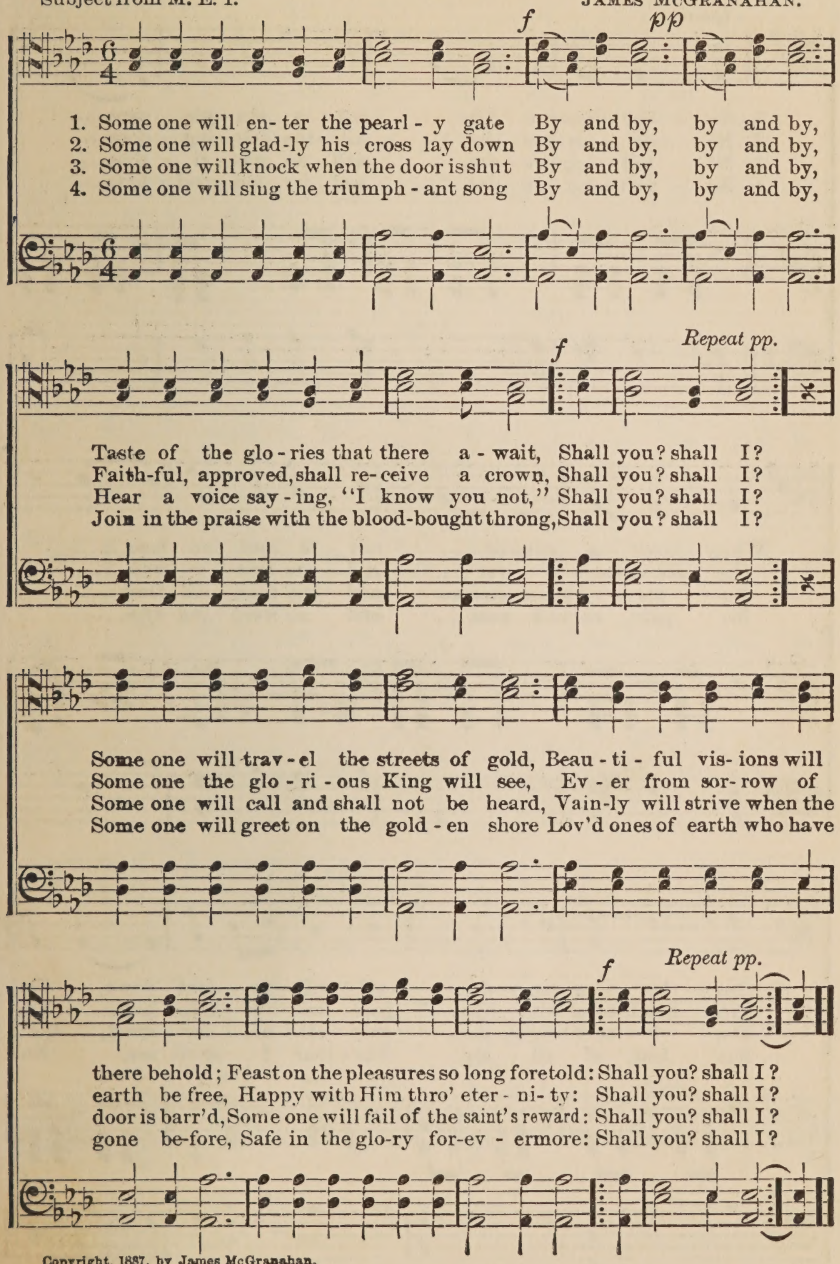
I was standing at a Bank counter in Liverpool, waiting for a clerk to come; I picked up a pen and began to print on a blotter in large letters, two words, which had gripped me like a vice: "PRAY THROUGH." I kept talking to a friend and printing until I had the big blotter filled from top to bottom with a column. I transacted my business and went away. The next day my friend came to see me, and said he had a striking story to tell me. A business man came into the bank soon after we had gone. He had grown discouraged with business troubles. He started to transact some business with the same clerk over that blotter, when his eye caught the long column of "PRAY THROUGH." He asked who wrote those words, and when he was told exclaimed: "That is the very message I needed. I will pray through. I have tried to worry through in my own strength, and have merely mentioned my troubles to God; now I am going to pray the situation through until I get light."

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

No. 44. Shall You? Shall I?

G. M. J.
Subject from M. E. I.

LUKE xiii: 24.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

f
pp
1. Some one will en- ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad-ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the triumph - ant song By and by, by and by,
f
Repeat pp.
Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?
Faith-ful, approved, shall re- ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?
Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?
Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis- ions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor- row of
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain-ly will strive when the
Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Lov'd ones of earth who have
f
Repeat pp.
there behold; Feast on the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I?
earth be free, Happy with Him thro' eter - ni- ty: Shall you? shall I?
door is barr'd, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?
gone be-fore, Safe in the glo-ry for-ev - ermore: Shall you? shall I?

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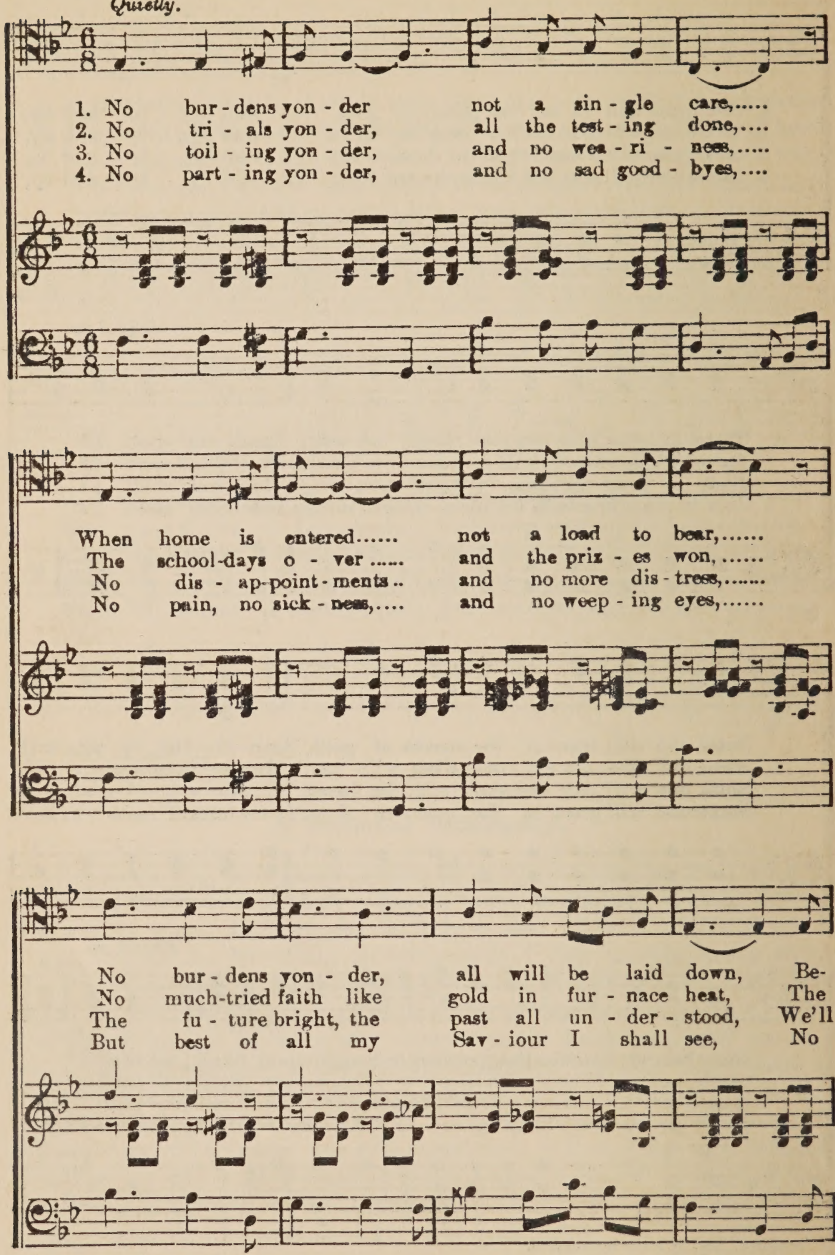
No. 45. No Burdens Yonder.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

Quietly.


1. No bur - dens yon - der not a sin - gle care,.....
2. No tri - als yon - der, all the test - ing done,....
3. No toil - ing yon - der, and no wea - ri - ness,.....
4. No part - ing yon - der, and no sad good - byes,....
When home is entered..... not a load to bear,.....
The school-days o - ver ..... and the priz - es won,.....
No dis - ap-point - ments.. and no more dis - tress,.....
No pain, no sick - ness,.... and no weep - ing eyes,.....
No bur - dens yon - der, all will be laid down, Be-
No much-tried faith like gold in fur - nace heat, The
The fu - ture bright, the past all un - der - stood, We'll
But best of all my Sav - iour I shall see, No

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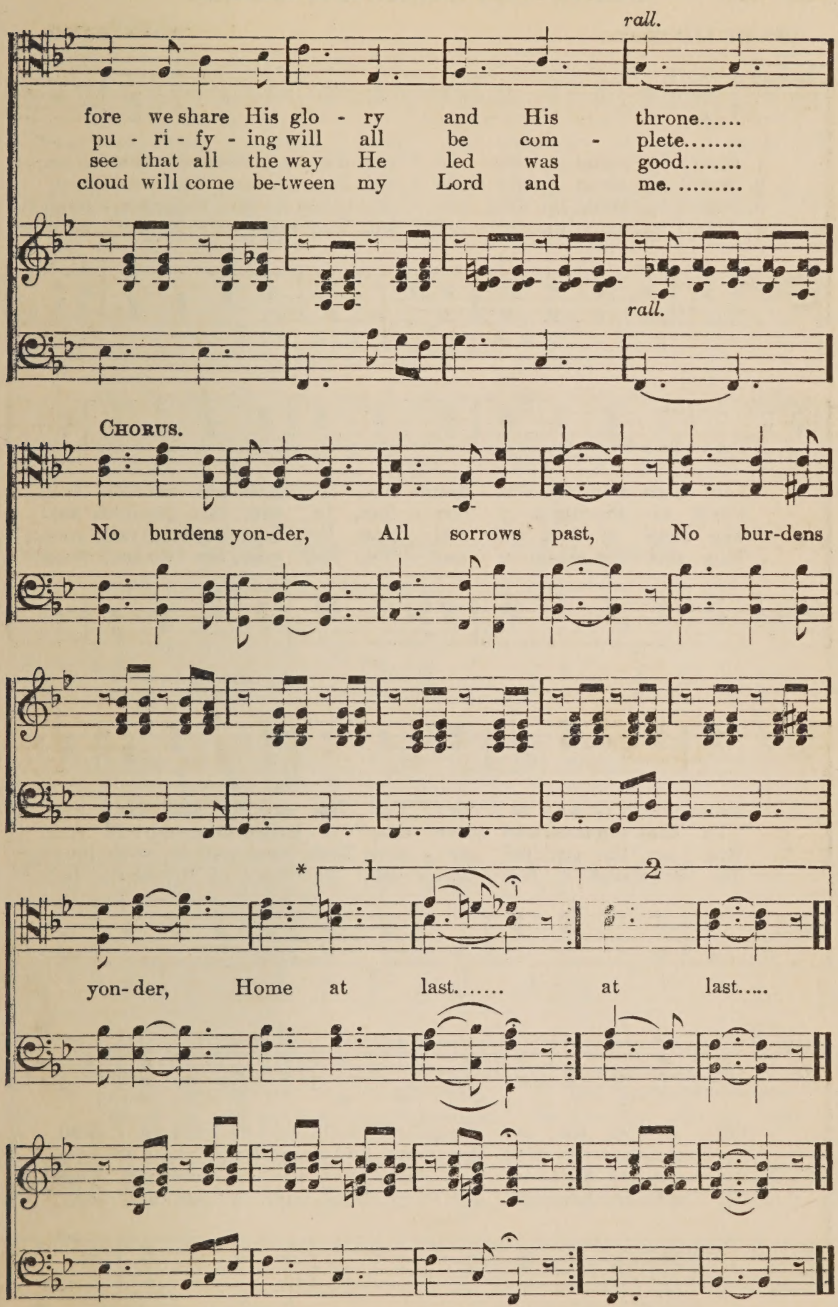
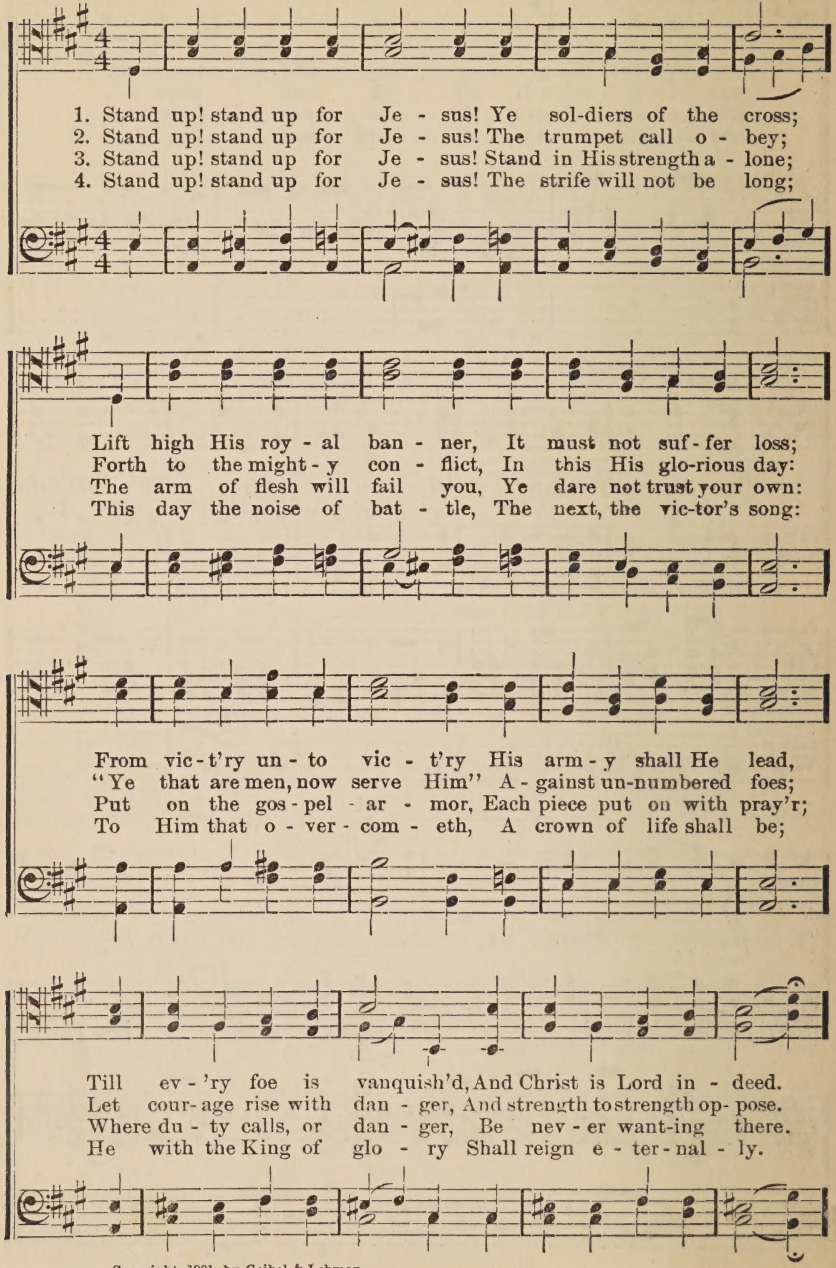
No Burdens Yonder.—Concluded.


rall.
fore we share His glo - ry and His throne.....
pu - ri - fy - ing will all be com - plete.....
see that all the way He led was good.....
cloud will come be-tween my Lord and me. .....
rall.
Chorus.
No burdens yon-der, All sorrows past, No bur-dens
*
1
2
yon-der, Home at last..... at last.....

* If a repetition of the chorus is desired, sing following measure and a half as written, otherwise pass to 2d ending.

No. 46. Stand Up, Stand for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trumpet call o - bey;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo-rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic-tor's song:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him" A - gainst un-numbered foes;
Put on the gos - pel - ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r;
To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;
Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op- pose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

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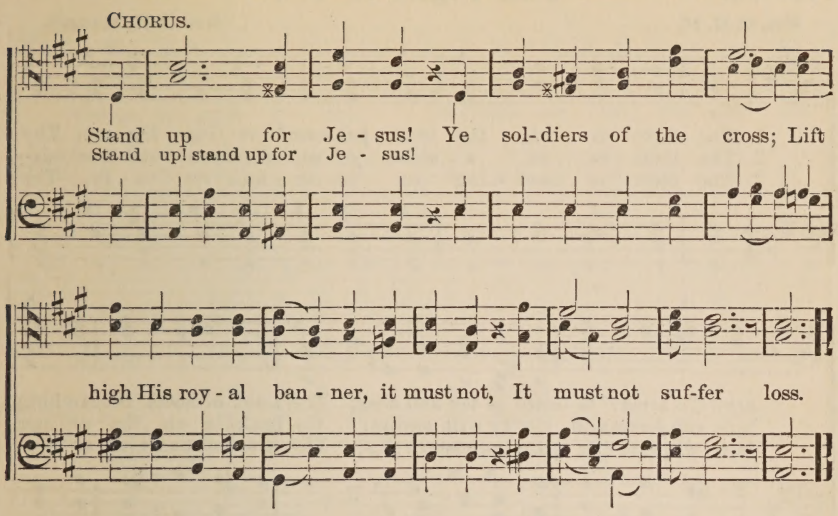
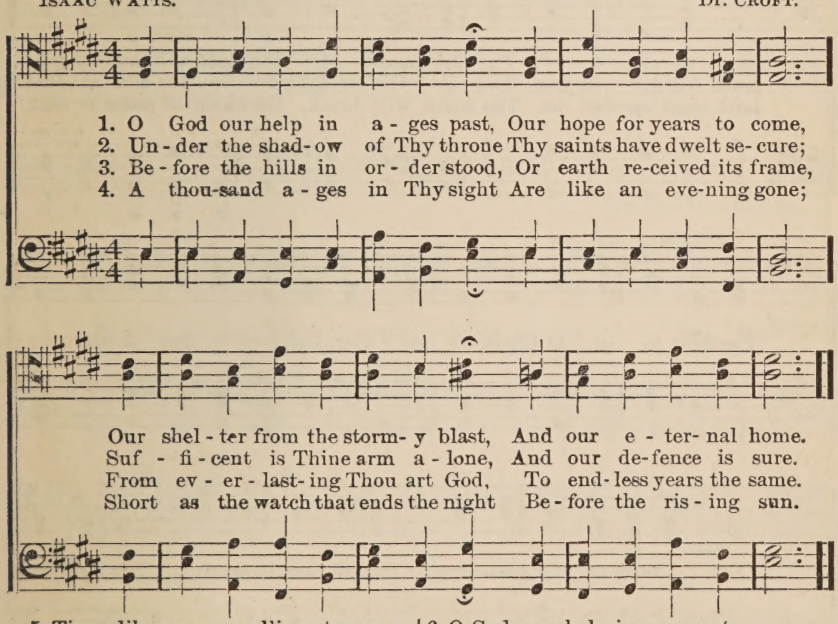

CHORUS.
Stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up! stand up for Je - sus!
high His roy - al ban - ner, it must not, It must not suf-fer loss.

No. 47. O God, our Help in Ages Past.

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."—PSA. xc: 1.

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. CROFT.


1. O God our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-ceived its frame,
4. A thou-sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve-ning gone;
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
Suf - fi - cent is Thine arm a - lone, And our de-fence is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

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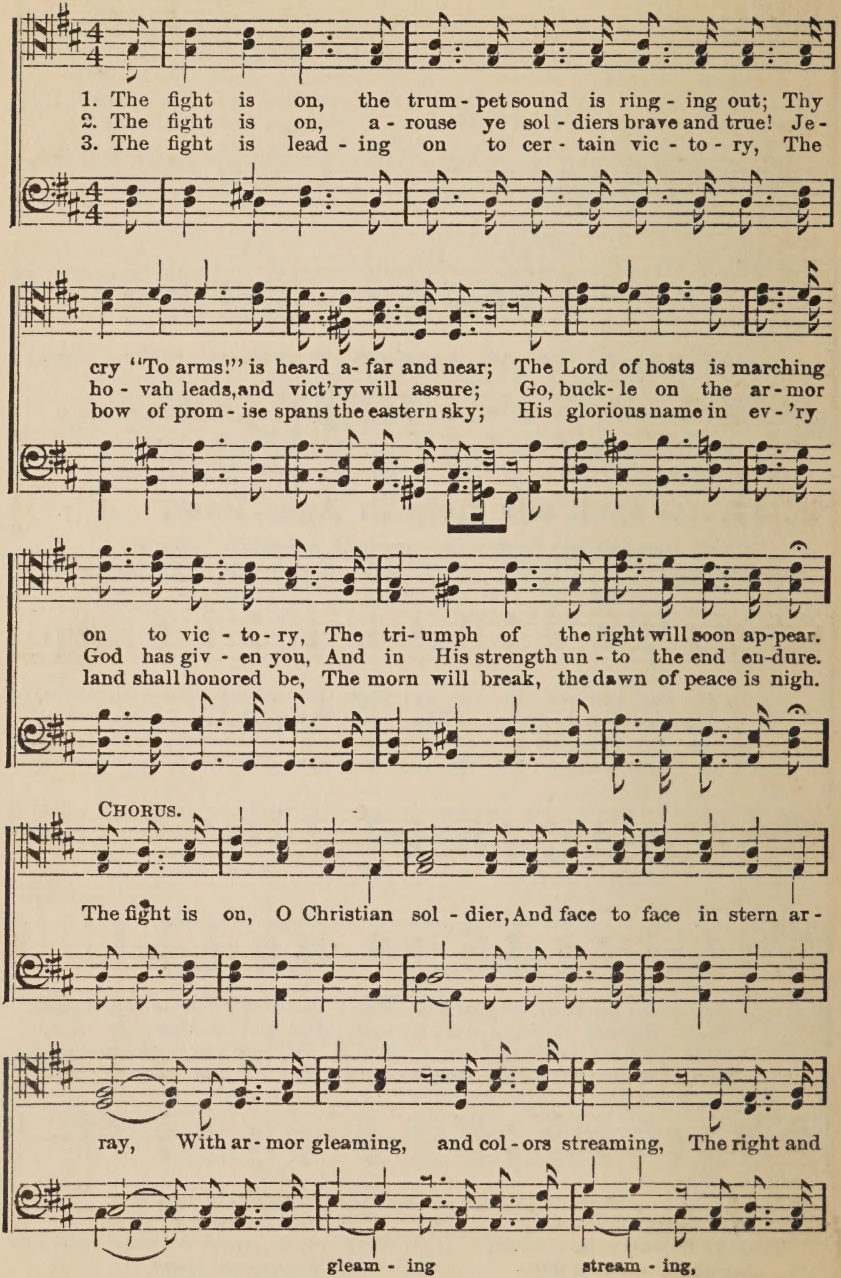
No. 48. The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out; Thy
2. The fight is on, a - rouse ye sol - diers brave and true! Je -
3. The fight is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry, The
cry "To arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching
ho - vah leads, and vict'ry will assure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
bow of prom - ise spans the eastern sky; His glorious name in ev - 'ry
on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the right will soon ap - pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
land shall honored be, The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
Chorus.
The fight is on, O Christian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar -
ray, With ar - mor gleaming, and col - ors streaming, The right and
gleam - ing stream - ing,

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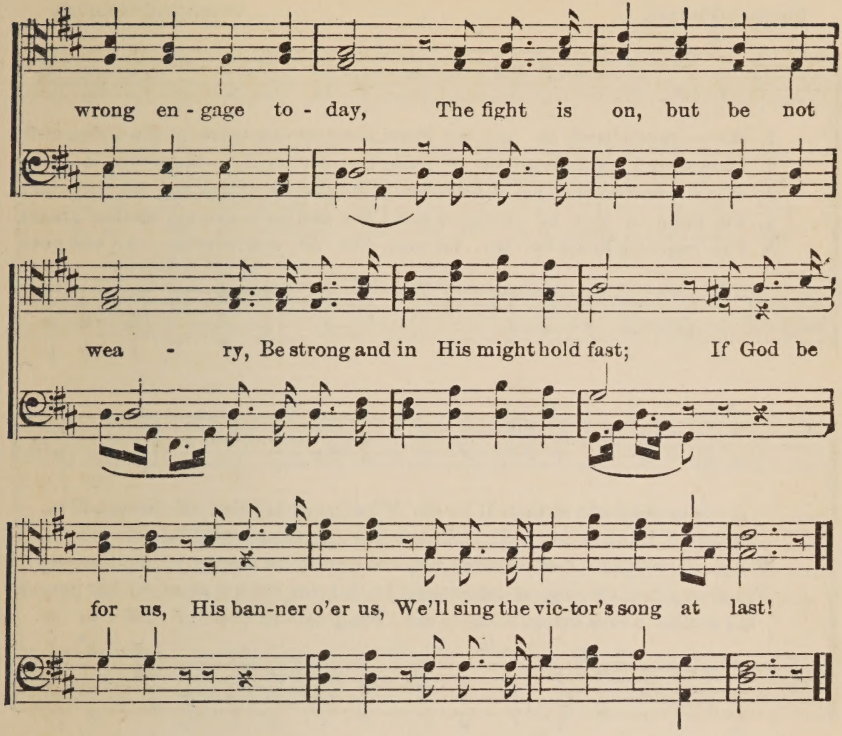
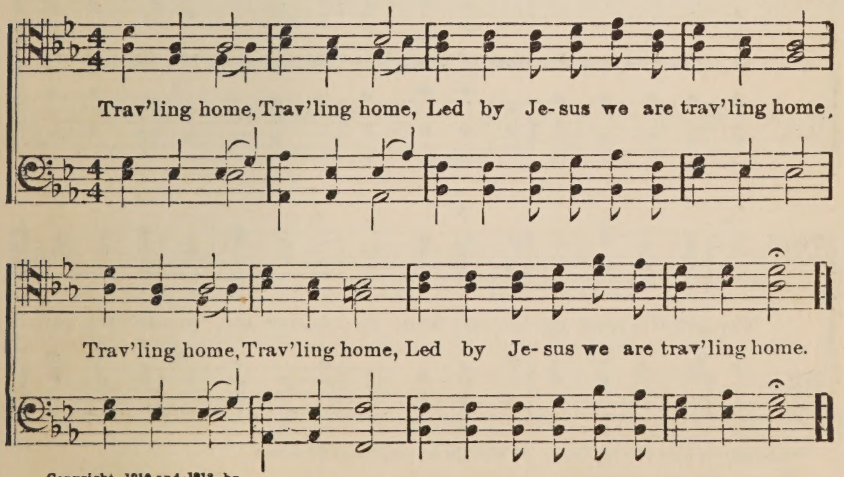

wrong en - gage to - day, The fight is on, but be not
wea - ry, Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!

No. 49. Traveling Home.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.


Trav'ling home, Trav'ling home, Led by Je-sus we are trav'ling home,
Trav'ling home, Trav'ling home, Led by Je-sus we are trav'ling home.

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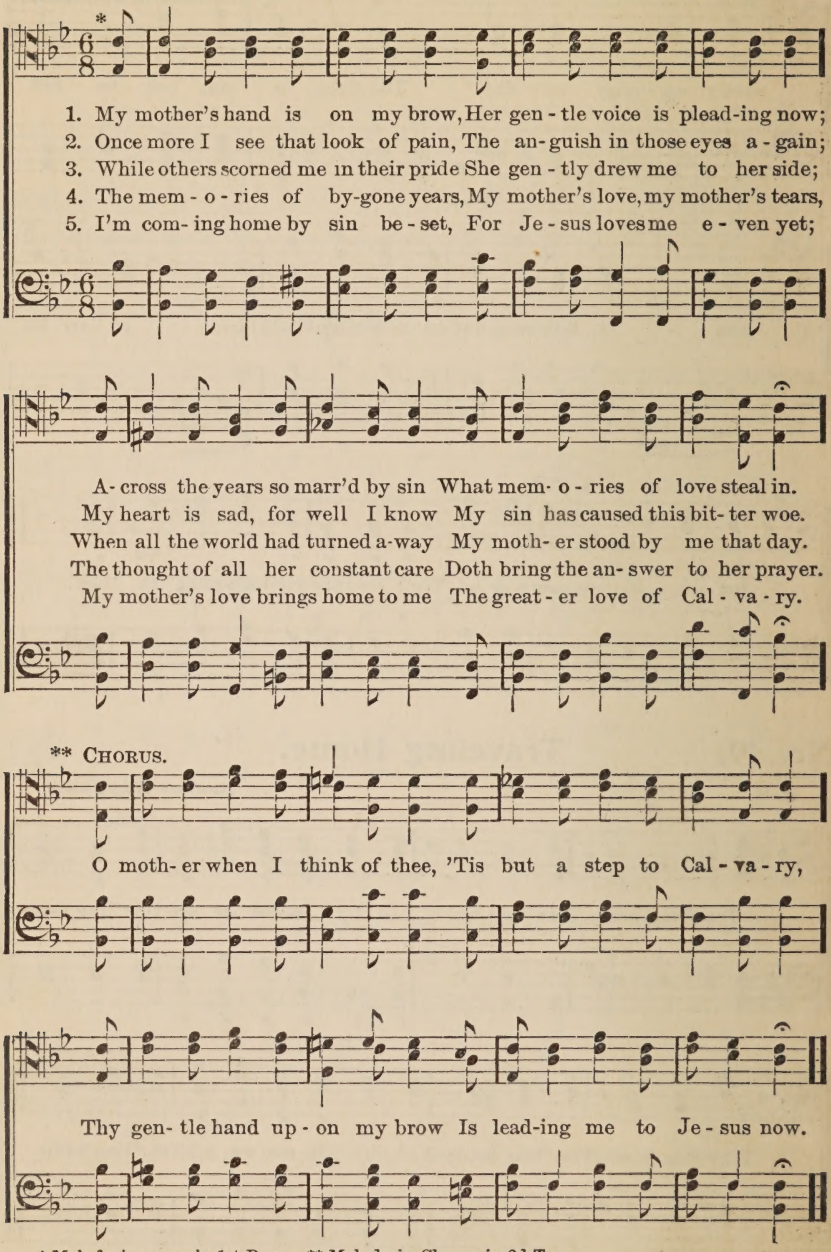
No. 50. Memories of Mother.

FRED P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. My mother's hand is on my brow, Her gen - tle voice is plead-ing now;
2. Once more I see that look of pain, The an-guish in those eyes a - gain;
3. While others scorned me in their pride She gen - tly drew me to her side;
4. The mem - o - ries of by-gone years, My mother's love, my mother's tears,
5. I'm com-ing home by sin be - set, For Je - sus loves me e - ven yet;
A - cross the years so marr'd by sin What mem - o - ries of love steal in.
My heart is sad, for well I know My sin has caused this bit - ter woe.
When all the world had turned a-way My moth - er stood by me that day.
The thought of all her constant care Doth bring the an - swer to her prayer.
My mother's love brings home to me The great - er love of Cal - va - ry.
** CHORUS.
O moth - er when I think of thee, 'Tis but a step to Cal - va - ry,
Thy gen - tle hand up - on my brow Is lead-ing me to Je - sus now.

* Melody in verse in 1st Bass. ** Melody in Chorus in 2d Tenor.

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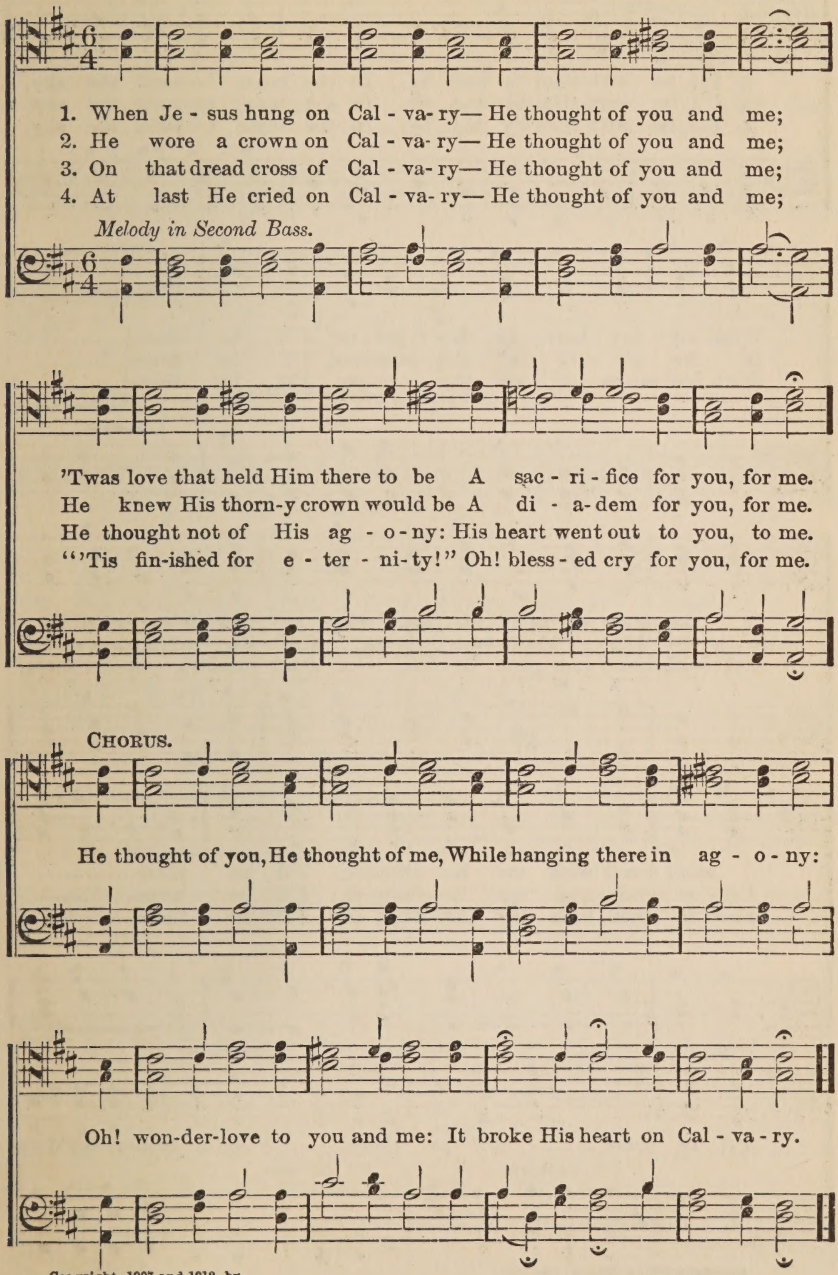
No. 51. His Loving Thought.

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. When Je - sus hung on Cal - va - ry— He thought of you and me;
2. He wore a crown on Cal - va - ry— He thought of you and me;
3. On that dread cross of Cal - va - ry— He thought of you and me;
4. At last He cried on Cal - va - ry— He thought of you and me;
Melody in Second Bass.
'Twas love that held Him there to be A sac - ri - fice for you, for me.
He knew His thorn-y crown would be A di - a - dem for you, for me.
He thought not of His ag - o - ny: His heart went out to you, to me.
"'Tis fin-ished for e - ter - ni - ty!" Oh! bless - ed cry for you, for me.
CHORUS.
He thought of you, He thought of me, While hanging there in ag - o - ny:
Oh! won-der-love to you and me: It broke His heart on Cal - va - ry.

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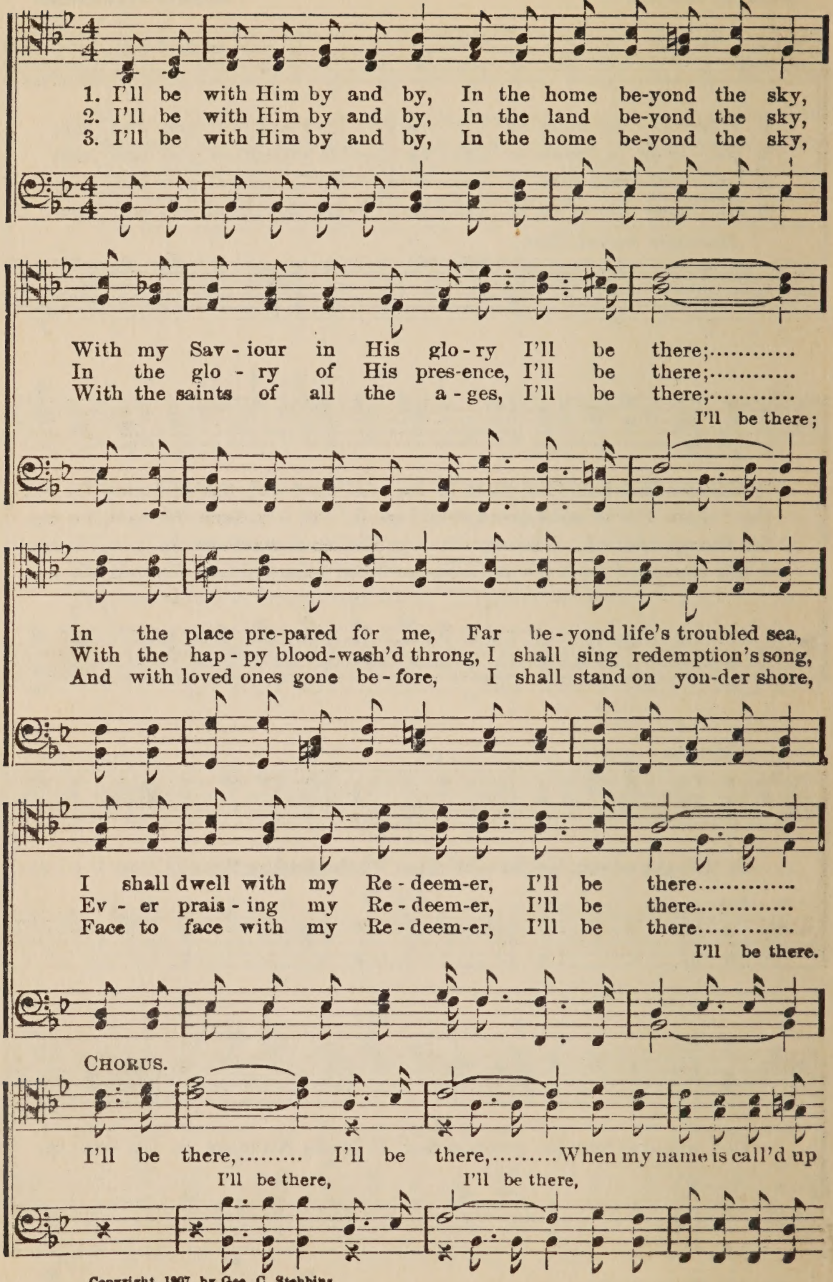
No. 52. I'll Be There.

Rev. Z. A. Space. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I'll be with Him by and by, In the home be-yond the sky,
2. I'll be with Him by and by, In the land be-yond the sky,
3. I'll be with Him by and by, In the home be-yond the sky,
With my Sav - iour in His glo - ry I'll be there;.....
In the glo - ry of His pres-ence, I'll be there;.....
With the saints of all the a - ges, I'll be there;.....
I'll be there;
In the place pre-pared for me, Far be - yond life's troubled sea,
With the hap - py blood-wash'd throng, I shall sing redemption's song,
And with loved ones gone be - fore, I shall stand on you-der shore,
I shall dwell with my Re - deem-er, I'll be there.....
Ev - er prais - ing my Re - deem-er, I'll be there.....
Face to face with my Re - deem-er, I'll be there.....
I'll be there.
Chorus.
I'll be there,..... I'll be there,.....When my name is call'd up
I'll be there,
I'll be there,

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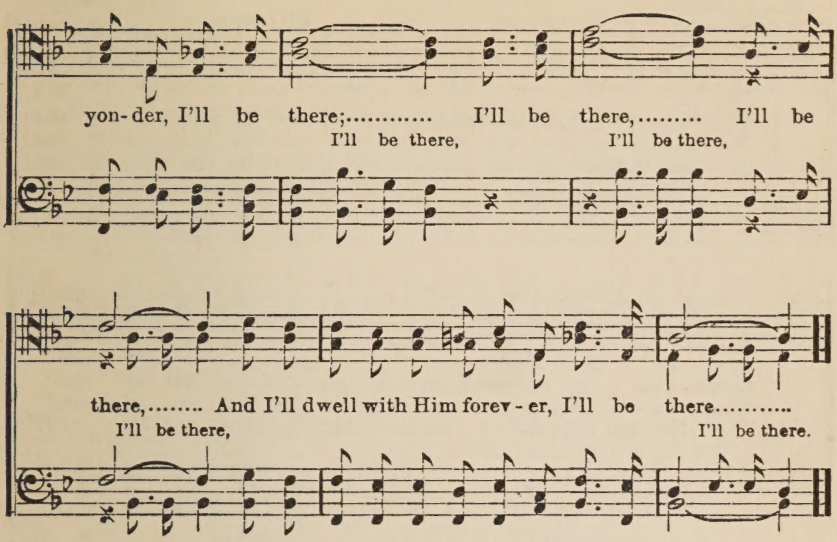
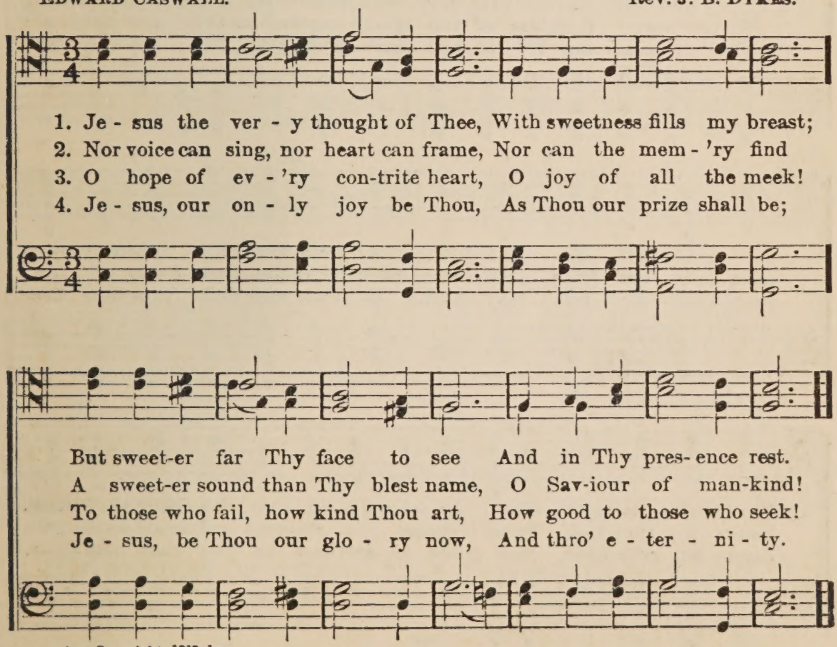

yon-der, I'll be there;..... I'll be there,..... I'll be
I'll be there, I'll be there,
there,..... And I'll dwell with Him forev-er, I'll be there.....
I'll be there, I'll be there.

No. 53. Jesus the Very Thought of Thee.

EDWARD CASWALL. Rev. J. B. DYKES.


1. Je-sus the ver-y thought of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O hope of ev-'ry con-trite heart, O joy of all the meek!
4. Je-sus, our on-ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize shall be;
But sweet-er far Thy face to see And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man-kind!
To those who fail, how kind Thou art, How good to those who seek!
Je-sus, be Thou our glo-ry now, And thro' e-ter-ni-ty.

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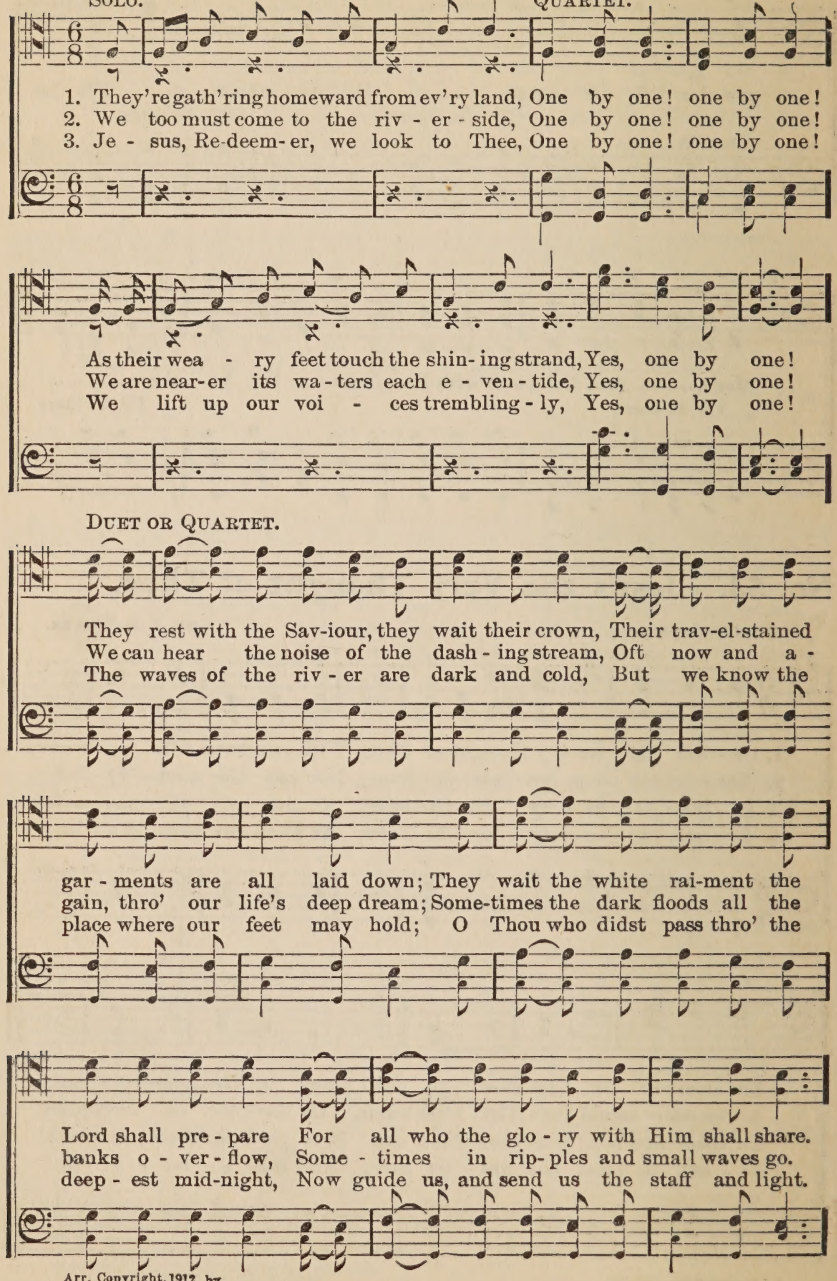
No. 54. Gathering Home.

MARY LESLIE. W. A. OGDEN.

SOLO. QUARTET.

1. They're gath'ring homeward from ev'ry land, One by one! one by one!
2. We too must come to the riv - er - side, One by one! one by one!
3. Je - sus, Re-deem-er, we look to Thee, One by one! one by one!
As their wea - ry feet touch the shin- ing strand, Yes, one by one!
We are near-er its wa-ters each e - ven - tide, Yes, one by one!
We lift up our voi - ces trembling - ly, Yes, one by one!
DUET OR QUARTET.
They rest with the Sav-iour, they wait their crown, Their trav-el-stained
We can hear the noise of the dash - ing stream, Oft now and a -
The waves of the riv - er are dark and cold, But we know the
gar - ments are all laid down; They wait the white rai-ment the
gain, thro' our life's deep dream; Some-times the dark floods all the
place where our feet may hold; O Thou who didst pass thro' the
Lord shall pre - pare For all who the glo - ry with Him shall share.
banks o - ver - flow, Some - times in rip-ples and small waves go.
deep - est mid-night, Now guide us, and send us the staff and light.

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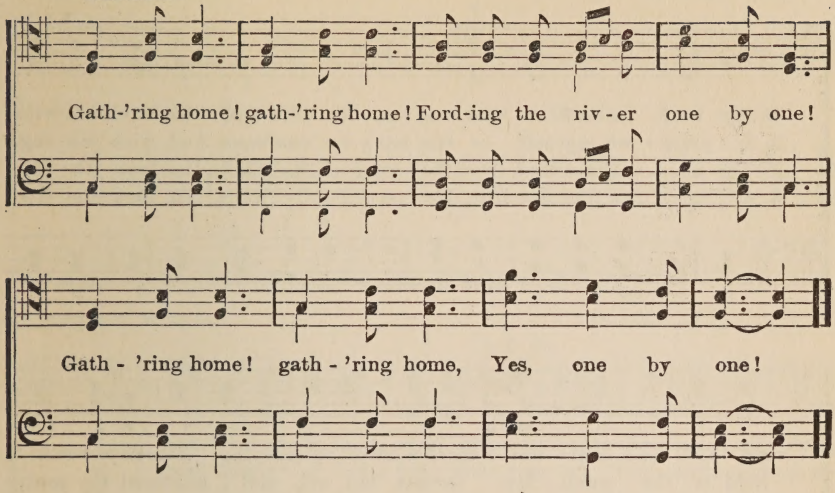
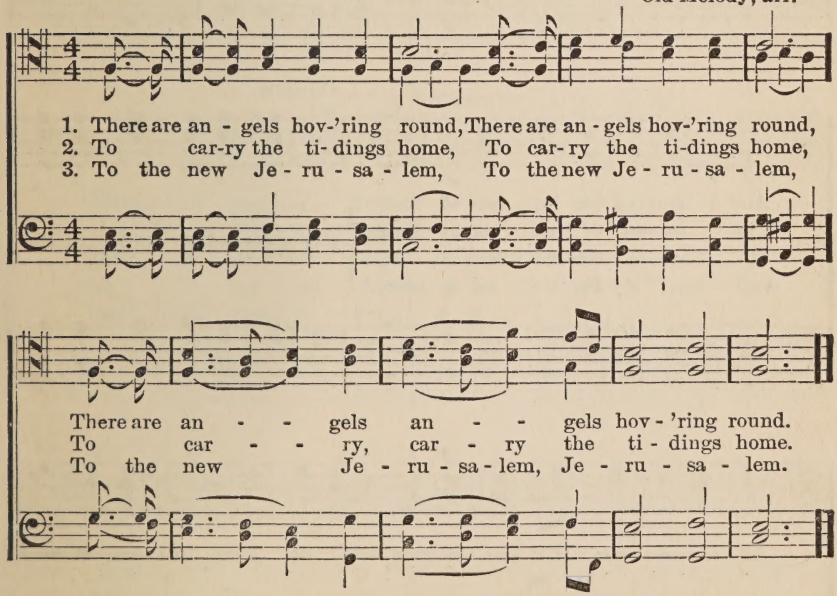
REFRAIN.



No. 55. Angels Hovering Round.

"And they not all ministering spirits?"—HEBREWS i: 14.

Old Melody, arr.


1. There are an-gels hov-'ring round, There are an-gels hov-'ring round,
2. To car-ry the ti-dings home, To car-ry the ti-dings home,
3. To the new Je-ru-sa-lem, To the new Je-ru-sa-lem,
There are an-gels an-gels hov-'ring round.
To car-ry, car-ry the ti-dings home.
To the new Je-ru-sa-lem, Je-ru-sa-lem.

4 Poor sinners are coming home.
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 And children too may come.
7 All heaven is full of joy.
8 For Jesus loves to save.
9 Come, children, trust Him now.

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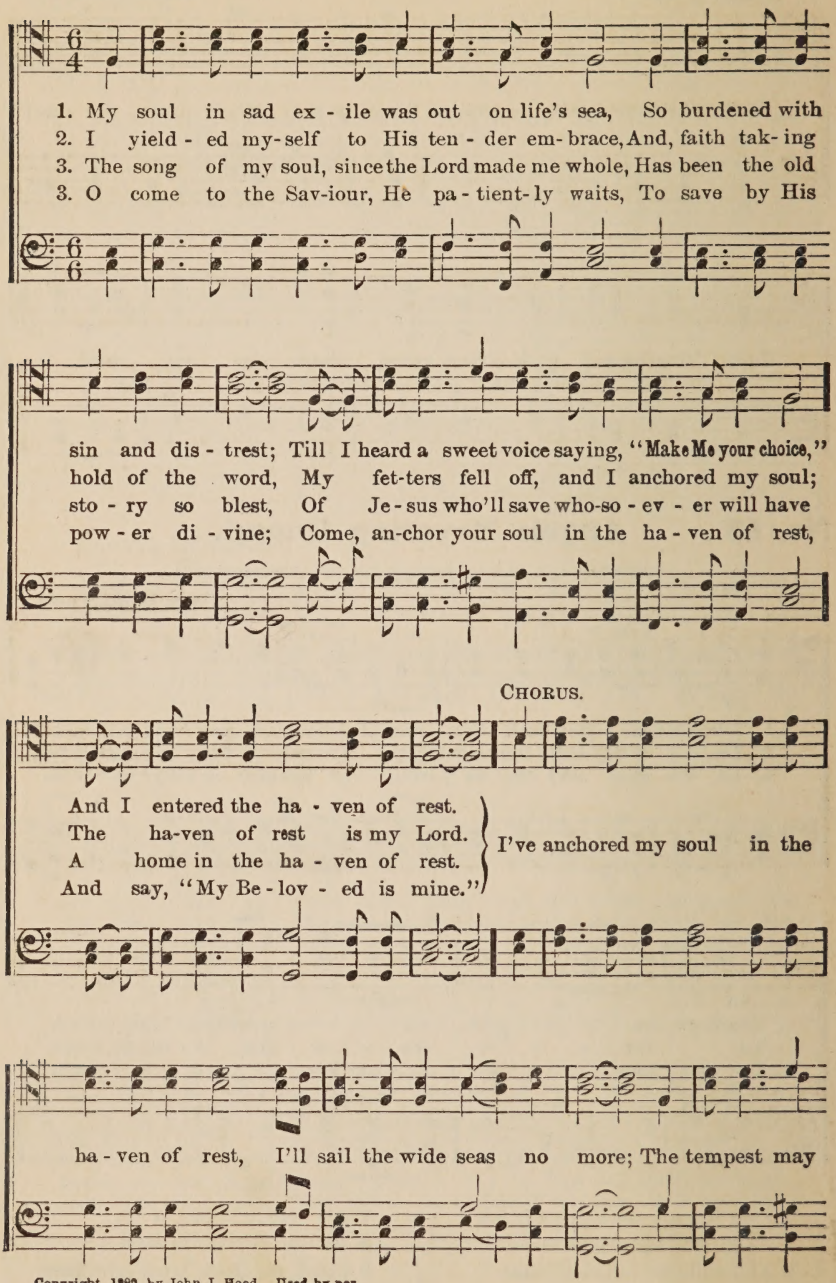
No. 56. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEORGE D. MOORE.


1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with
2. I yield - ed my-self to His ten - der em-brace, And, faith tak-ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
3. O come to the Sav-iour, He pa - tient-ly waits, To save by His
sin and dis - trest; Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make Me your choice,"
hold of the word, My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus who'll save who-so - ev - er will have
pow - er di - vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the ha - ven of rest,
CHORUS.
And I entered the ha - ven of rest.
The ha-ven of rest is my Lord.
A home in the ha - ven of rest.
And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."
I've anchored my soul in the
ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more; The tempest may

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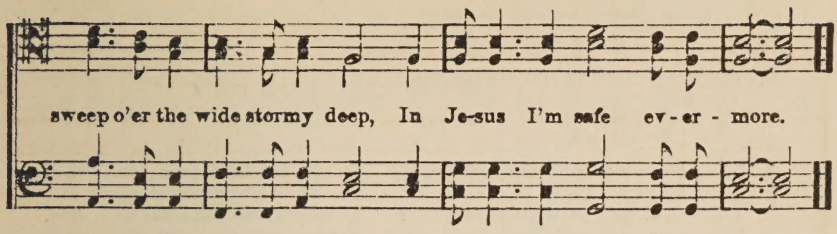
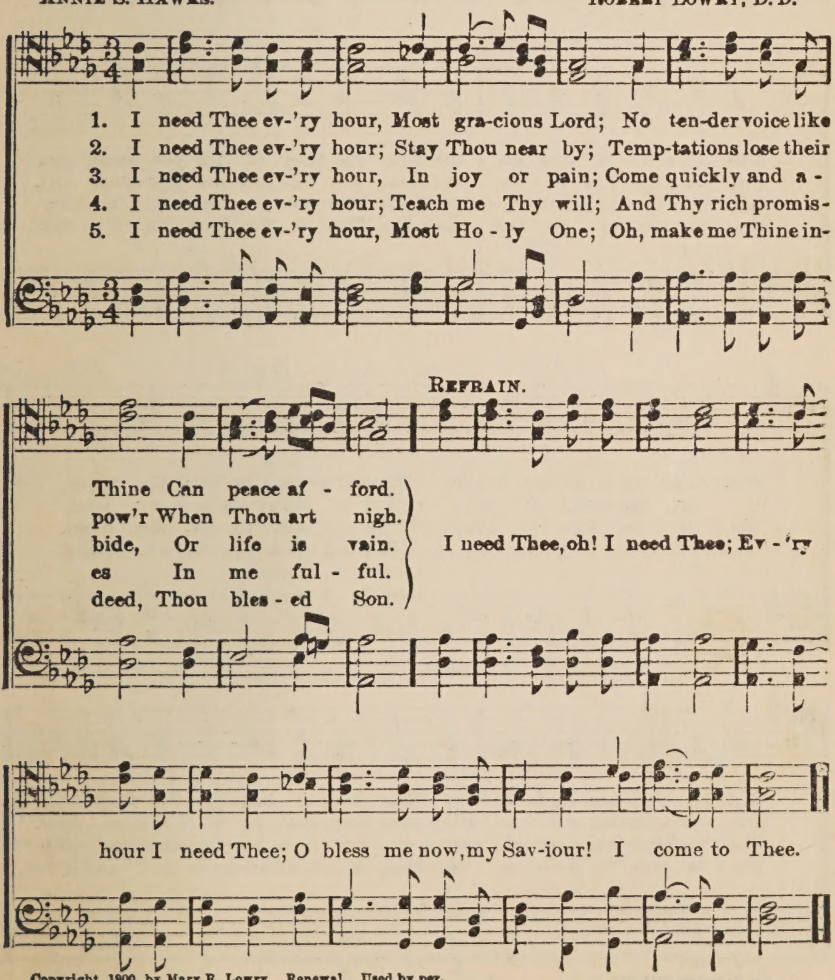


No. 57. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp-tations lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-
5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-
REFRAIN.
Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
es In me ful - ful.
deed, Thou bles - ed Son.
I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - 'ry
hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav-iour! I come to Thee.

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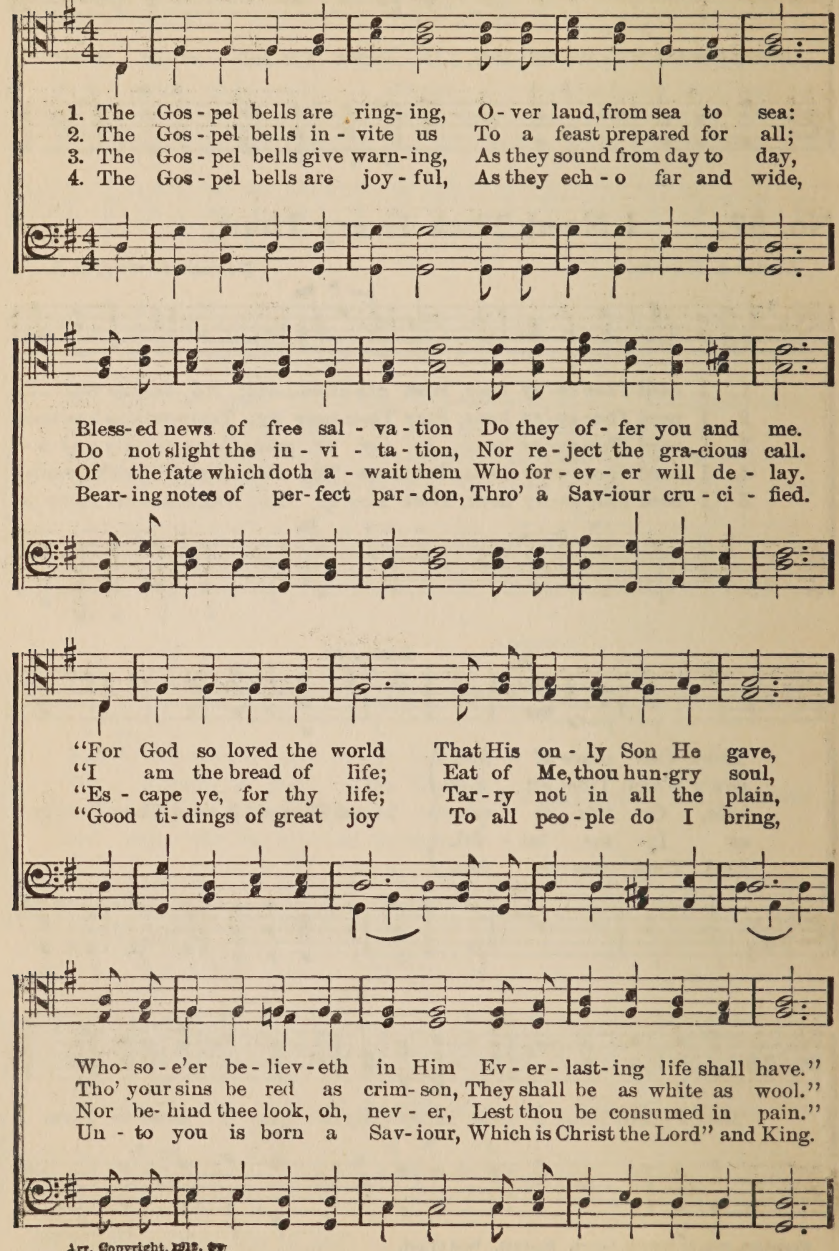
No. 58. The Gospel Bells.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—JOHN. 3: 16.

S. W. M. S. WESLEY MARTIN.


1. The Gos - pel bells are ring- ing, O - ver land, from sea to sea:
2. The Gos - pel bells in - vite us To a feast prepared for all;
3. The Gos - pel bells give warn- ing, As they sound from day to day,
4. The Gos - pel bells are joy - ful, As they ech - o far and wide,
Bless- ed news of free sal - va - tion Do they of - fer you and me.
Do not slight the in - vi - ta - tion, Nor re - ject the gra-cious call.
Of the fate which doth a - wait them Who for - ev - er will de - lay.
Bear- ing notes of per- fect par - don, Thro' a Sav-iour cru - ci - fied.
"For God so loved the world That His on - ly Son He gave,
"I am the bread of life; Eat of Me, thou hun-gry soul,
"Es - cape ye, for thy life; Tar - ry not in all the plain,
"Good ti- dings of great joy To all peo - ple do I bring,
Who- so - e'er be - liev - eth in Him Ev - er - last- ing life shall have."
Tho' your sins be red as crim- son, They shall be as white as wool."
Nor be- hind thee look, oh, nev - er, Lest thou be consumed in pain."
Un - to you is born a Sav- iour, Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

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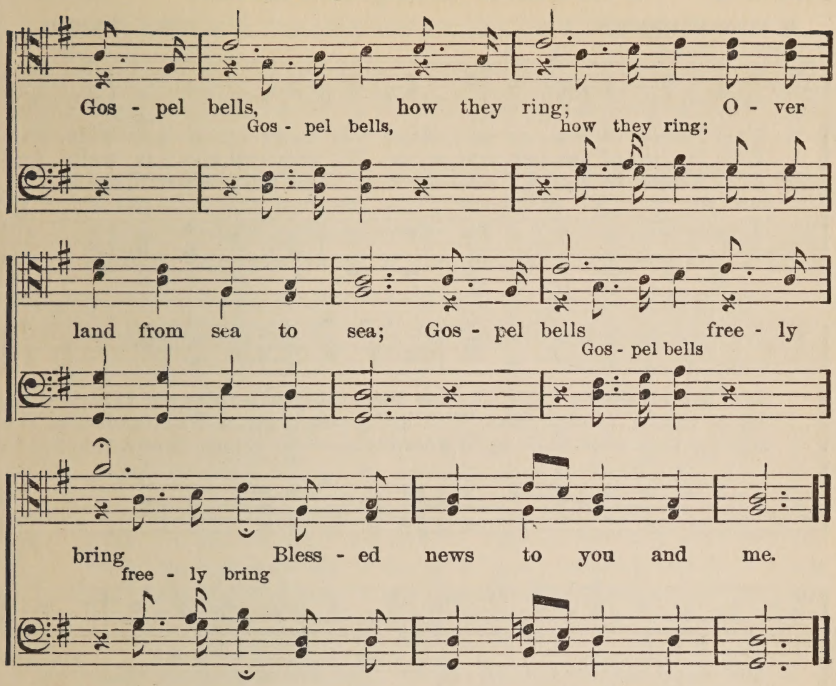
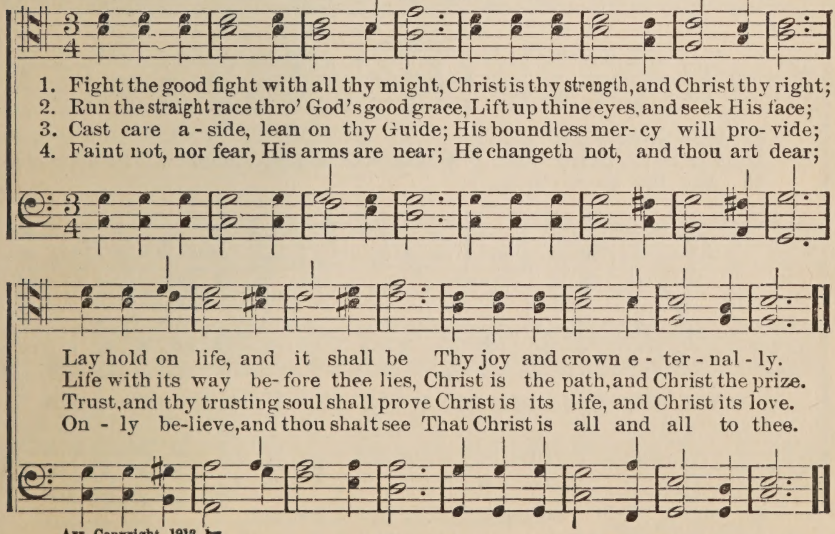

Gos - pel bells, how they ring; O - ver
Gos - pel bells, how they ring;
land from sea to sea; Gos - pel bells free - ly
Gos - pel bells
bring Bless - ed news to you and me.
free - ly bring

No. 59. Fight the Good Fight.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."—1 Tim. vi: 12.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, D.D. (Pentecost. L. M.) Rev. W. Boyd.


1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide; His boundless mer - cy will pro - vide;
4. Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near; He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Life with its way be - fore thee lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all and all to thee.

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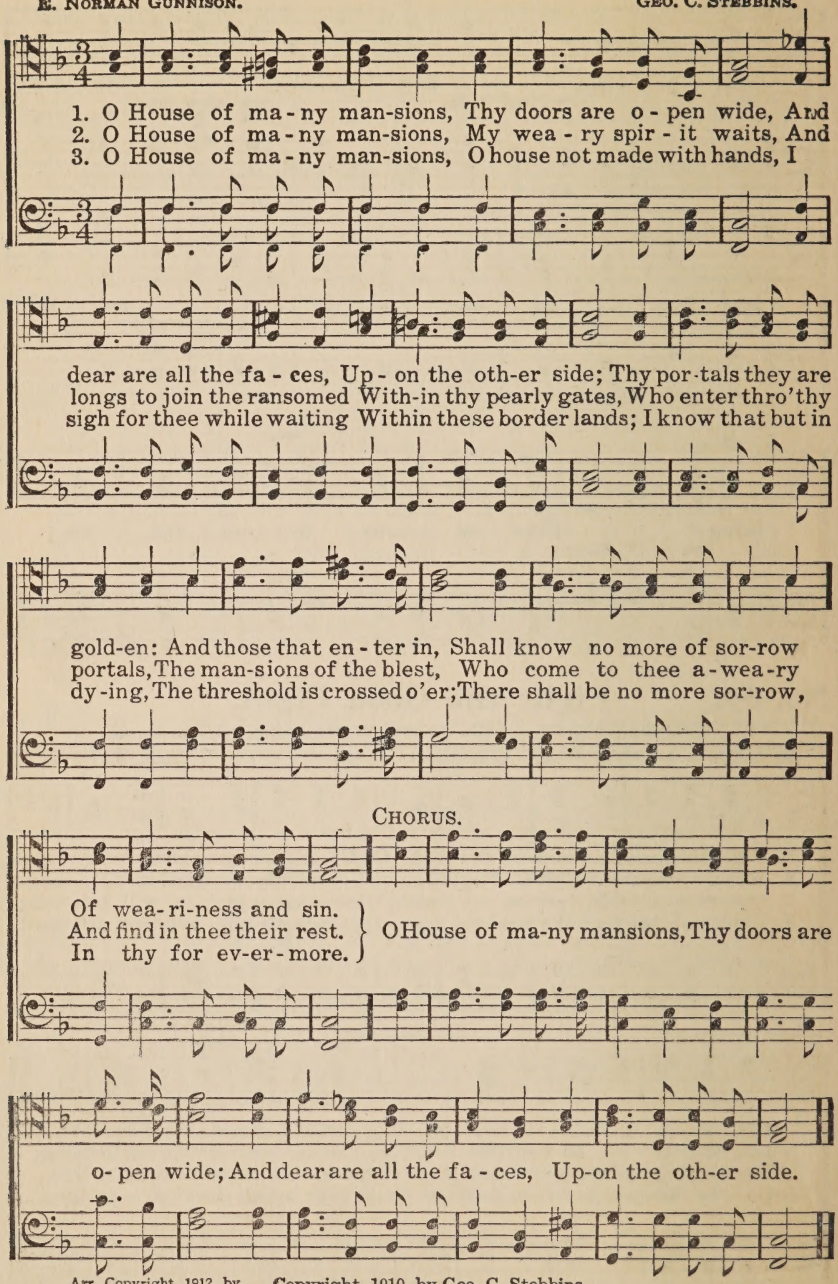
No. 60. O House of Many Mansions.

E. Norman Gunnison. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. O House of ma-ny man-sions, Thy doors are o-pen wide, And
2. O House of ma-ny man-sions, My wea-ry spir-it waits, And
3. O House of ma-ny man-sions, O house not made with hands, I
dear are all the fa-ces, Up-on the oth-er side; Thy por-tals they are
longs to join the ransomed With-in thy pearly gates, Who enter thro' thy
sigh for thee while waiting Within these border lands; I know that but in
gold-en: And those that en-ter in, Shall know no more of sor-row
portals, The man-sions of the blest, Who come to thee a-wea-ry
dy-ing, The threshold is crossed o'er; There shall be no more sor-row,
Chorus.
Of wea-ri-ness and sin.
And find in thee their rest.
In thy for ev-er-more.
O House of ma-ny mansions, Thy doors are
o-pen wide; And dear are all the fa-ces, Up-on the oth-er side.

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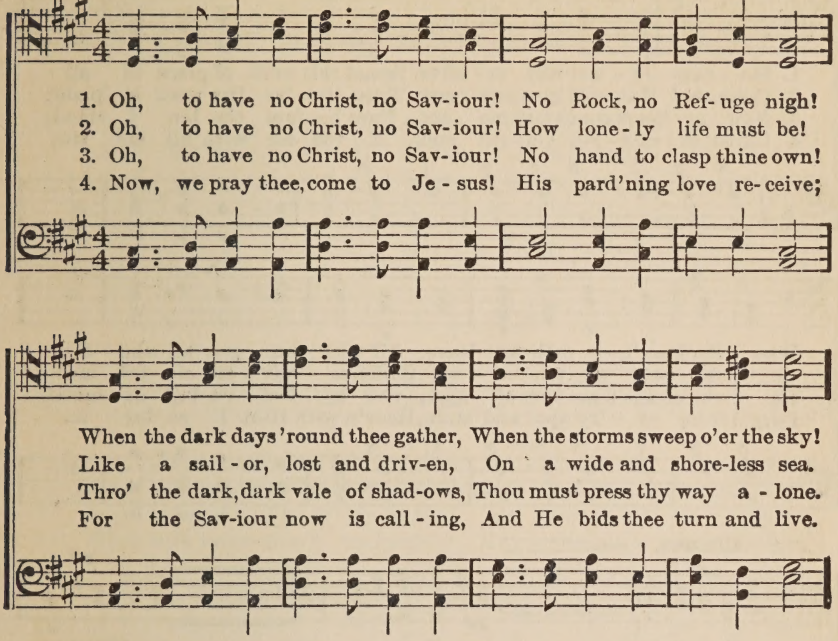
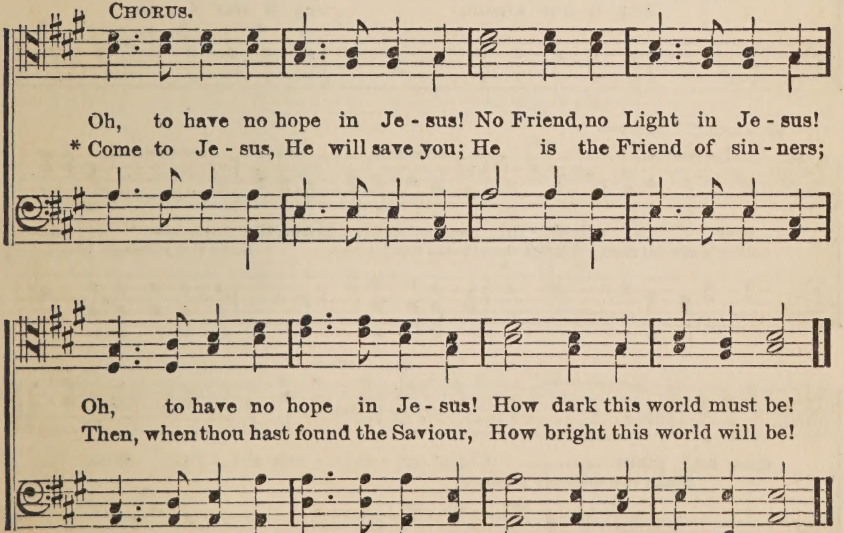
No. 61. No Hope in Jesus.

"Having no hope, and without God in the world."—Eph. ii : 12.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! No Rock, no Ref-uge nigh!
2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! How lone-ly life must be!
3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! No hand to clasp thine own!
4. Now, we pray thee, come to Je-sus! His pard'ning love re-ceive;
When the dark days 'round thee gather, When the storms sweep o'er the sky!
Like a sail-or, lost and driv-en, On a wide and shore-less sea.
Thro' the dark, dark vale of shad-ows, Thou must press thy way a-lone.
For the Sav-iour now is call-ing, And He bids thee turn and live.

Chorus.


Oh, to have no hope in Je-sus! No Friend, no Light in Je-sus!
* Come to Je-sus, He will save you; He is the Friend of sin-ners;
Oh, to have no hope in Je-sus! How dark this world must be!
Then, when thou hast found the Saviour, How bright this world will be!

* For last verse only.

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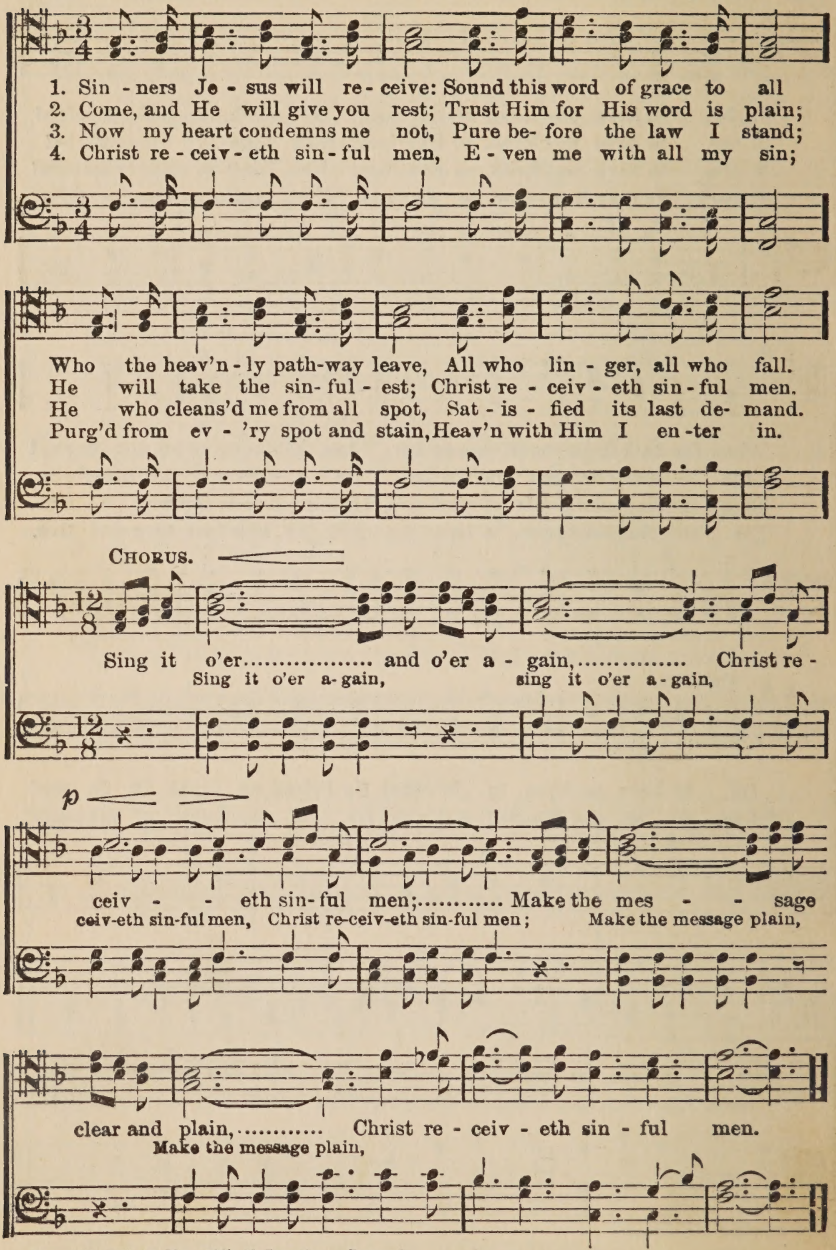
No. 62. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from NEUMASSER, 1671. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be- fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n - ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin- ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleans'd me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de- mand.
Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.
CHORUS.
Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain,..... Christ re -
Sing it o'er a-gain, sing it o'er a-gain,
p
ceiv - - eth sin-ful men;..... Make the mes - - sage
ceiv-eth sin-ful men, Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain,..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the message plain,

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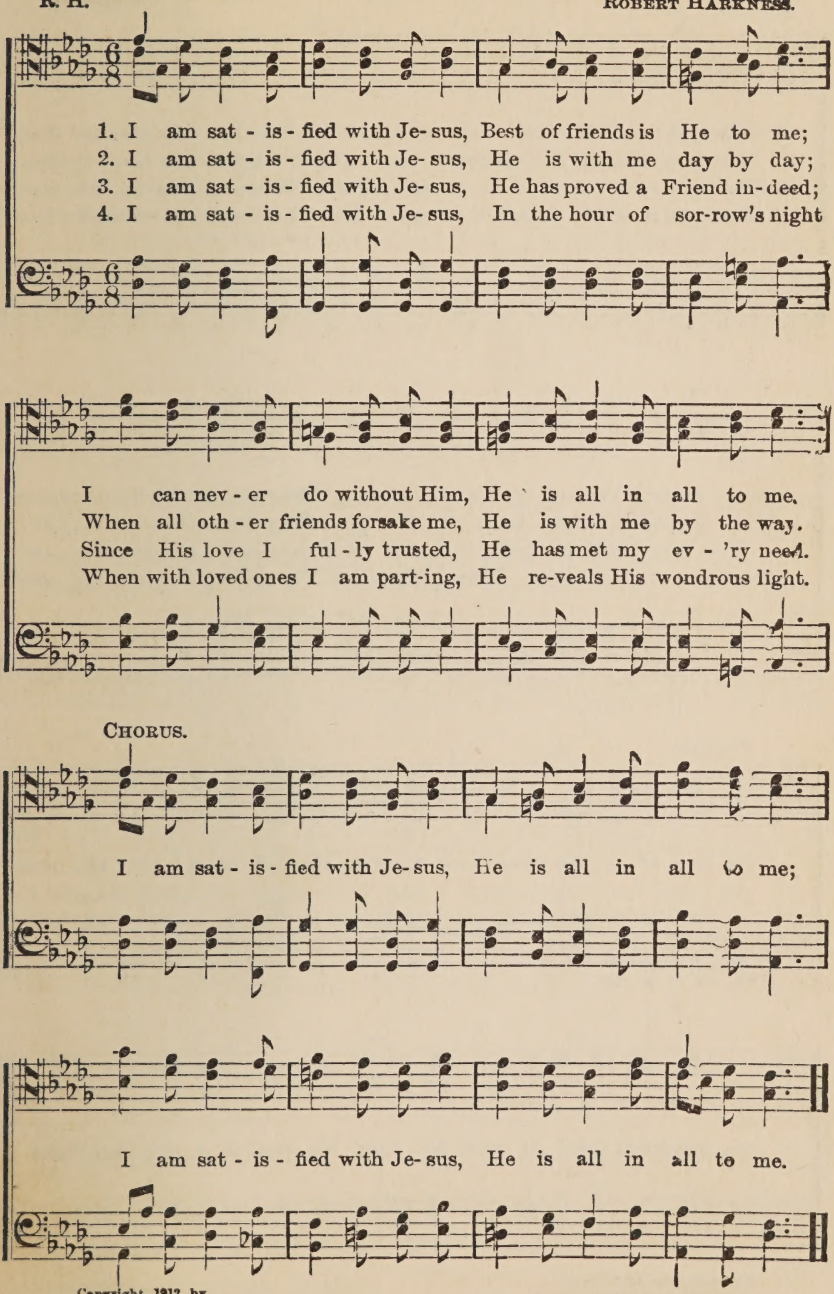
No. 63, I Am Satisfied.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. I am sat - is - fied with Je- sus, Best of friends is He to me;
2. I am sat - is - fied with Je- sus, He is with me day by day;
3. I am sat - is - fied with Je- sus, He has proved a Friend in- deed;
4. I am sat - is - fied with Je- sus, In the hour of sor-row's night
I can nev - er do without Him, He is all in all to me.
When all oth - er friends forsake me, He is with me by the way.
Since His love I ful - ly trusted, He has met my ev - 'ry need.
When with loved ones I am part-ing, He re-veals His wondrous light.
CHORUS.
I am sat - is - fied with Je- sus, He is all in all to me;
I am sat - is - fied with Je- sus, He is all in all to me.

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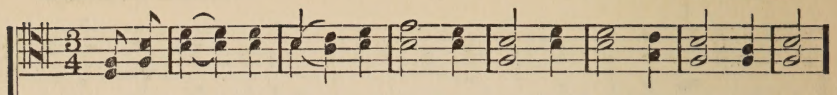
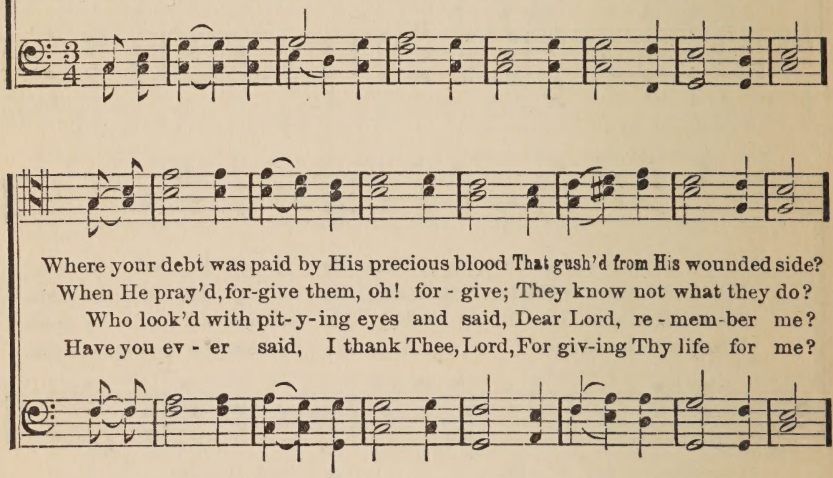
No. 64. The Broken Heart.

T. D. T. DENNIS.

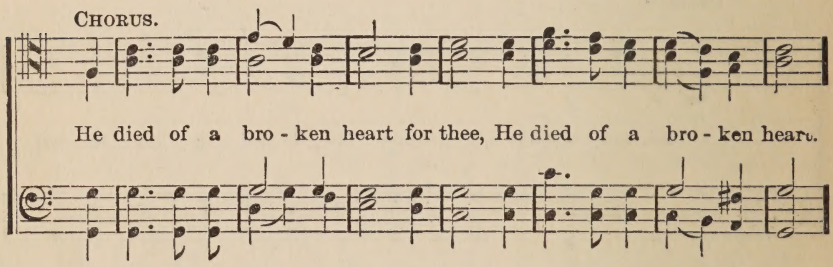


1. Have you read the sto - ry of the Cross, Where Je - sus bled and died;
2. Have you read how they plac'd the crown of thorns Upon His love - ly brow,
3. Have you read that He sav'd the dy - ing thief, When hanging on the tree,
4. Have you read that He look'd to heav'n and said, It's finished—'twas for thee?

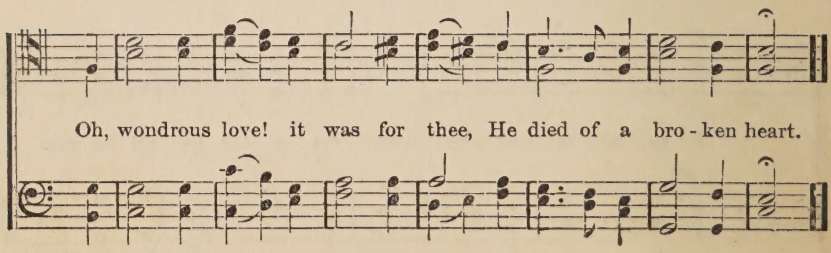


Where your debt was paid by His precious blood That gush'd from His wounded side?
When He pray'd, for-give them, oh! for - give; They know not what they do?
Who look'd with pit- y-ing eyes and said, Dear Lord, re - mem-ber me?
Have you ev - er said, I thank Thee, Lord, For giv-ing Thy life for me?

CHORUS.



He died of a bro - ken heart for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart.



Oh, wondrous love! it was for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart.

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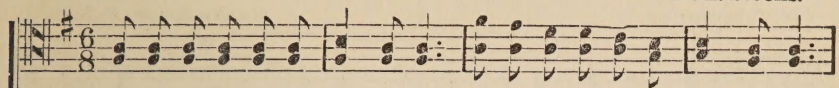
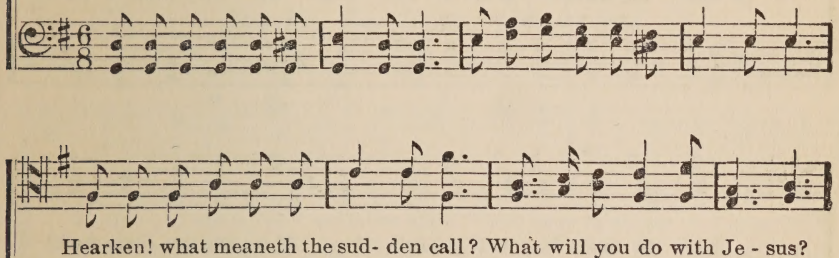
No. 65. What Will You Do With Jesus?

"What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—MATT. xxvii: 22.

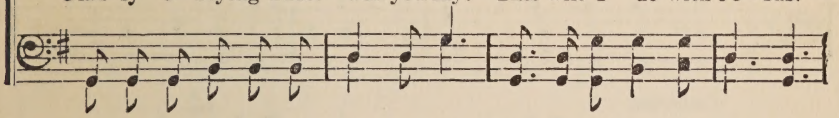
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. M. L. STOCKS.



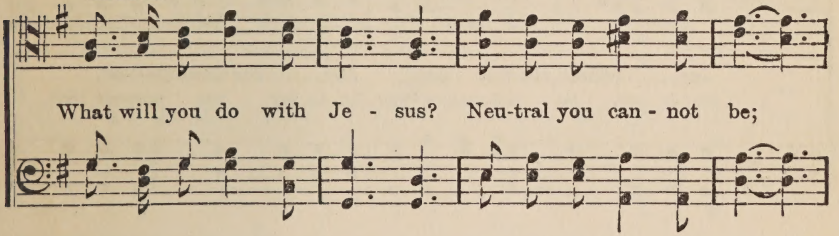
1. Je - sus is standing in Pilate's hall—Friendless, forsaken, betrayed by all:
2. Je - sus is standing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him if you will,
3. Will you e-vade Him as Pi-late tried? Or will you choose Him whate'er betide?
4. Will you like Peter, your Lord de-ny? Or will you scorn from His foes to fly,
5. "Je-sus, I give Thee my heart to-day! Je-sus, I'll follow Thee all the way,



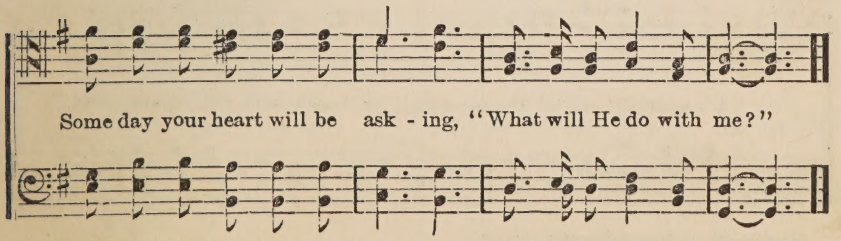
Hearken! what meaneth the sud- den call? What will you do with Je - sus?
You can be faithful thro' good or ill: What will you do with Je - sus?
Vain-ly you struggle from Him to hide: What will you do with Je - sus?
Dar- ing for Je - sus to live or die? What will you do with Je - sus?
Glad- ly o - beying Thee!" will you say: "This will I do with Je - sus!"



CHORUS.



What will you do with Je - sus? Neu-tral you can - not be;



Some day your heart will be ask - ing, "What will He do with me?"

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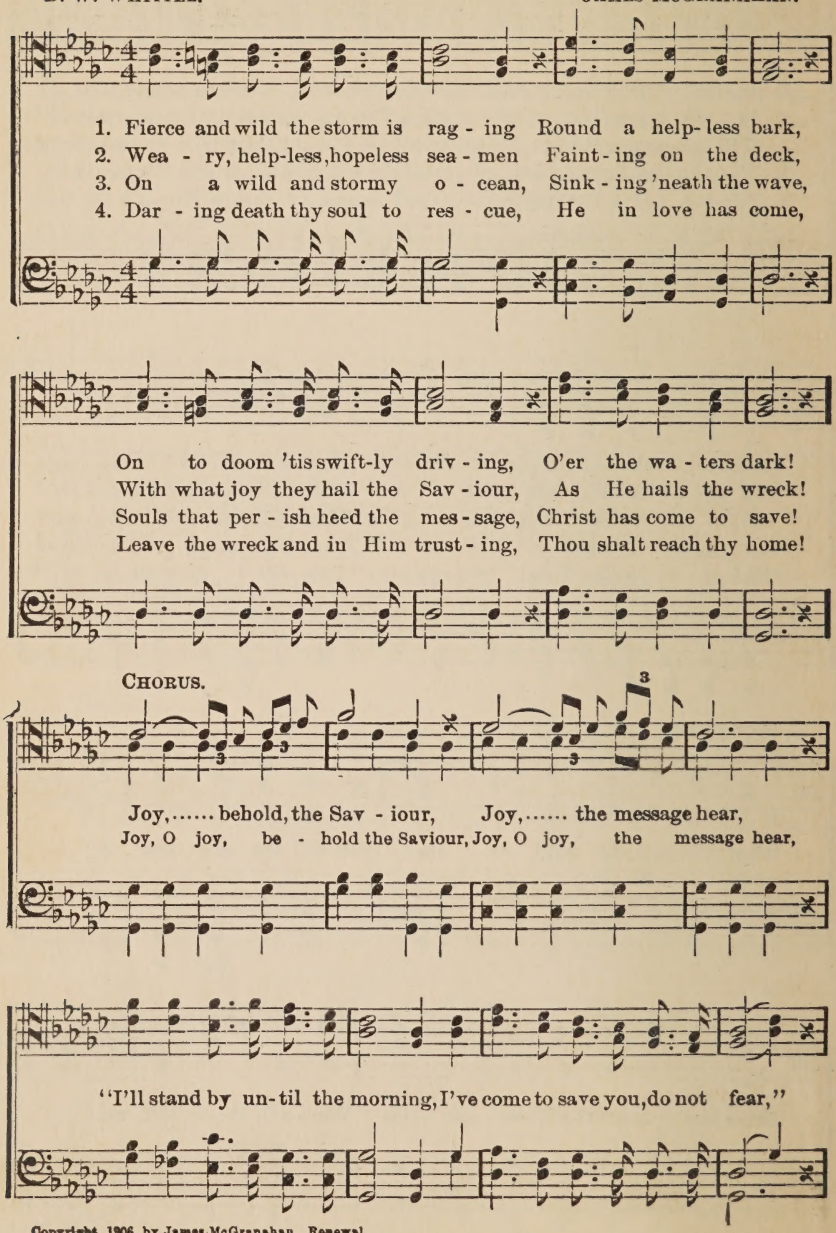
No. 66. I'll Stand by Until the Morning.

This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

D. W. WHITTLE. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a help-less bark,
2. Wea - ry, help-less, hopeless sea - men Faint - ing on the deck,
3. On a wild and stormy o - cean, Sink - ing 'neath the wave,
4. Dar - ing death thy soul to res - cue, He in love has come,
On to doom 'tis swift-ly driv - ing, O'er the wa - ters dark!
With what joy they hail the Sav - iour, As He hails the wreck!
Souls that per - ish heed the mes - sage, Christ has come to save!
Leave the wreck and in Him trust - ing, Thou shalt reach thy home!
CHORUS.
Joy,..... behold, the Sav - iour, Joy,..... the message hear,
Joy, O joy, be - hold the Saviour, Joy, O joy, the message hear,
"I'll stand by un-til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear,"

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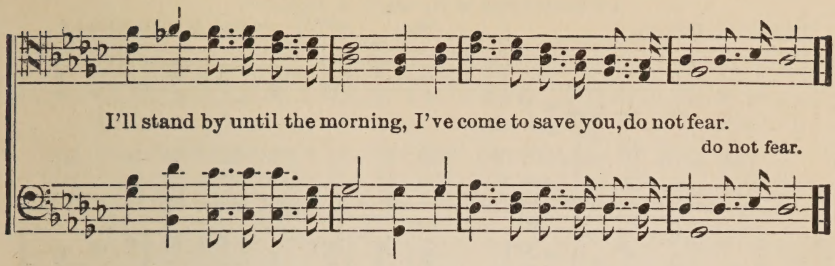
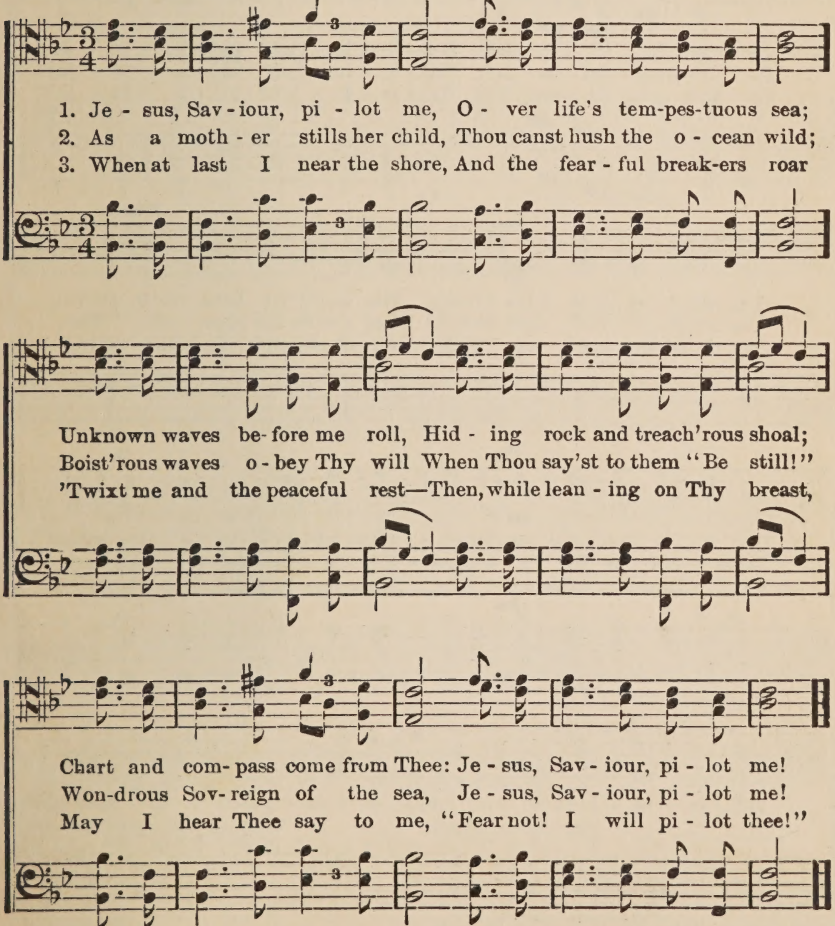


No. 67. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER — J. E. GOULD.


1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest—Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com-pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
Won-drous Sov-reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not! I will pi - lot thee!"

Male Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

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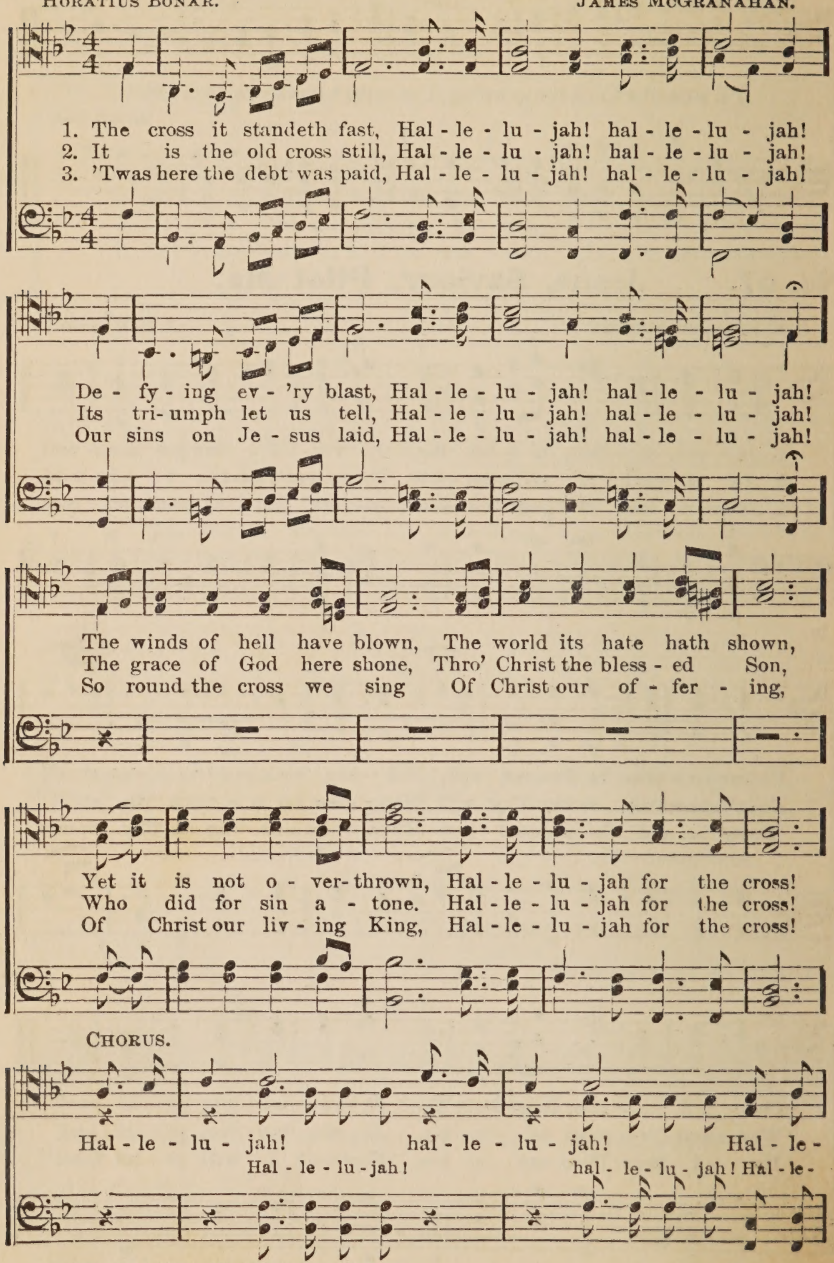
No. 68. Hallelujah for the Cross

A favorite hymn of the late C. H. Spurgeon.

HORATIUS BONAR. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. The cross it standeth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
De - fy - ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
Its tri - umph let us tell, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
Our sins on Je - sus laid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
The winds of hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown,
The grace of God here shone, Thro' Christ the bless - ed Son,
So round the cross we sing Of Christ our of - fer - ing,
Yet it is not o - ver-thrown, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
Who did for sin a - tone. Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

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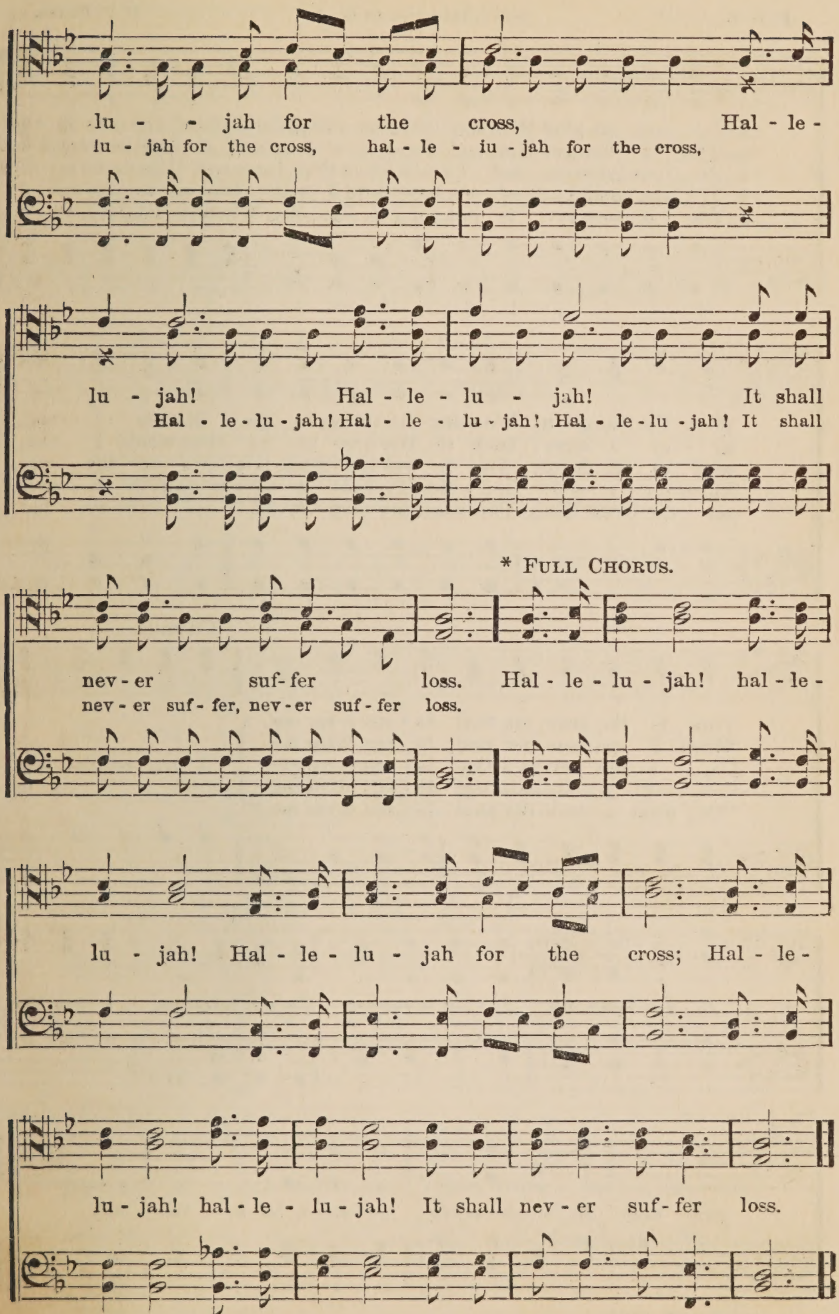
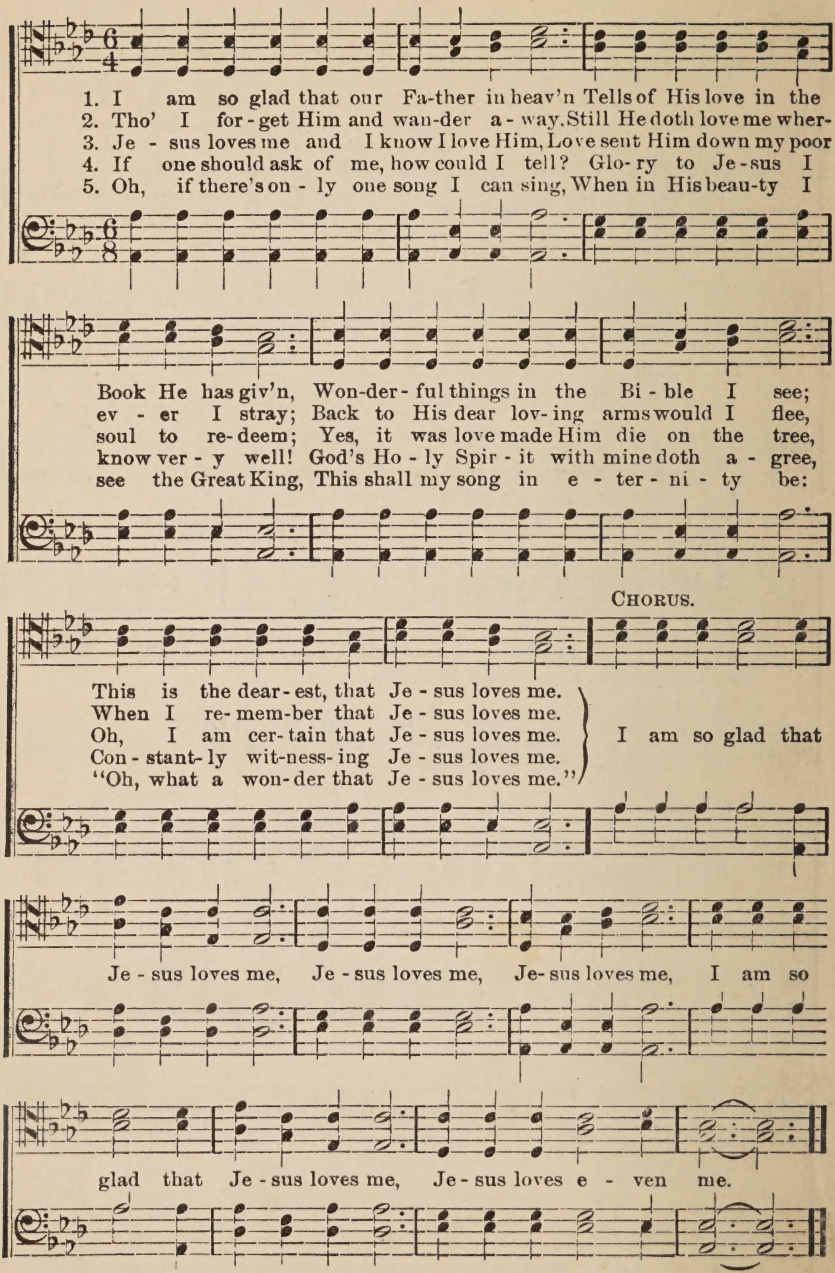
Hallelujah for the Cross.—Concluded.

lu - - jah for the cross, Hal - le -
lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross,
lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! It shall
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! It shall
* Full Chorus.
nev - er suf - fer loss. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le -
nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss.
lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross; Hal - le -
lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

* For final ending, all voices may sing in unison.

No. 69. Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B. God is love.—JOHN iv: 8. P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. Je-sus loves me and I know I love Him, Love sent Him down my poor
4. If one should ask of me, how could I tell? Glo-ry to Je-sus I
5. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I
Book He has giv'n, Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see;
ev-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing arms would I flee,
soul to re-deem; Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
know ver-y well! God's Ho-ly Spir-it with mine doth a-gree,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be:
CHORUS.
This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
Oh, I am cer-tain that Je-sus loves me.
Con-stant-ly wit-ness-ing Je-sus loves me.
"Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me."
I am so glad that
Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, I am so
glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

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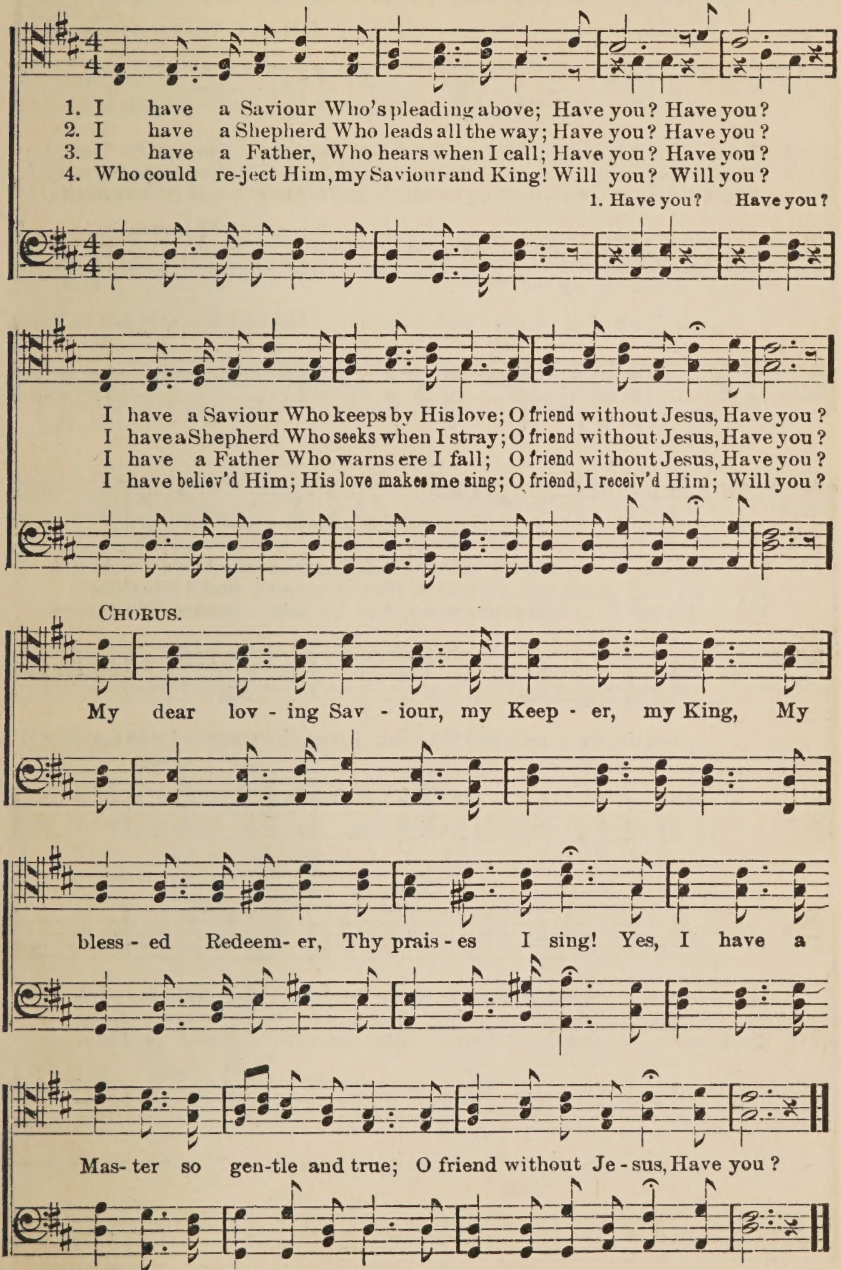
No. 70. O Friend Without Jesus.

ROSCOE GILMORE SCOTT. D. B. TOWNER.


1. I have a Saviour Who's pleading above; Have you? Have you?
2. I have a Shepherd Who leads all the way; Have you? Have you?
3. I have a Father, Who hears when I call; Have you? Have you?
4. Who could re-ject Him, my Saviour and King! Will you? Will you?
1. Have you? Have you?
I have a Saviour Who keeps by His love; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
I have a Shepherd Who seeks when I stray; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
I have a Father Who warns ere I fall; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
I have believ'd Him; His love makes me sing; O friend, I receiv'd Him; Will you?
CHORUS.
My dear lov - ing Sav - iour, my Keep - er, my King, My
bless - ed Redeem- er, Thy prais - es I sing! Yes, I have a
Mas- ter so gen-tle and true; O friend without Je - sus, Have you?

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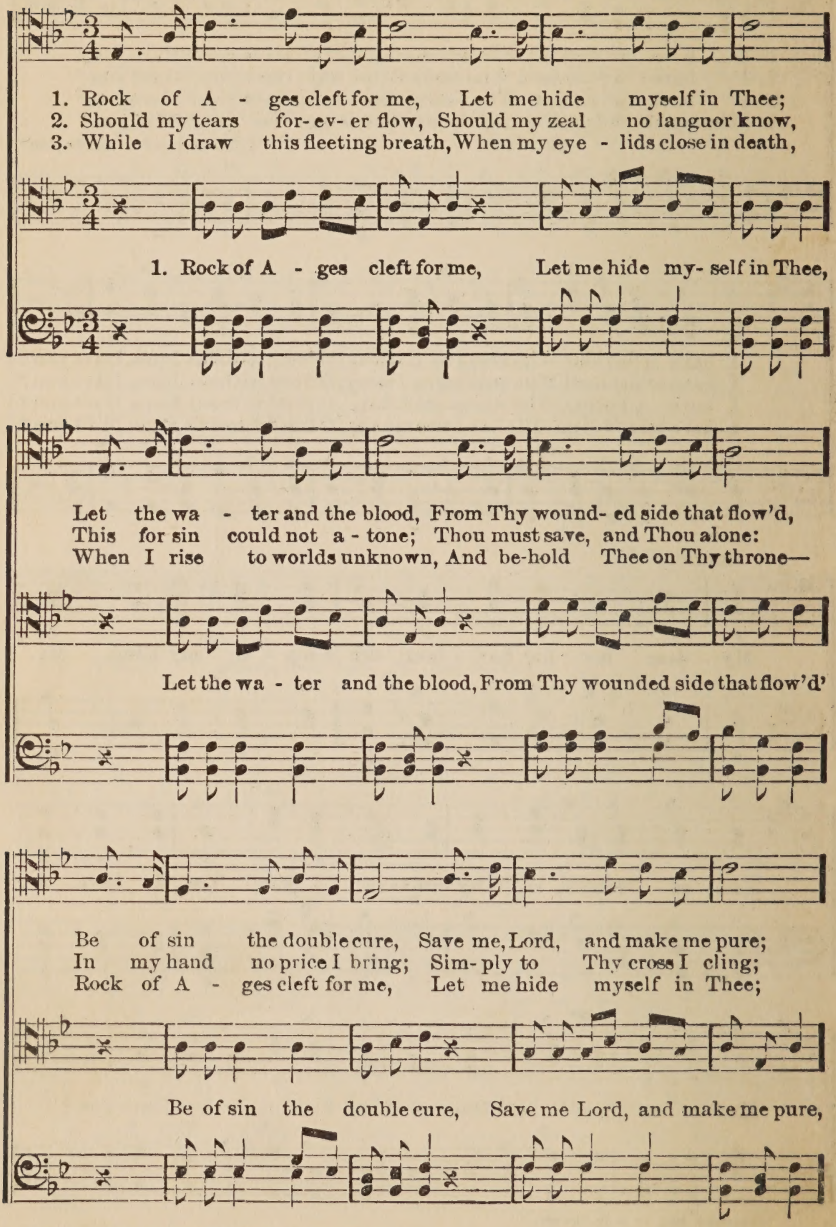
No. 71. Rock of Ages.

(When sung as a solo, let the accompanying parts be sung in a subdued manner.)

Mrs. P. P. Bliss. Arr. by M.

1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
2. Should my tears for-ev-er flow, Should my zeal no languor know,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eye - lids close in death,
1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in Thee,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound- ed side that flow'd,
This for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou alone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne—
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side that flow'd'
Be of sin the double cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure;
In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
Be of sin the double cure, Save me Lord, and make me pure,

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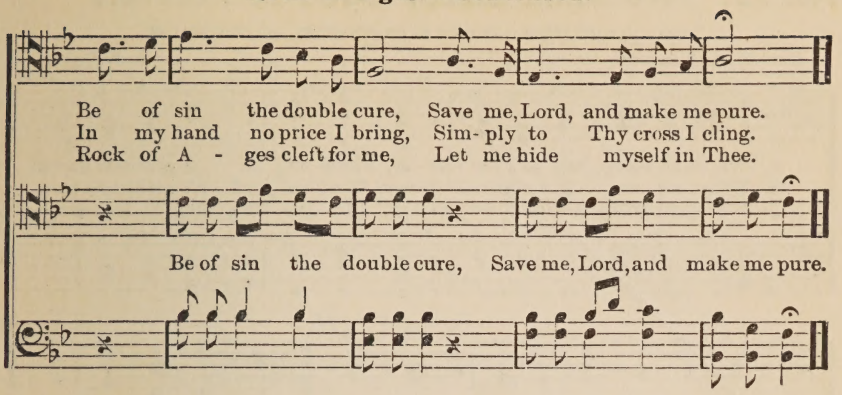
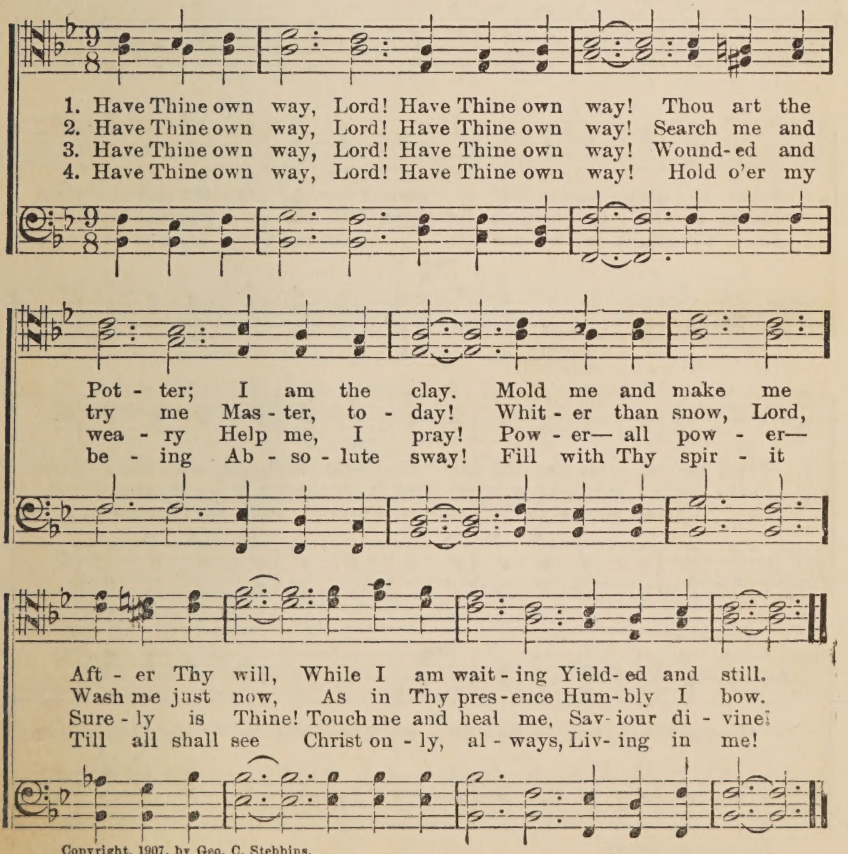

Be of sin the double cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.
Be of sin the double cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

No. 72. Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my
Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mold me and make me
try me Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wea - ry Help me, I pray! Pow - er— all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy spir - it
Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield - ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

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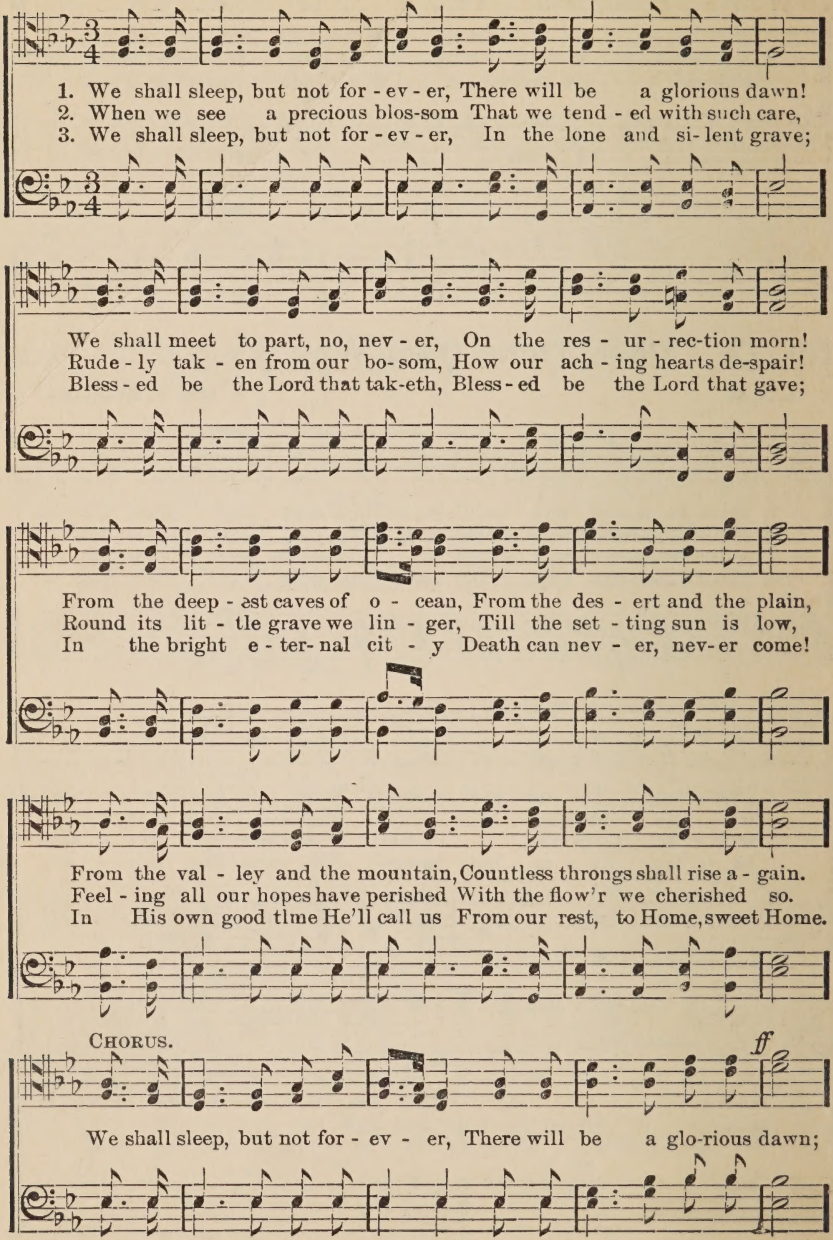
No. 73. We Shall Sleep, But Not Forever.

"Sown in corruption.....raised in incorruption."—1 Cor. xv: 42.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. S. J. Vail.

1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn!
2. When we see a precious blos-som That we tend - ed with such care,
3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the lone and si- lent grave;
We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec-tion morn!
Rude - ly tak - en from our bo- som, How our ach - ing hearts de-spair!
Bless - ed be the Lord that tak-eth, Bless - ed be the Lord that gave;
From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,
Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,
In the bright e - ter- nal cit - y Death can nev - er, nev-er come!
From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain.
Feel - ing all our hopes have perished With the flow'r we cherished so.
In His own good time He'll call us From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.
Chorus.
ff
We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo-rious dawn;

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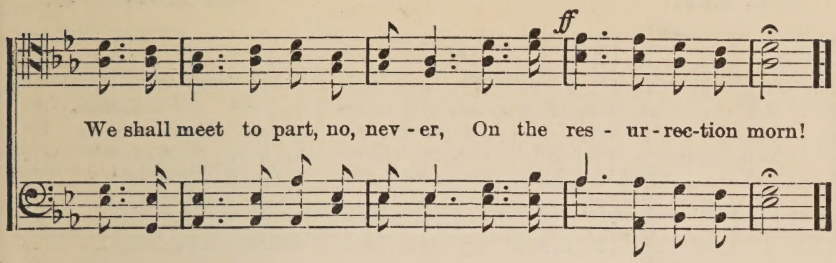
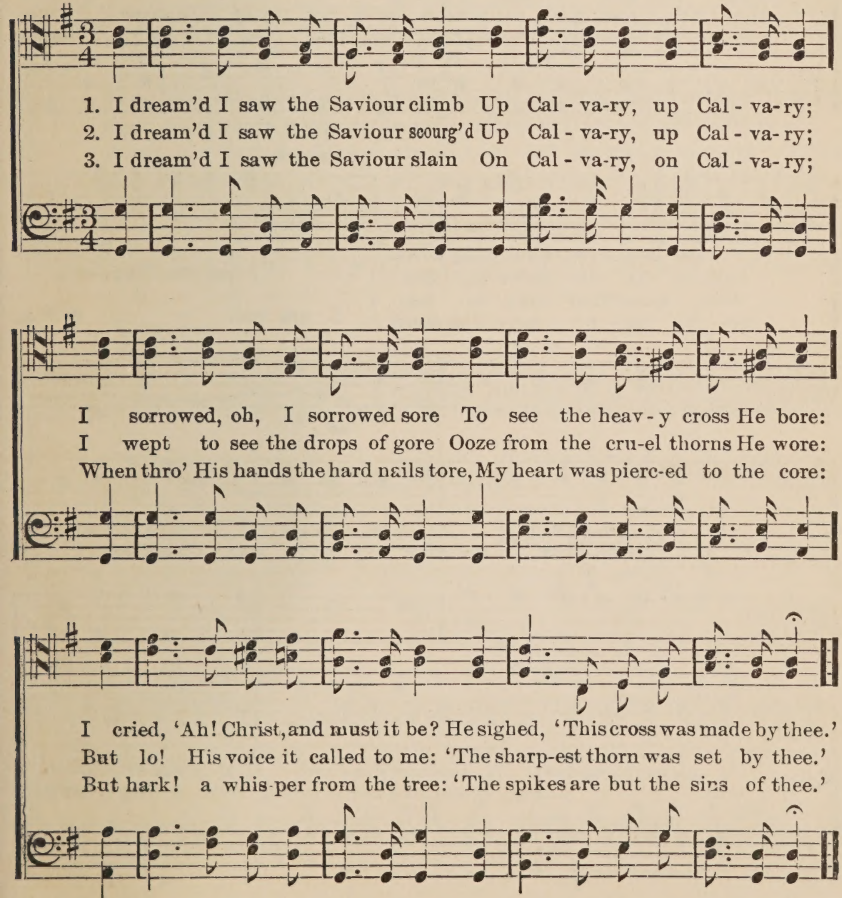


No. 74. My Fault.

"Who his own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, . . .
by whose stripes ye were healed."—1 PETER ii: 24.

S. M. B. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. I dream'd I saw the Saviour climb Up Cal - va-ry, up Cal - va-ry;
2. I dream'd I saw the Saviour scourg'd Up Cal - va-ry, up Cal - va-ry;
3. I dream'd I saw the Saviour slain On Cal - va-ry, on Cal - va-ry;
I sorrowed, oh, I sorrowed sore To see the heav - y cross He bore:
I wept to see the drops of gore Ooze from the cru-el thorns He wore:
When thro' His hands the hard nails tore, My heart was pierc-ed to the core:
I cried, 'Ah! Christ, and must it be? He sighed, 'This cross was made by thee.'
But lo! His voice it called to me: 'The sharp-est thorn was set by thee.'
But hark! a whis-per from the tree: 'The spikes are but the sins of thee.'

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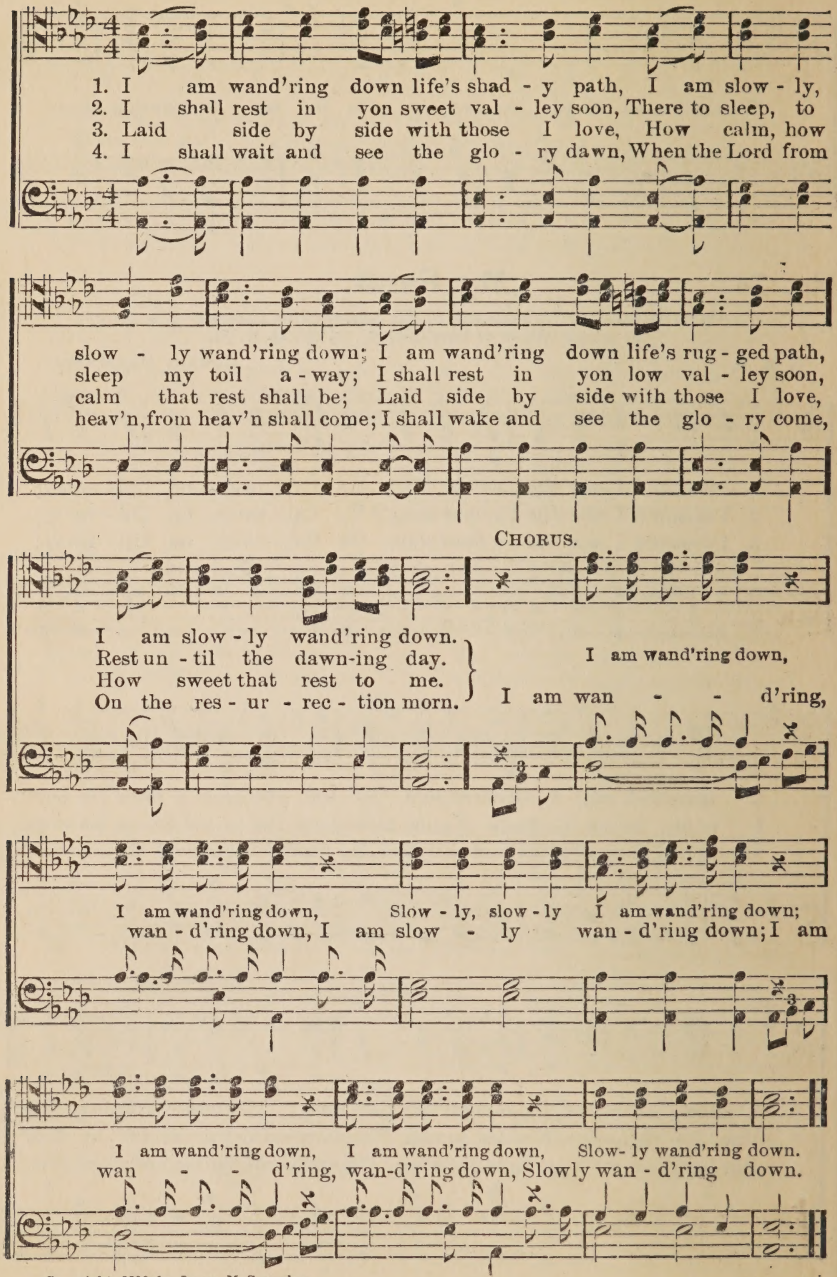
No. 75. I Am Wandering Down Life's Shady Path,

Dr. H. Bonar. James McGranahan.

1. I am wand'ring down life's shad - y path, I am slow - ly,
2. I shall rest in yon sweet val - ley soon, There to sleep, to
3. Laid side by side with those I love, How calm, how
4. I shall wait and see the glo - ry dawn, When the Lord from
slow - ly wand'ring down; I am wand'ring down life's rug - ged path,
sleep my toil a - way; I shall rest in yon low val - ley soon,
calm that rest shall be; Laid side by side with those I love,
heav'n, from heav'n shall come; I shall wake and see the glo - ry come,
Chorus.
I am slow - ly wand'ring down.
Rest un - til the dawn-ing day.
How sweet that rest to me.
On the res - ur - rec - tion morn.
I am wand'ring down,
I am wan - - d'ring,
I am wand'ring down, Slow - ly, slow - ly I am wand'ring down;
wan - d'ring down, I am slow - ly wan - d'ring down; I am
I am wand'ring down, I am wand'ring down, Slow- ly wand'ring down.
wan - - d'ring, wan-d'ring down, Slowly wan - d'ring down.

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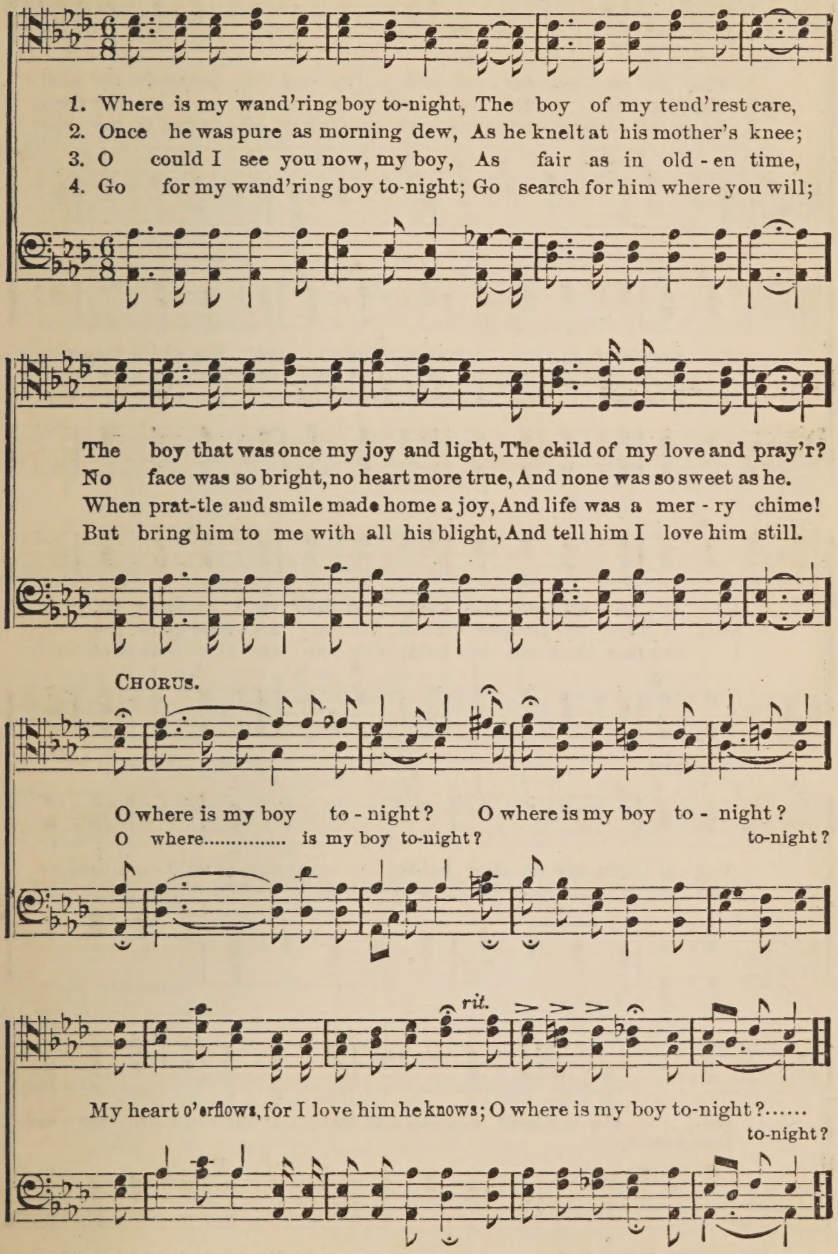
No. 76. Where is My Boy To-Night?

R. L. R. L. Lowry, D. D.


1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night, The boy of my tend'rest care,
2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time,
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go search for him where you will;
The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and pray'r?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.
Chorus.
O where is my boy to-night? O where is my boy to-night?
O where..... is my boy to-night? to-night?
rit.
My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to-night?.....
to-night?

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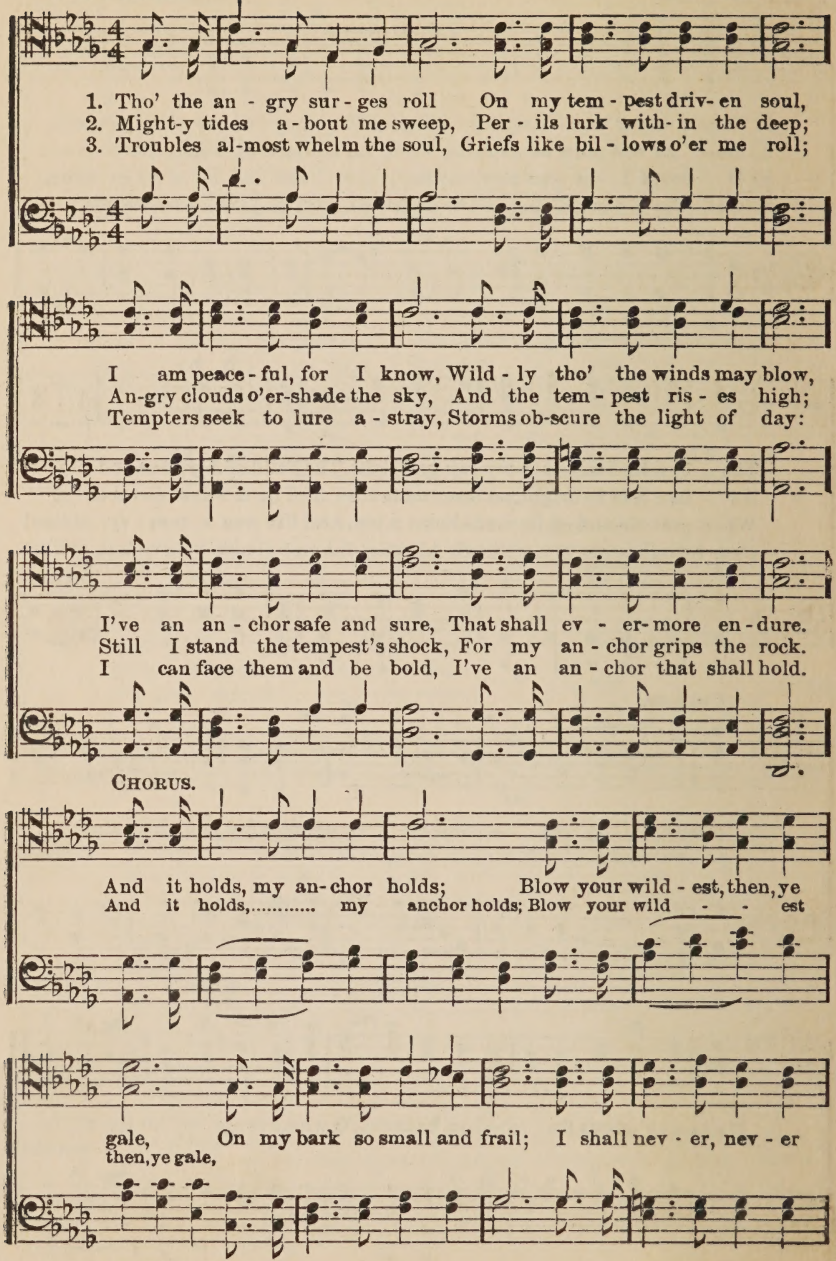
No. 77. My Anchor Holds.

W. C. MARTIN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest driv- en soul,
2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with- in the deep;
3. Troubles al-most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;
I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
An-gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob-scure the light of day:
I've an an - chor safe and sure, That shall ev - er- more en - dure.
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
I can face them and be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.
CHORUS.
And it holds, my an- chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, ye
And it holds,..... my anchor holds; Blow your wild - - - est
gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er
then, ye gale,

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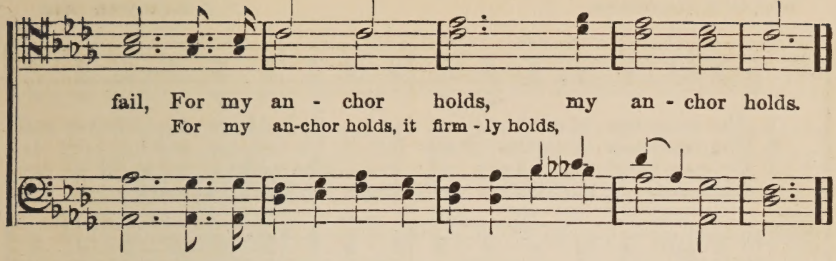
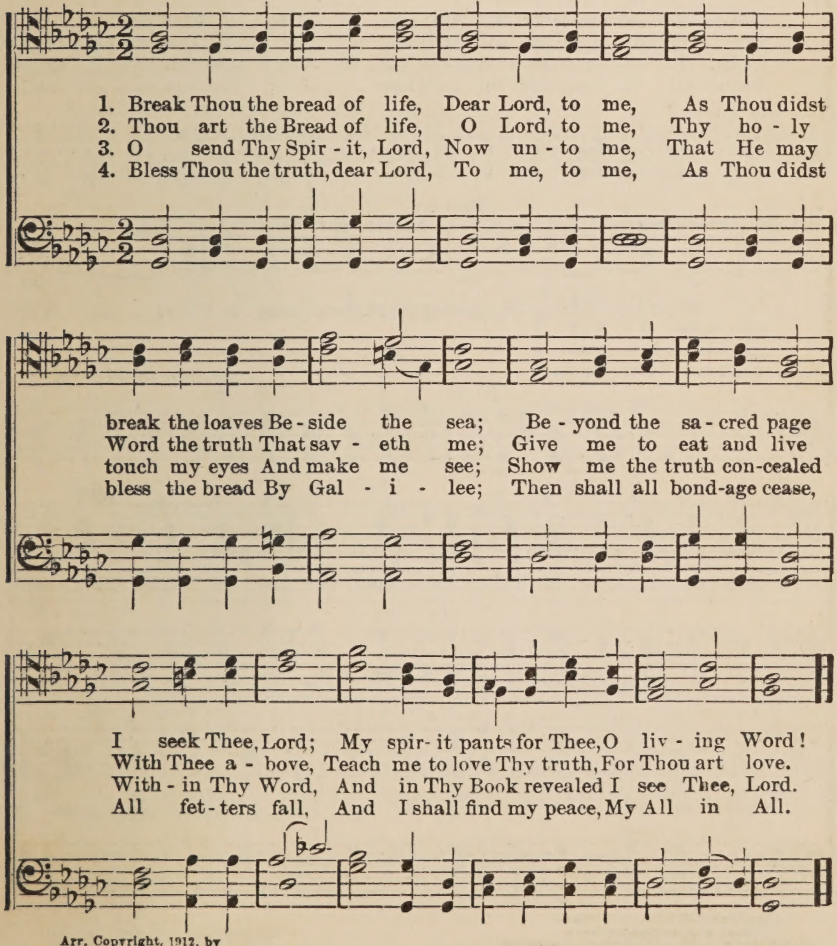


No. 78. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

"He was known of them in breaking of bread."—LUKE xxxiv: 35.

MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Thou art the Bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly
3. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may
4. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
Word the truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live
touch my eyes And make me see; Show me the truth con-cealed
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir- it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
With Thee a - bove, Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
With - in Thy Word, And in Thy Book revealed I see Thee, Lord.
All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.

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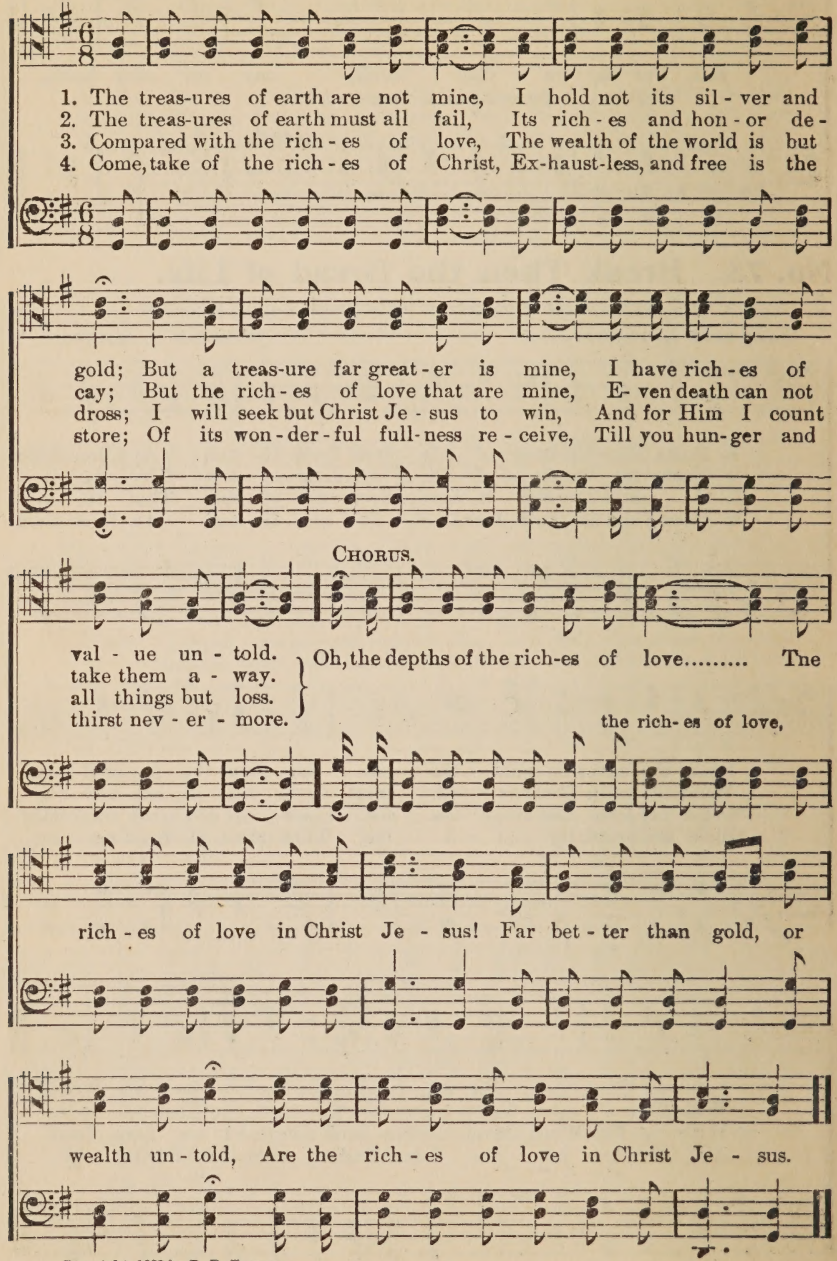
No. 79. The Riches of Love.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER. N. B. SARGENT. Arr.


1. The treas-ures of earth are not mine, I hold not its sil - ver and
2. The treas-ures of earth must all fail, Its rich - es and hon - or de -
3. Compared with the rich - es of love, The wealth of the world is but
4. Come, take of the rich - es of Christ, Ex-haust-less, and free is the
gold; But a treas-ure far great - er is mine, I have rich - es of
cay; But the rich - es of love that are mine, E- ven death can not
dross; I will seek but Christ Je - sus to win, And for Him I count
store; Of its won - der - ful full - ness re - ceive, Till you hun-ger and
CHORUS.
val - ue un - told.
take them a - way.
all things but loss.
thirst nev - er - more.
Oh, the depths of the rich-es of love..... The
the rich-es of love,
rich - es of love in Christ Je - sus! Far bet - ter than gold, or
wealth un - told, Are the rich - es of love in Christ Je - sus.

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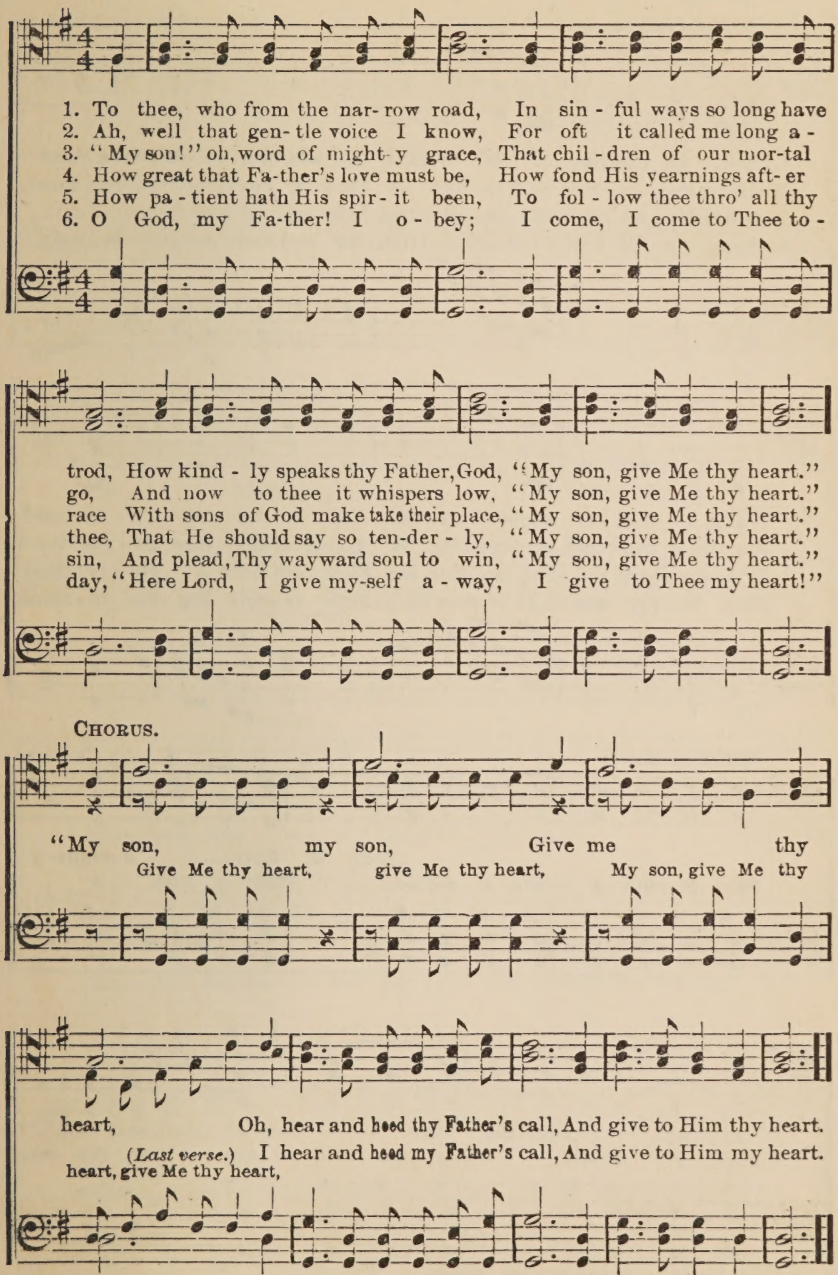
No. 80. Give Me Thy Heart.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. To thee, who from the nar- row road, In sin - ful ways so long have
2. Ah, well that gen- tle voice I know, For oft it called me long a -
3. "My son!" oh, word of might- y grace, That chil - dren of our mor-tal
4. How great that Fa-ther's love must be, How fond His yearnings aft- er
5. How pa - tient hath His spir- it been, To fol - low thee thro' all thy
6. O God, my Fa-ther! I o - bey; I come, I come to Thee to -
trod, How kind - ly speaks thy Father, God, "My son, give Me thy heart."
go, And now to thee it whispers low, "My son, give Me thy heart."
race With sons of God make take their place, "My son, give Me thy heart."
thee, That He should say so ten-der - ly, "My son, give Me thy heart."
sin, And plead, Thy wayward soul to win, "My son, give Me thy heart."
day, "Here Lord, I give my-self a - way, I give to Thee my heart!"
CHORUS.
"My son, my son, Give me thy
Give Me thy heart, give Me thy heart, My son, give Me thy
heart, Oh, hear and heed thy Father's call, And give to Him thy heart.
(Last verse.) I hear and heed my Father's call, And give to Him my heart.
heart, give Me thy heart,

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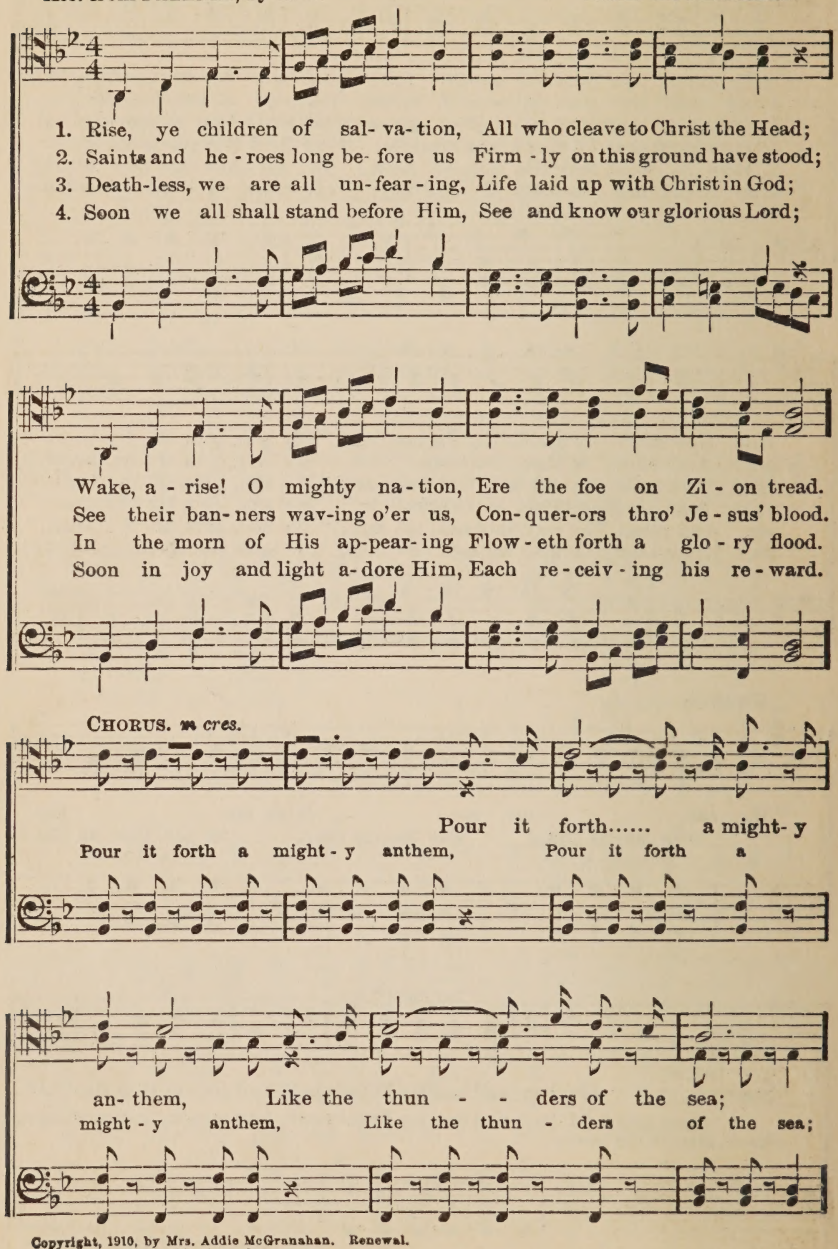
No. 81. The Song of the Soldier.

"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 TIMOTHY ii : 3.

Arr. from FALKNER, by E. N. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Rise, ye children of sal- va- tion, All who cleave to Christ the Head;
2. Saints and he - roes long be- fore us Firm - ly on this ground have stood;
3. Death-less, we are all un- fear - ing, Life laid up with Christ in God;
4. Soon we all shall stand before Him, See and know our glorious Lord;
Wake, a - rise! O mighty na - tion, Ere the foe on Zi - on tread.
See their ban- ners wav-ing o'er us, Con- quer-ors thro' Je - sus' blood.
In the morn of His ap-pear- ing Flow - eth forth a glo - ry flood.
Soon in joy and light a- dore Him, Each re - ceiv - ing his re - ward.
CHORUS. cres.
Pour it forth..... a might- y
Pour it forth a might - y anthem, Pour it forth a
an- them, Like the thun - - ders of the sea;
might - y anthem, Like the thun - ders of the sea;

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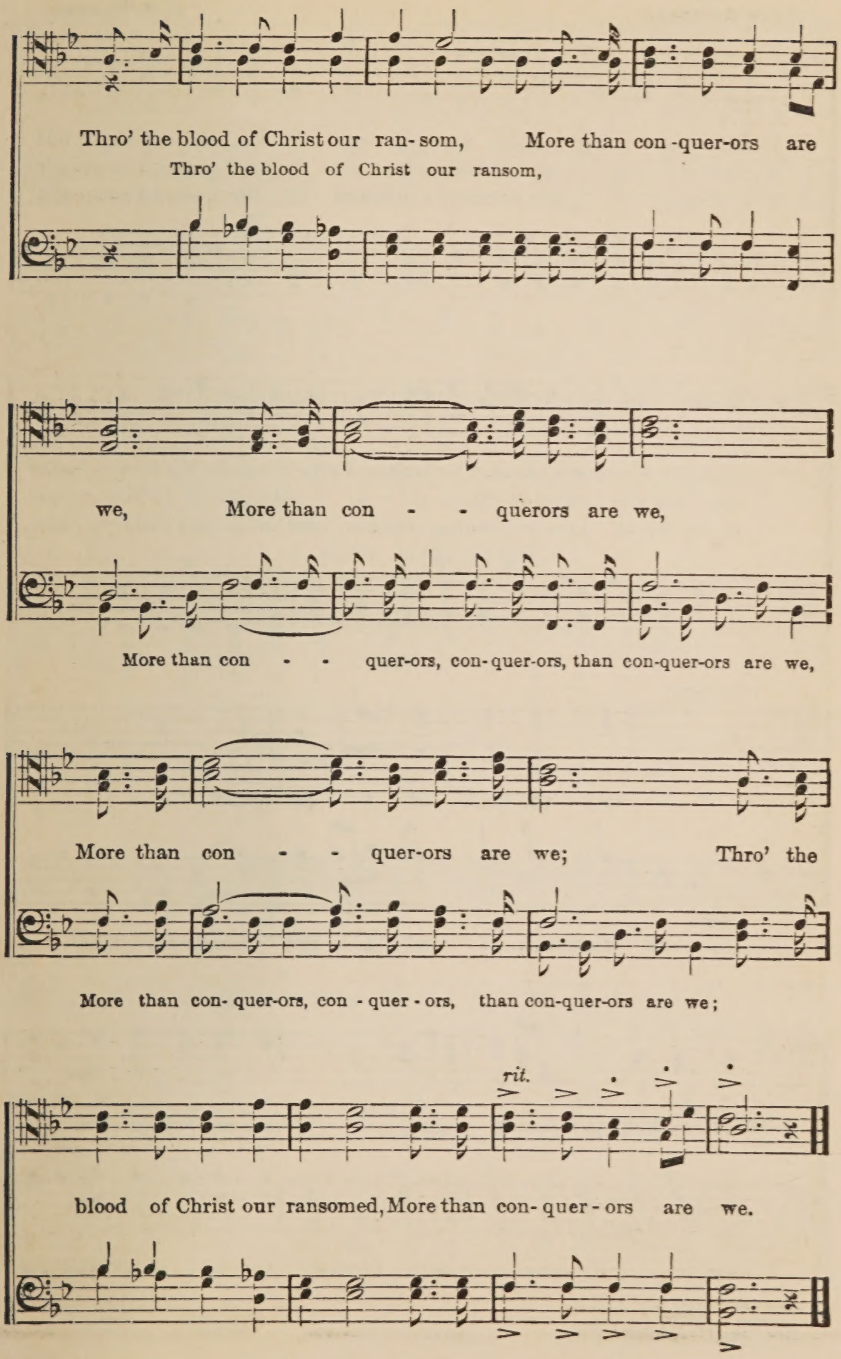
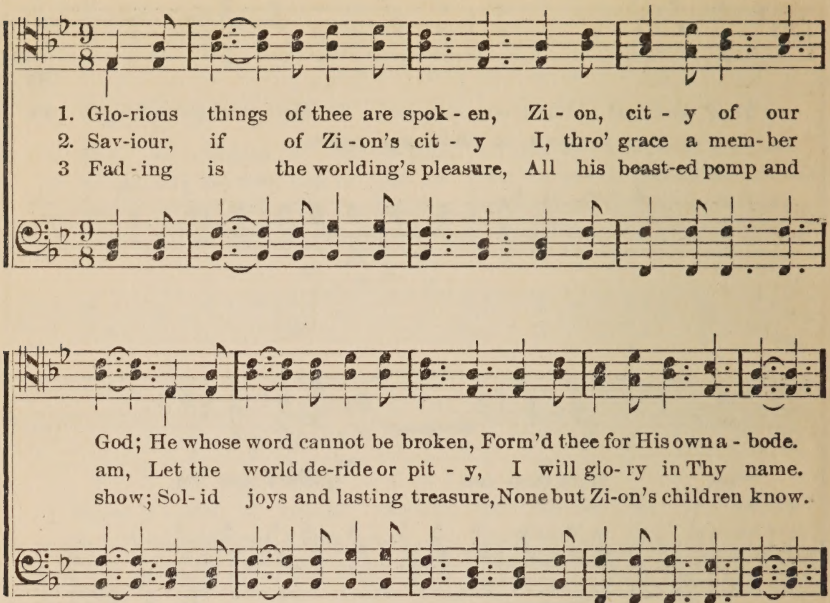

Thro' the blood of Christ our ran-som, More than con-quer-ors are
Thro' the blood of Christ our ransom,
we, More than con - - querors are we,
More than con - - quer-ors, con-quer-ors, than con-quer-ors are we,
More than con - - quer-ors are we; Thro' the
More than con-quer-ors, con-quer-ors, than con-quer-ors are we;
rit.
blood of Christ our ransomed, More than con-quer-ors are we.

No. 82. Glorious Things of Thee.

JOHN NEWTON. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our
2. Sav-iour, if of Zi - on's cit - y I, thro' grace a mem-ber
3 Fad - ing is the worlding's pleasure, All his boast-ed pomp and
God; He whose word cannot be broken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode.
am, Let the world de-ride or pit - y, I will glo-ry in Thy name.
show; Sol-id joys and lasting treasure, None but Zi-on's children know.
CHORUS.
On the Rock of A - ges found - ed,
On the Rock..... of A - ges found - ed, What can
What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal-va-tion's walls sur -
shake..... thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls sur -

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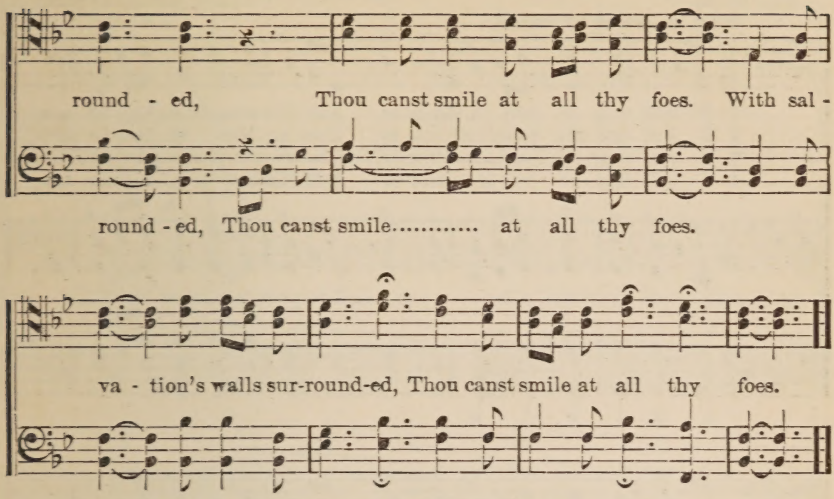
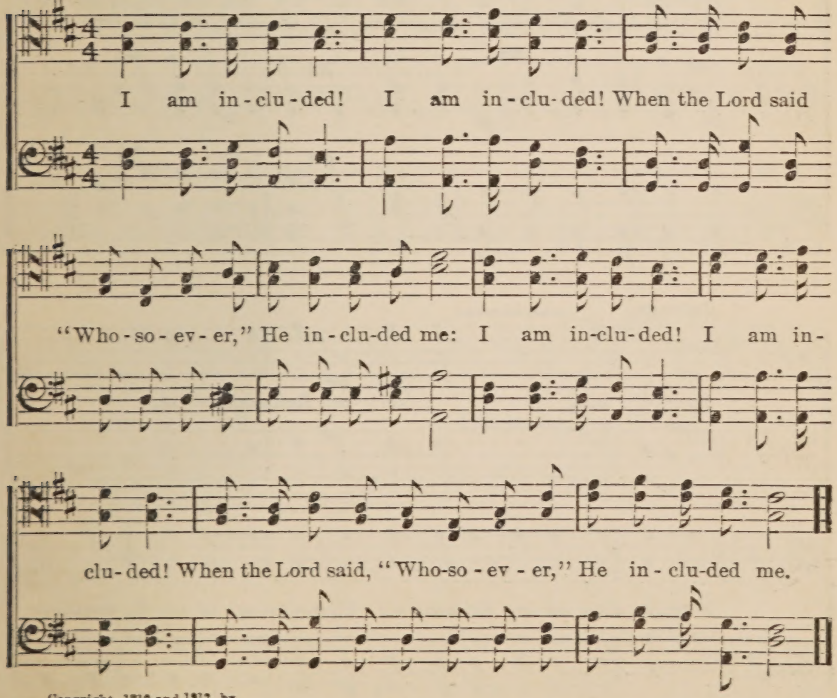

round - ed, Thou canst smile at all thy foes. With sal -
round - ed, Thou canst smile..... at all thy foes.
va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou canst smile at all thy foes.

No. 83. I Am Included.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.


I am in - clu - ded! I am in - clu - ded! When the Lord said
"Who - so - ev - er," He in - clu-ded me: I am in-clu-ded! I am in-
clu - ded! When the Lord said, "Who-so - ev - er," He in - clu-ded me.

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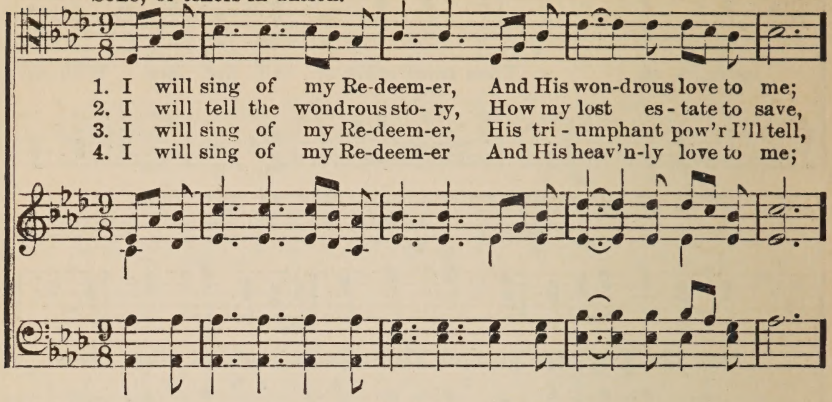
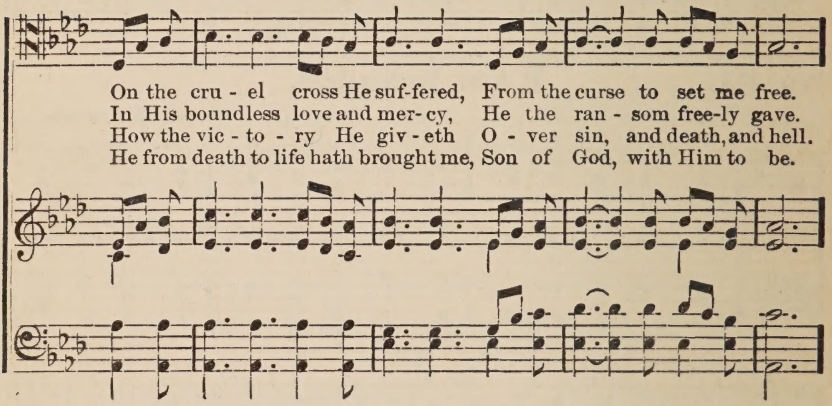
No. 84. My Redeemer.

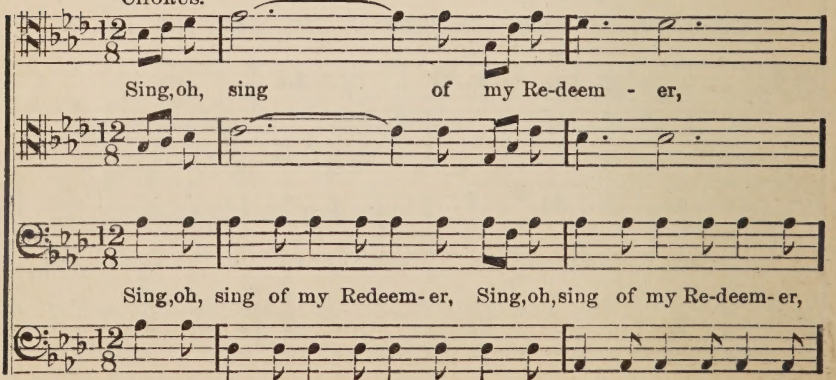
P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

SOLO, or tenors in unison.


1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto- ry, How my lost es - tate to save,
3. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, His tri - umphant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His heav'n-ly love to me;


On the cru - el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer- cy, He the ran - som free-ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.



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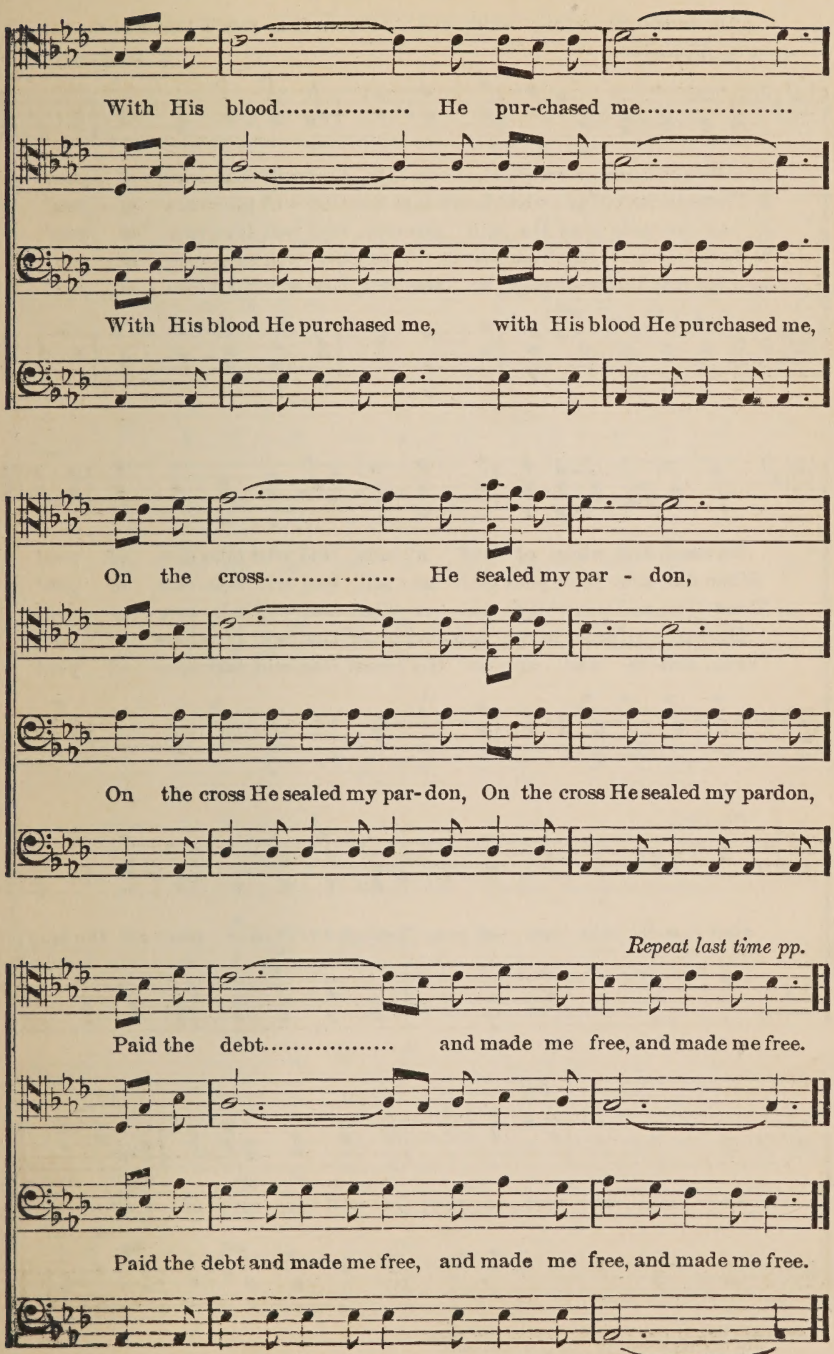
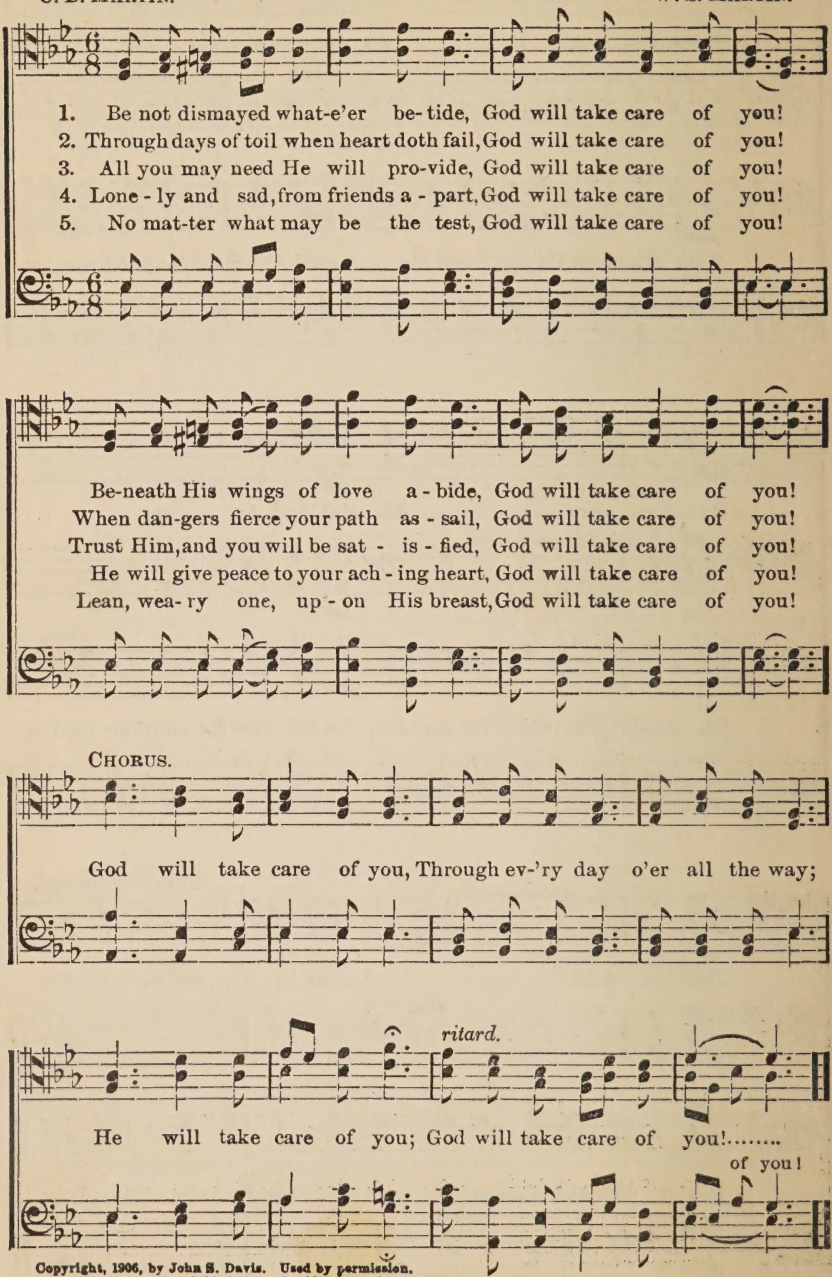
My Redeemer.—Concluded.


With His blood..... He pur-chased me.....
With His blood He purchased me, with His blood He purchased me,
On the cross..... He sealed my par - don,
On the cross He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Repeat last time pp.
Paid the debt..... and made me free, and made me free.
Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free, and made me free.

No. 85. God Will Take Care of You!

"Be careful for nothing."—Phil. 4 : 6. "He careth for you."—1 Peter 5 : 7.

C. D. MARTIN. W. S. MARTIN.


1. Be not dismayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you!
2. Through days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you!
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you!
4. Lone-ly and sad, from friends a-part, God will take care of you!
5. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you!
Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you!
When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you!
Trust Him, and you will be sat-is-fied, God will take care of you!
He will give peace to your ach-ing heart, God will take care of you!
Lean, wea-ry one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you!
CHORUS.
God will take care of you, Through ev-'ry day o'er all the way;
ritard.
He will take care of you; God will take care of you!.....
of you!

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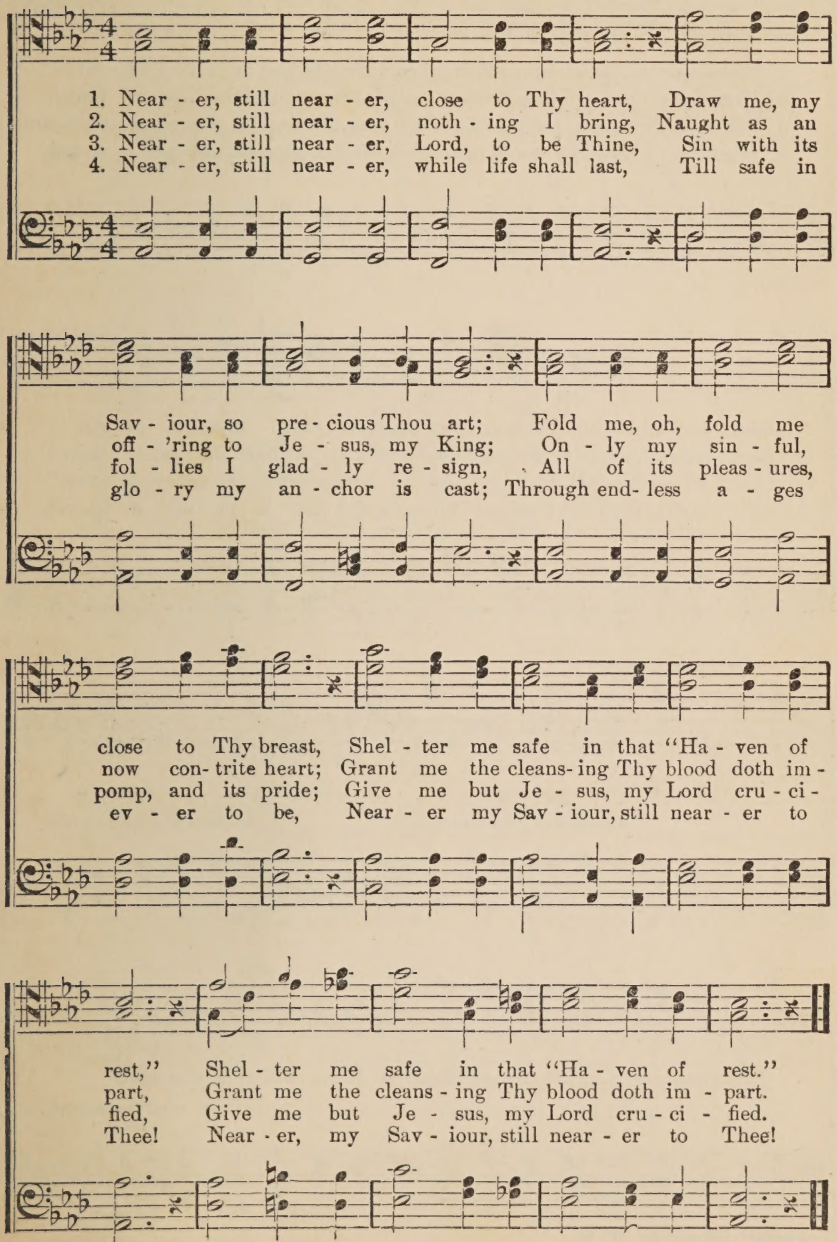
No. 86. Nearer, Still Nearer.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. x: 22.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin with its
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in
Sav - iour, so pre - cious Thou art; Fold me, oh, fold me
off - 'ring to Je - sus, my King; On - ly my sin - ful,
fol - lies I glad - ly re - sign, All of its pleas - ures,
glo - ry my an - chor is cast; Through end - less a - ges
close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of
now con - trite heart; Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im -
pomp, and its pride; Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci -
ev - er to be, Near - er my Sav - iour, still near - er to
rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of rest."
part, Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im - part.
fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
Thee! Near - er, my Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee!

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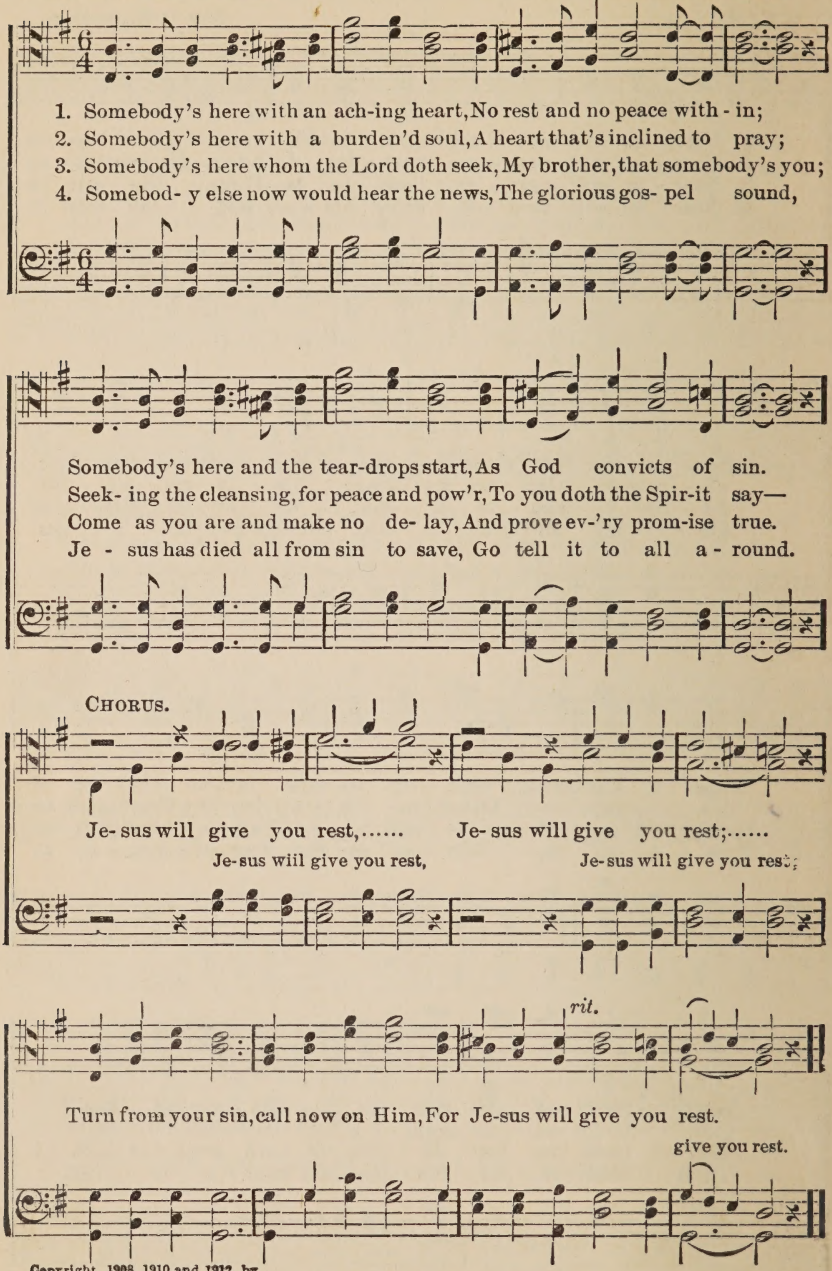
No. 87. Somebody's Here with an Aching Heart.

Rev. J. STUART HOLDEN. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. Somebody's here with an ach-ing heart, No rest and no peace with - in;
2. Somebody's here with a burden'd soul, A heart that's inclined to pray;
3. Somebody's here whom the Lord doth seek, My brother, that somebody's you;
4. Somebod- y else now would hear the news, The glorious gos- pel sound,
Somebody's here and the tear-drops start, As God convicts of sin.
Seek- ing the cleansing, for peace and pow'r, To you doth the Spir-it say—
Come as you are and make no de- lay, And prove ev-'ry prom-ise true.
Je - sus has died all from sin to save, Go tell it to all a - round.
CHORUS.
Je- sus will give you rest,..... Je- sus will give you rest;.....
Je-sus will give you rest, Je-sus will give you rest;
rit.
Turn from your sin, call now on Him, For Je-sus will give you rest.
give you rest.

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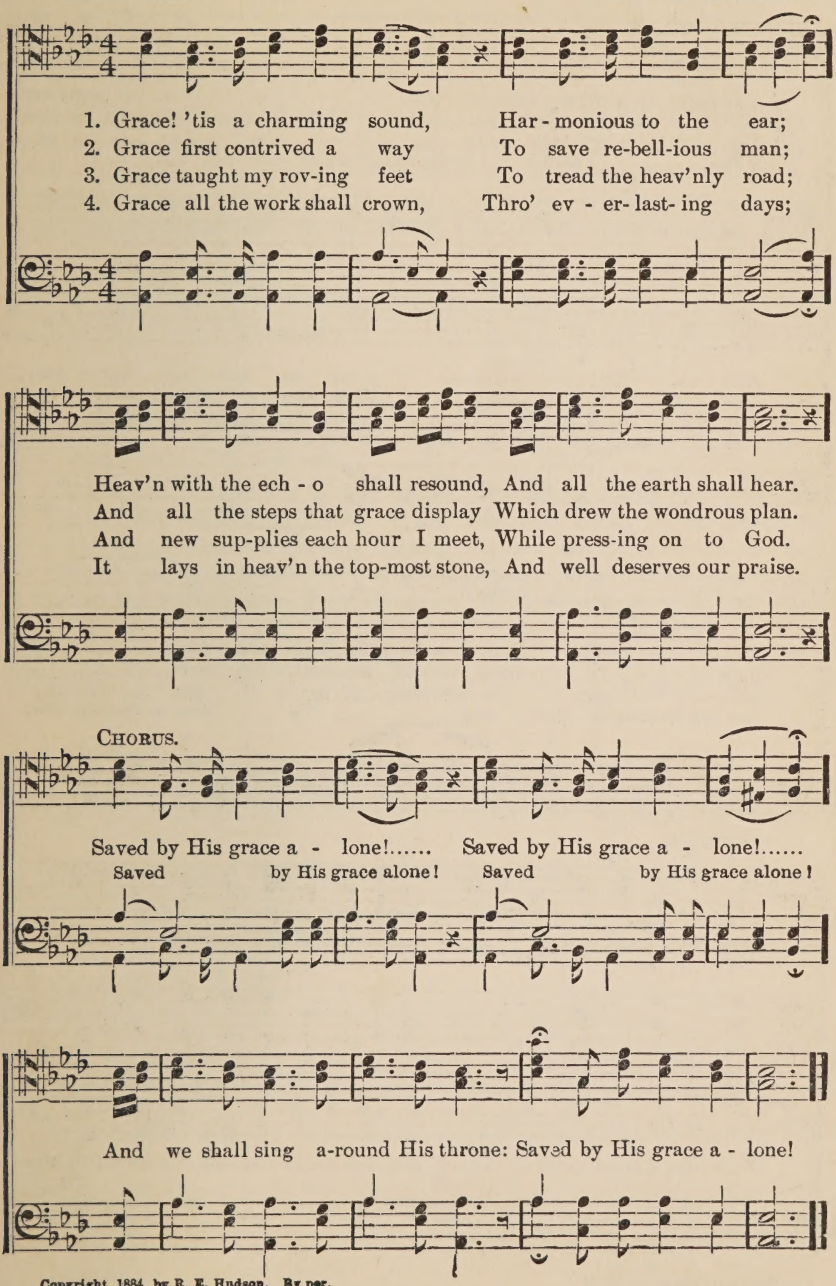
No. 88. Saved by His Grace Alone.

P. DODDRIDGE. L. H. BAKER.


1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har - monious to the ear;
2. Grace first contrived a way To save re-bell-ious man;
3. Grace taught my rov-ing feet To tread the heav'nly road;
4. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev - er-last- ing days;
Heav'n with the ech - o shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.
And all the steps that grace display Which drew the wondrous plan.
And new sup-plies each hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
It lays in heav'n the top-most stone, And well deserves our praise.
CHORUS.
Saved by His grace a - lone!..... Saved by His grace a - lone!.....
Saved by His grace alone! Saved by His grace alone!
And we shall sing a-round His throne: Saved by His grace a - lone!

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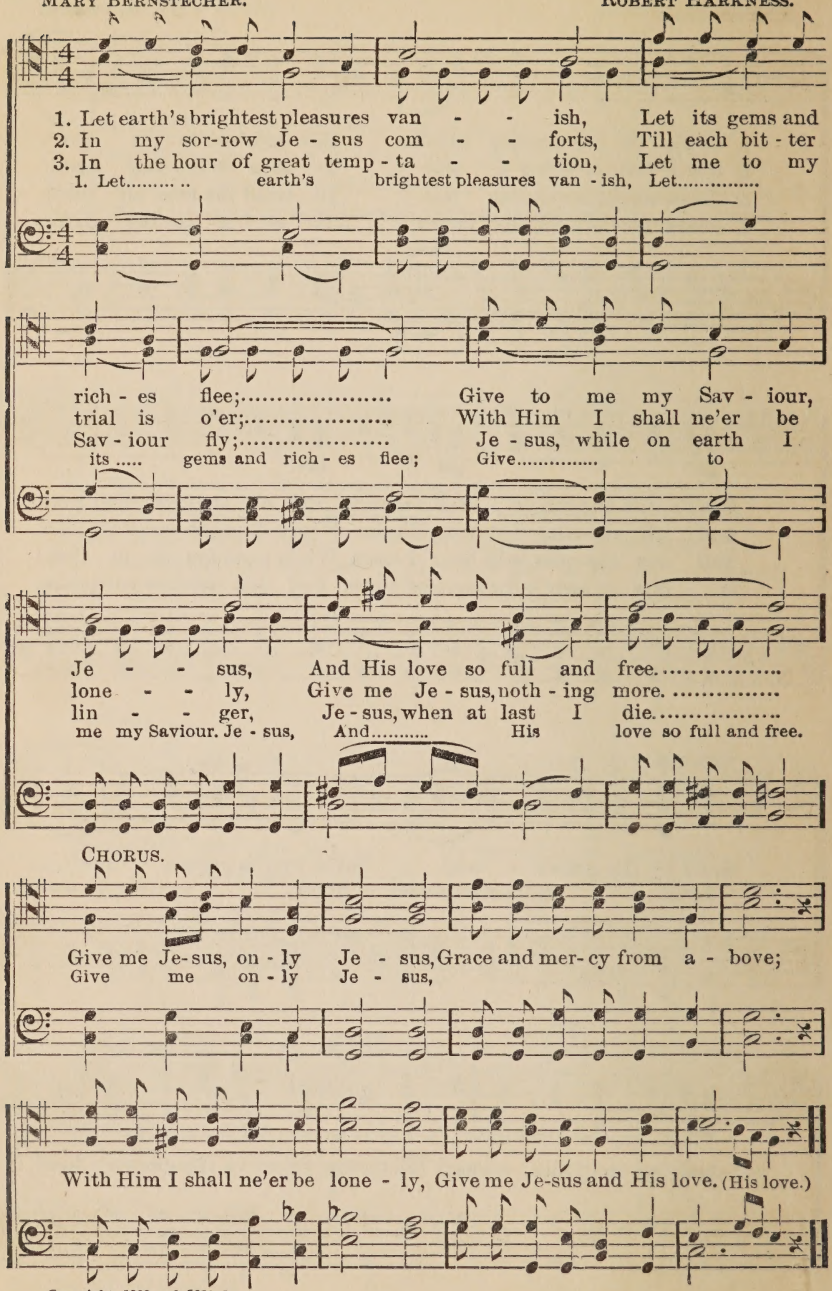
No. 89. Give Me Jesus.

MARY BERNSTECHER. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Let earth's brightest pleasures van - - ish, Let its gems and
2. In my sor-row Je - sus com - - forts, Till each bit - ter
3. In the hour of great temp - ta - - tion, Let me to my
1. Let..... .. earth's brightest pleasures van - ish, Let.....
rich - es flee;..... Give to me my Sav - iour,
trial is o'er;..... With Him I shall ne'er be
Sav - iour fly;..... Je - sus, while on earth I
its ..... gems and rich - es flee; Give..... to
Je - - sus, And His love so full and free.....
lone - - ly, Give me Je - sus, noth - ing more. .....
lin - - ger, Je - sus, when at last I die.....
me my Saviour. Je - sus, And..... His love so full and free.
CHORUS.
Give me Je-sus, on - ly Je - sus, Grace and mer-cy from a - bove;
Give me on - ly Je - sus,
With Him I shall ne'er be lone - ly, Give me Je-sus and His love. (His love.)

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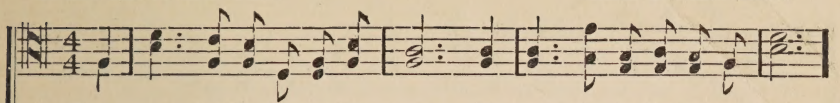
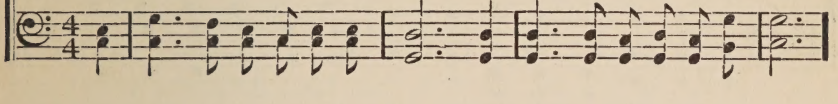
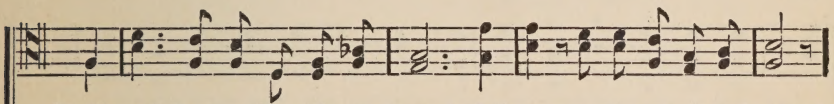
No. 90. Some Time We'll Understand.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

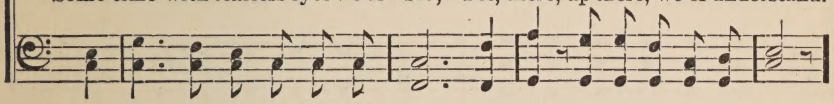


1. Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the bet-ter land:
2. We'll catch the broken threads again, And fin - ish what we here be-gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cherished plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E- ludes so oft our eag-er hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;

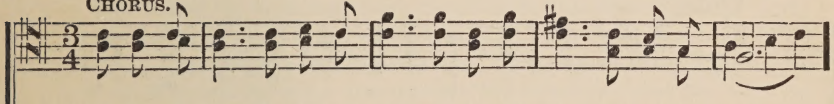




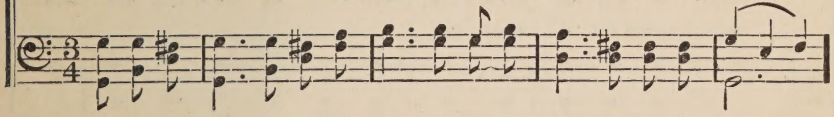
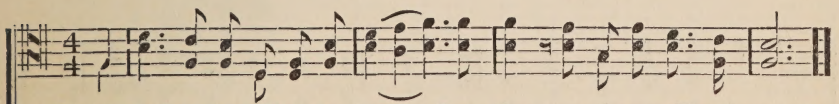
We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, some time we'll understand.
Heav'n will the mys-ter-ies ex - plain, And then, ah, then, we'll understand.
Why song has ceased when scarce be-gun; 'Tis there, some time, we'll understand.
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, some time, we'll understand.
Some time with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.



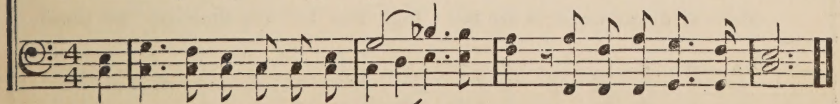
CHORUS.



Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;



Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise, Some time, some time, we'll understand.



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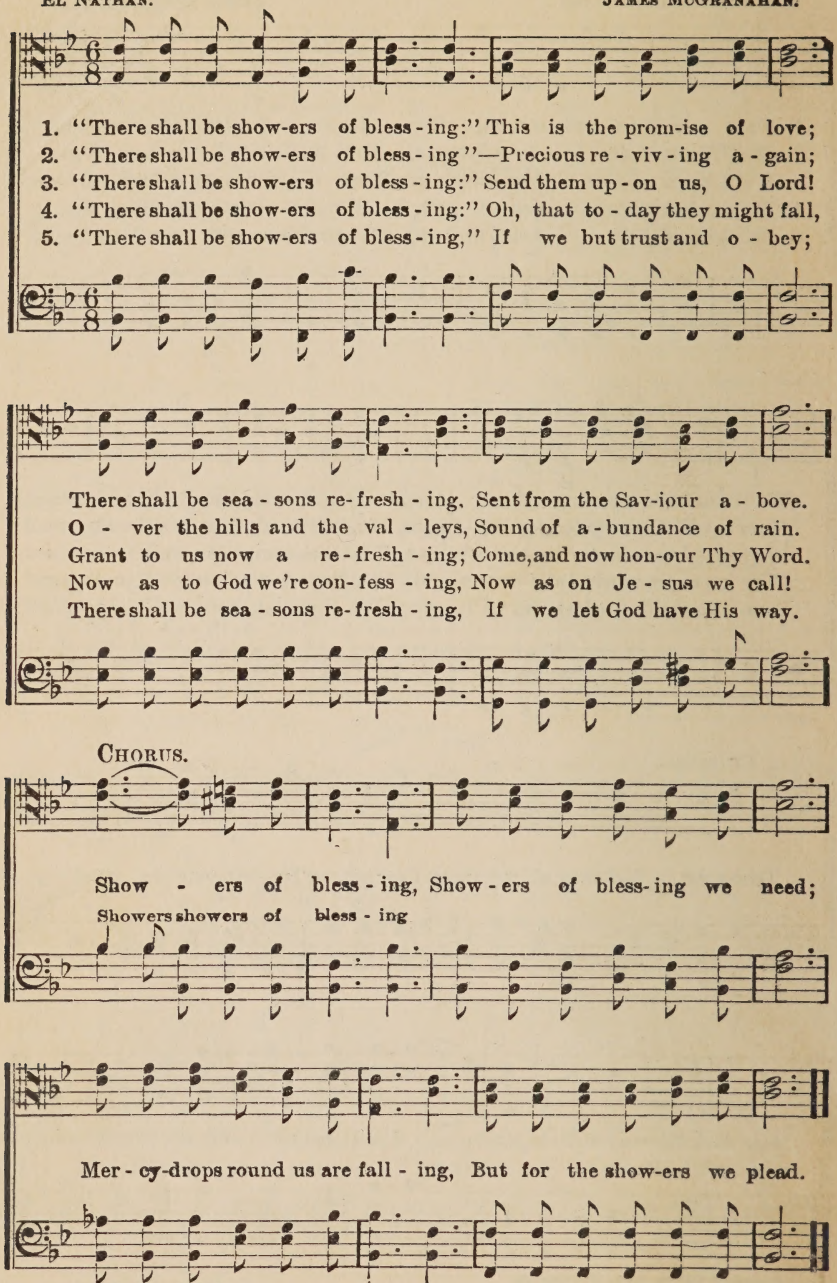
91 "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing."

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,
5. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing," If we but trust and o-bey;
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bundance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing; Come, and now hon-our Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, If we let God have His way.
CHORUS.
Show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Showers showers of bless-ing
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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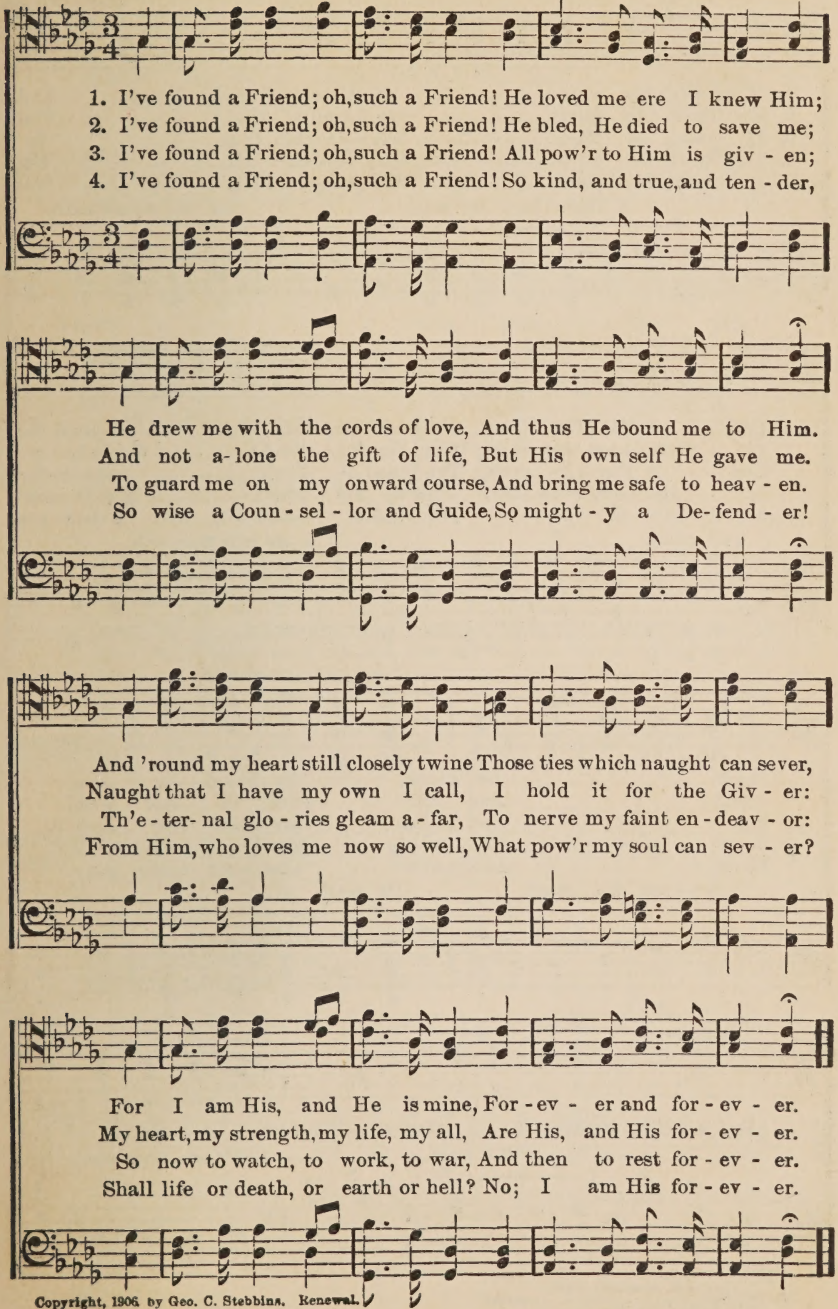
No. 92. I've Found a Friend.

J. G. SMALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!
And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

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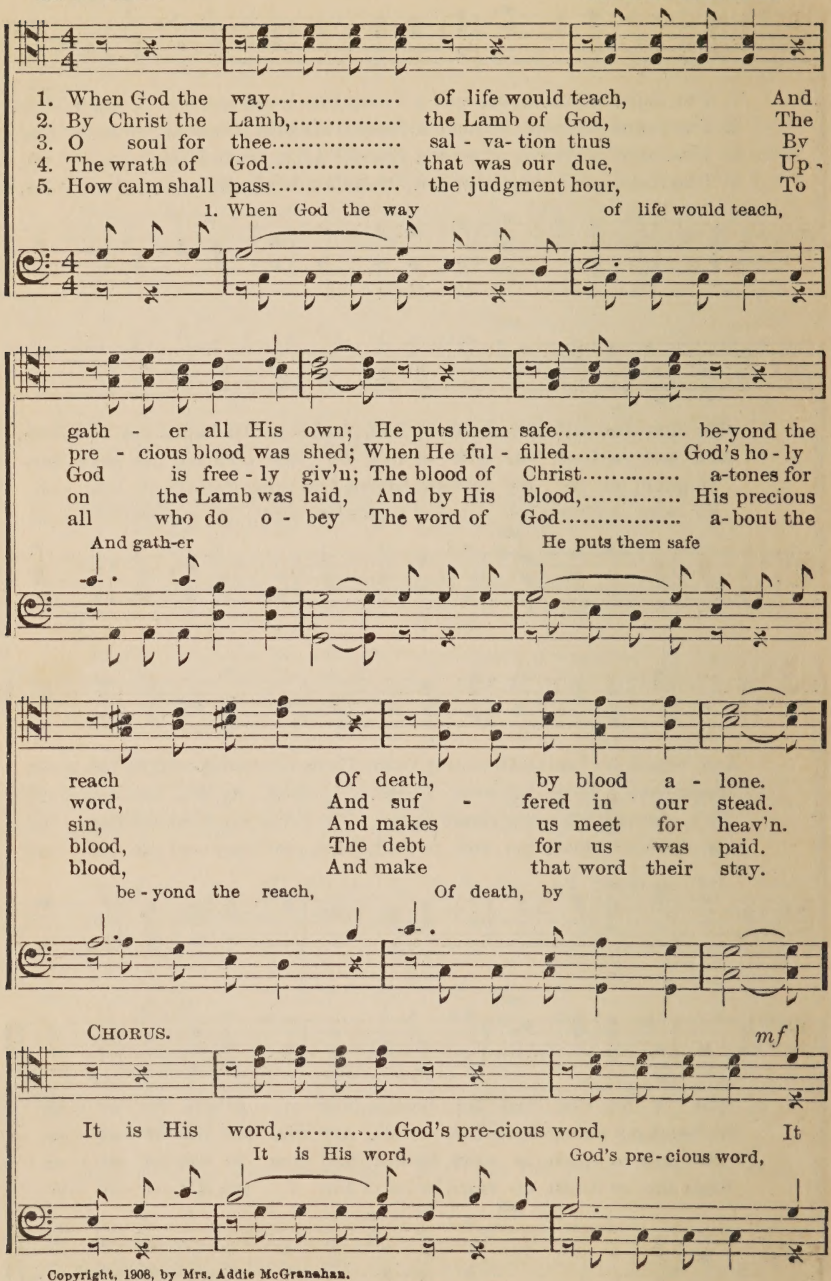
No. 93. I Will Pass Over You.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. When God the way of life would teach, And
2. By Christ the Lamb, the Lamb of God, The
3. O soul for thee sal - va - tion thus By
4. The wrath of God that was our due, Up -
5. How calm shall pass the judgment hour, To
1. When God the way of life would teach,
gath - er all His own; He puts them safe be-yond the
pre - cious blood was shed; When He ful - filled God's ho - ly
God is free - ly giv'n; The blood of Christ a-tones for
on the Lamb was laid, And by His blood, His precious
all who do o - bey The word of God a-bout the
And gath-er
He puts them safe
reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
word, And suf - fered in our stead.
sin, And makes us meet for heav'n.
blood, The debt for us was paid.
blood, And make that word their stay.
be - yond the reach, Of death, by
CHORUS.
mf
It is His word, God's pre-cious word, It
It is His word, God's pre-cious word,

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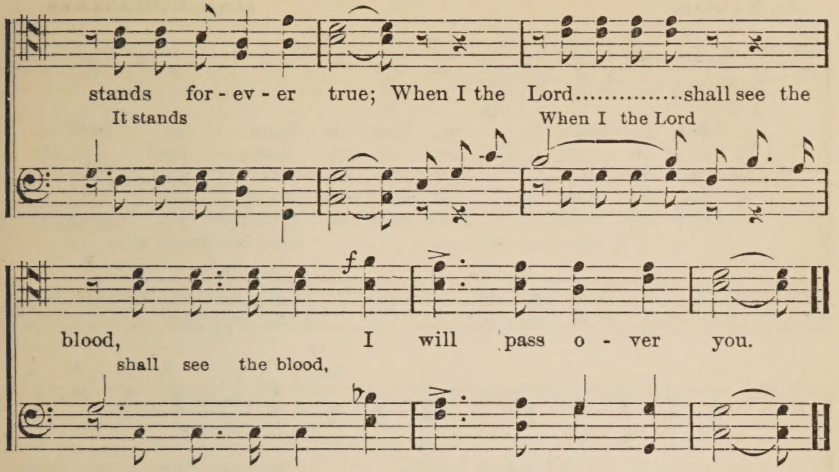
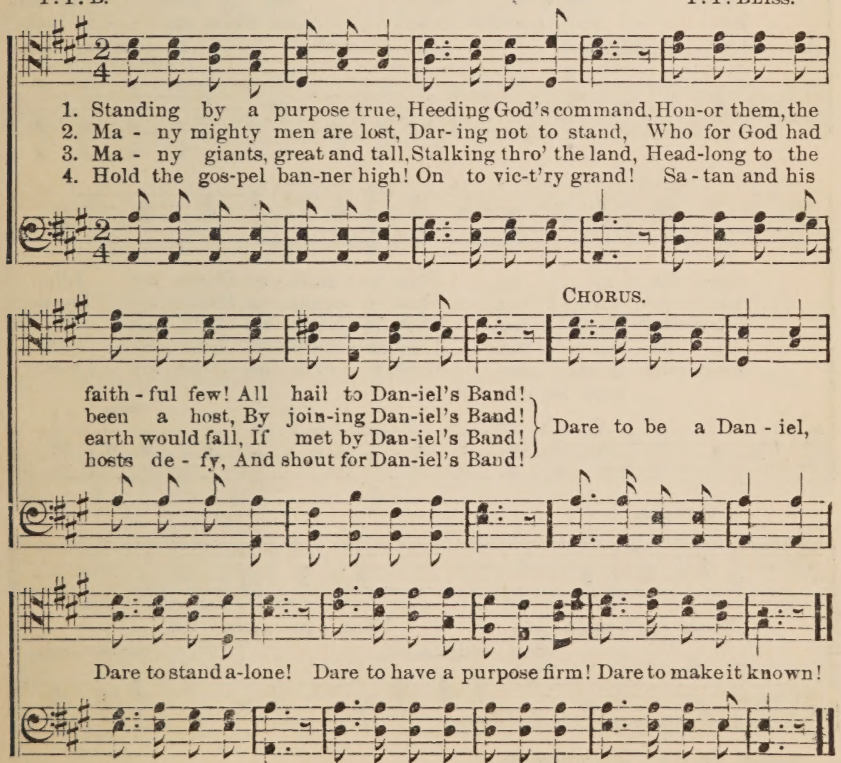


No. 94. Dare to Be a Daniel.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Standing by a purpose true, Heeding God's command, Hon-or them, the
2. Ma - ny mighty men are lost, Dar-ing not to stand, Who for God had
3. Ma - ny giants, great and tall, Stalking thro' the land, Head-long to the
4. Hold the gos-pel ban-ner high! On to vic-t'ry grand! Sa - tan and his
Chorus.
faith - ful few! All hail to Dan-iel's Band!
been a host, By join-ing Dan-iel's Band!
earth would fall, If met by Dan-iel's Band!
hosts de - fy, And shout for Dan-iel's Band!
Dare to be a Dan - iel,
Dare to stand a-lone! Dare to have a purpose firm! Dare to make it known!

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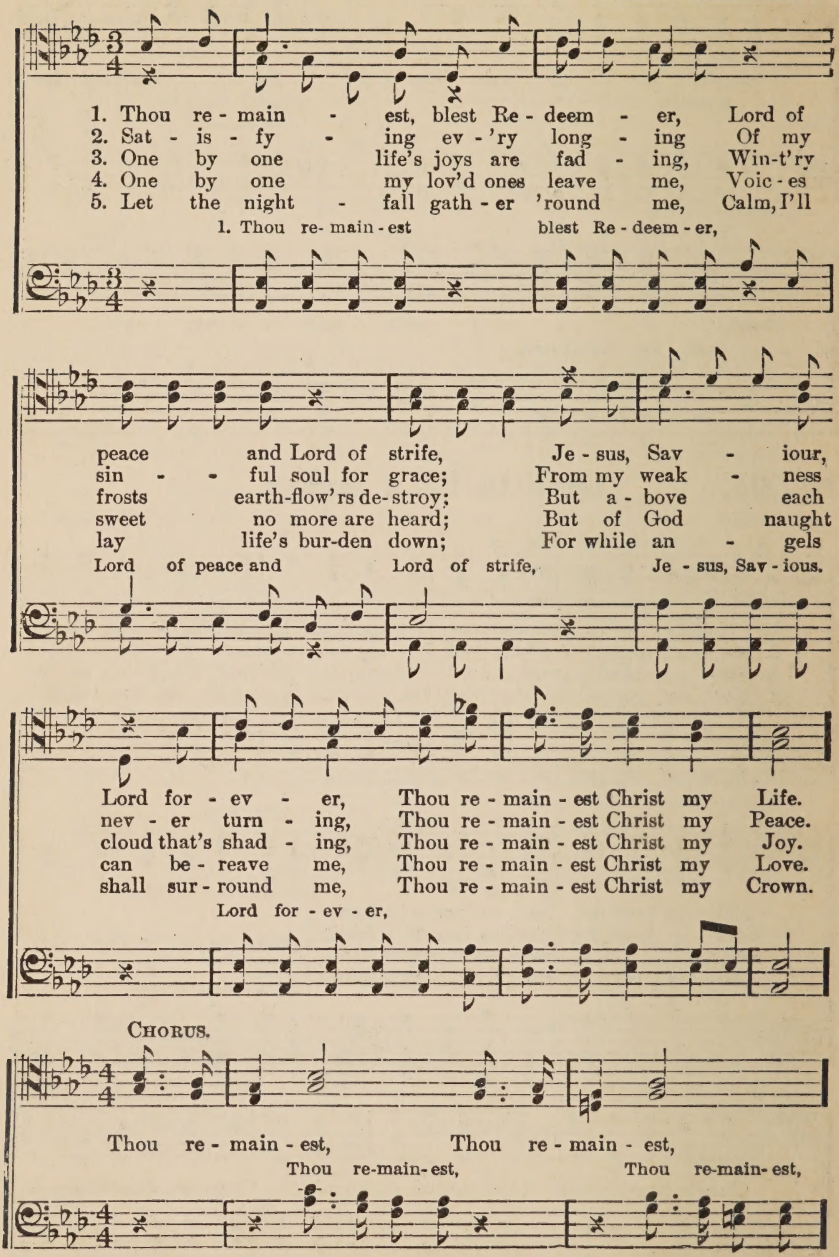
No. 95. Thou Remainest.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Thou re - main - est, blest Re - deem - er, Lord of
2. Sat - is - fy - ing ev - 'ry long - ing Of my
3. One by one life's joys are fad - ing, Win-t'ry
4. One by one my lov'd ones leave me, Voic - es
5. Let the night - fall gath - er 'round me, Calm, I'll
1. Thou re- main - est blest Re - deem - er,
peace and Lord of strife, Je - sus, Sav - iour,
sin - - ful soul for grace; From my weak - ness
frosts earth-flow'rs de-stroy; But a - bove each
sweet no more are heard; But of God naught
lay life's bur-den down; For while an - gels
Lord of peace and Lord of strife, Je - sus, Sav - ious.
Lord for - ev - er, Thou re - main - est Christ my Life.
nev - er turn - ing, Thou re - main - est Christ my Peace.
cloud that's shad - ing, Thou re - main - est Christ my Joy.
can be - reave me, Thou re - main - est Christ my Love.
shall sur - round me, Thou re - main - est Christ my Crown.
Lord for - ev - er,
CHORUS.
Thou re - main - est, Thou re - main - est,
Thou re-main-est, Thou re-main-est,

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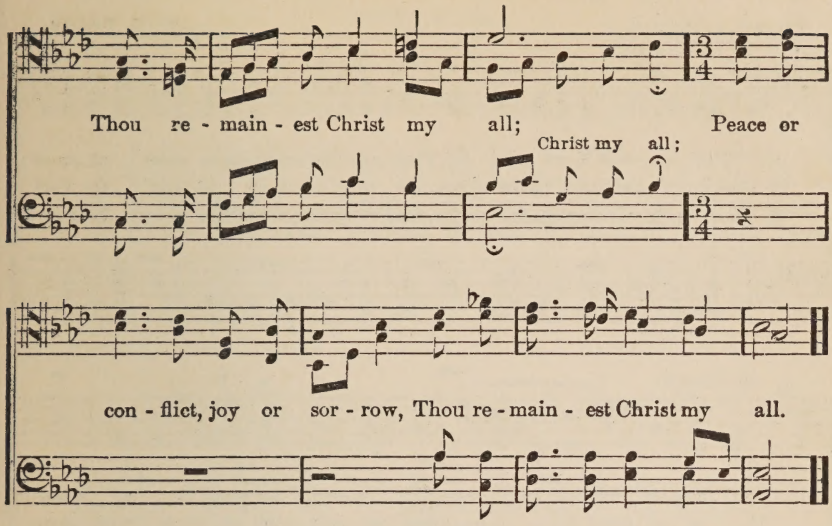
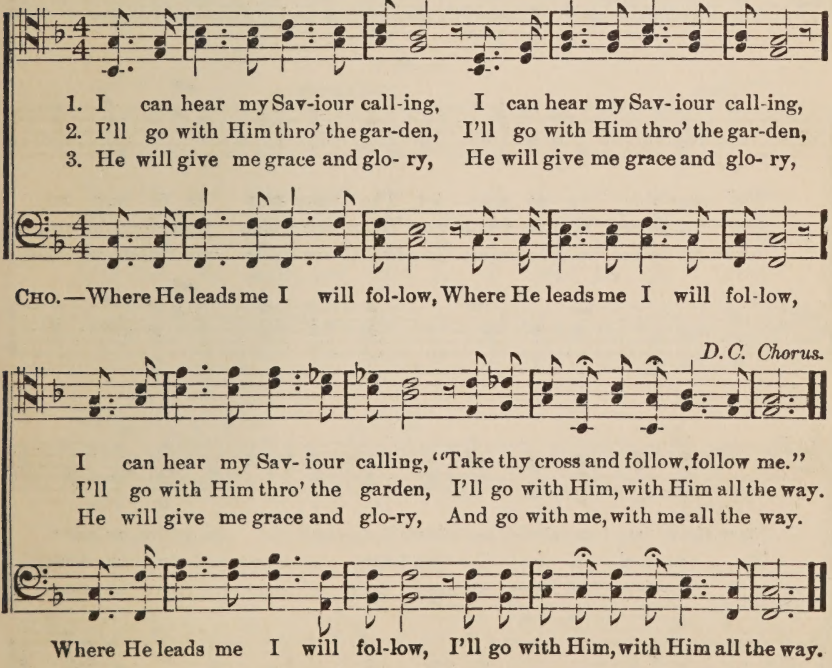


No.96. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLANDLY. Arr. from P. P. BLISS.


1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. He will give me grace and glo- ry, He will give me grace and glo- ry,
CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
D.C. Chorus.
I can hear my Sav- iour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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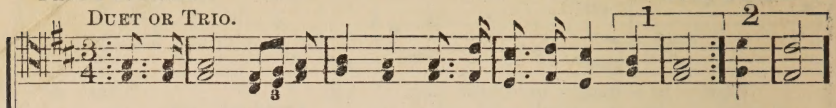
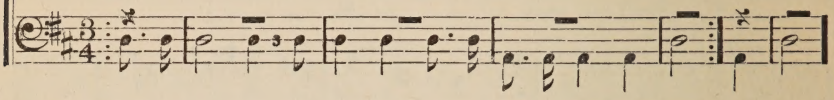
No. 97. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

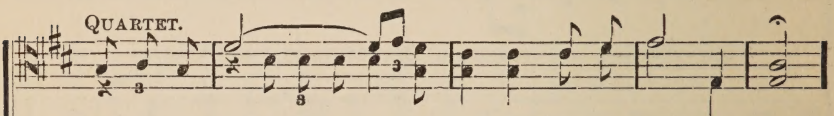
DUET OR TRIO.

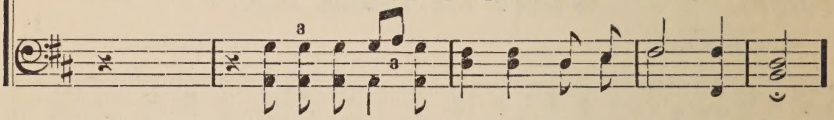


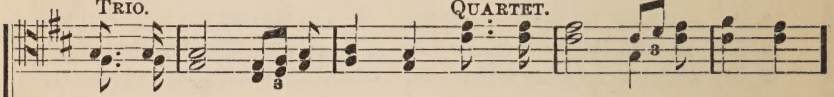
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more.

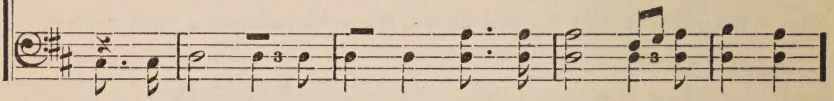
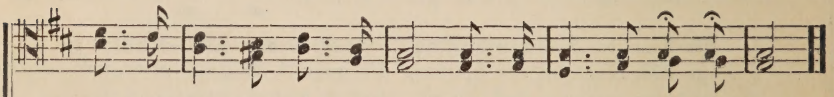


QUARTET.

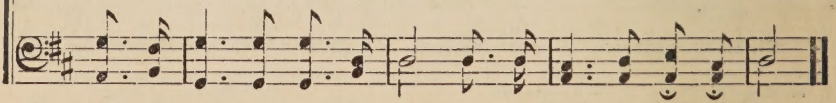


Tho' they be red (tho' they be red) like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great (He is of great) com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un - to Me (look un - to Me), ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord, your God;

TRIO. QUARTET.



"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,



They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.



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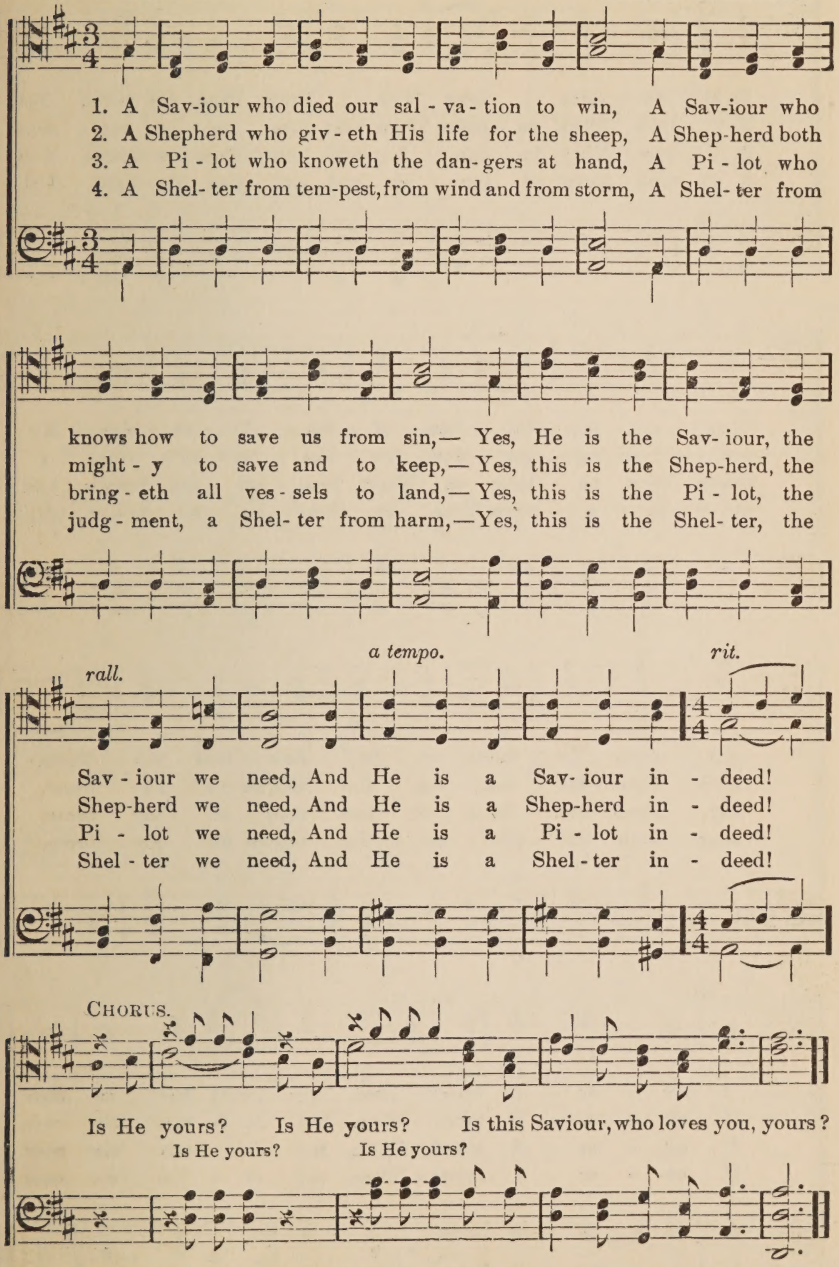
No. 98. Is He Yours?

(THE PILOT SONG.)

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. A Sav-iour who died our sal - va - tion to win, A Sav-iour who
2. A Shepherd who giv - eth His life for the sheep, A Shep-herd both
3. A Pi - lot who knoweth the dan-gers at hand, A Pi - lot who
4. A Shel - ter from tem-pest, from wind and from storm, A Shel - ter from
knows how to save us from sin,— Yes, He is the Sav - iour, the
might - y to save and to keep,— Yes, this is the Shep-herd, the
bring - eth all ves - sels to land,— Yes, this is the Pi - lot, the
judg - ment, a Shel - ter from harm,—Yes, this is the Shel - ter, the
rall.
a tempo.
rit.
Sav - iour we need, And He is a Sav - iour in - deed!
Shep-herd we need, And He is a Shep-herd in - deed!
Pi - lot we need, And He is a Pi - lot in - deed!
Shel - ter we need, And He is a Shel - ter in - deed!
CHORUS.
Is He yours? Is He yours? Is this Saviour, who loves you, yours?
Is He yours? Is He yours?

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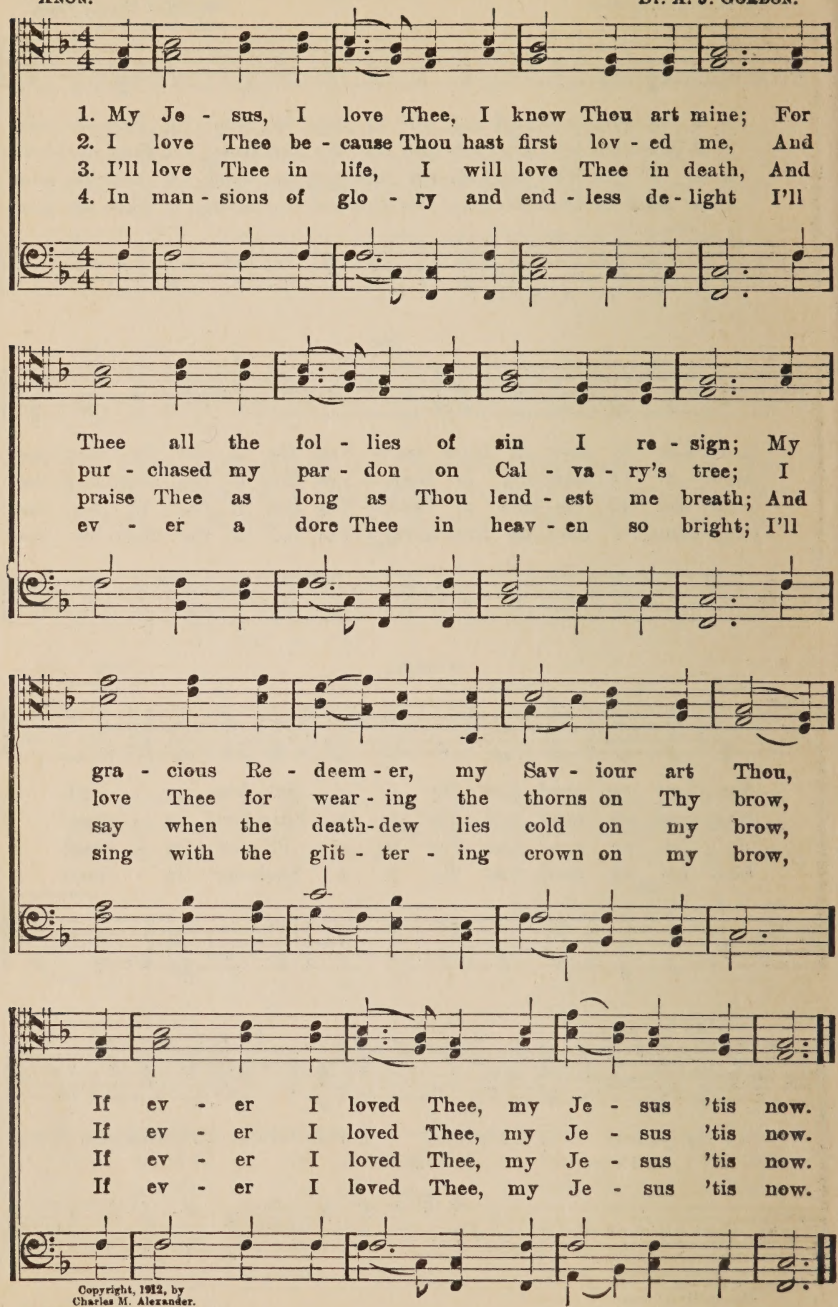
My Jesus I Love Thee.

ANON. Dr. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light I'll
Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My
pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I
praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath; And
ev - er a dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll
gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow,
say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.

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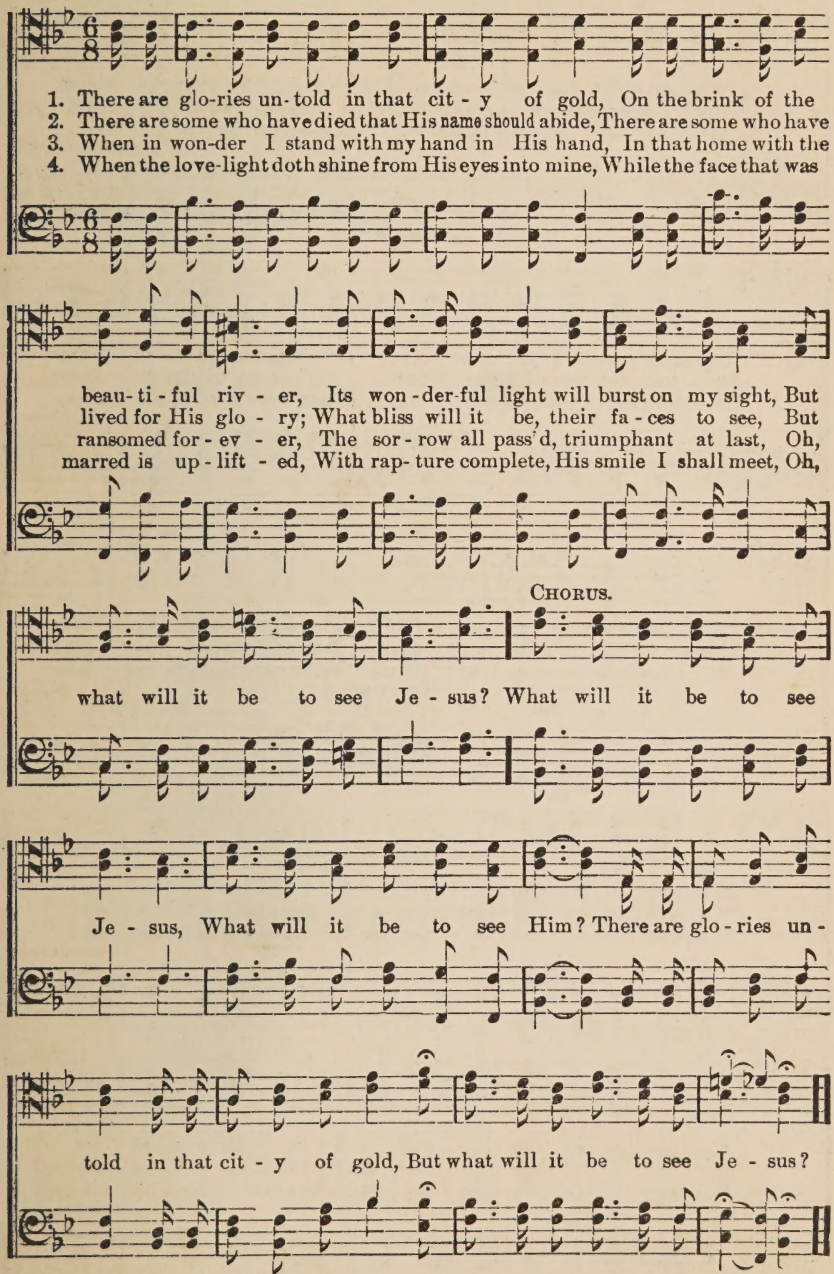
No. 100. What Will it Be?

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. There are glo-ries un-told in that cit-y of gold, On the brink of the
2. There are some who have died that His name should abide, There are some who have
3. When in won-der I stand with my hand in His hand, In that home with the
4. When the love-light doth shine from His eyes into mine, While the face that was
beau-ti-ful riv-er, Its won-der-ful light will burst on my sight, But
lived for His glo-ry; What bliss will it be, their fa-ces to see, But
ransomed for-ev-er, The sor-row all pass'd, triumphant at last, Oh,
marred is up-lift-ed, With rap-ture complete, His smile I shall meet, Oh,
CHORUS.
what will it be to see Je-sus? What will it be to see
Je-sus, What will it be to see Him? There are glo-ries un-
told in that cit-y of gold, But what will it be to see Je-sus?

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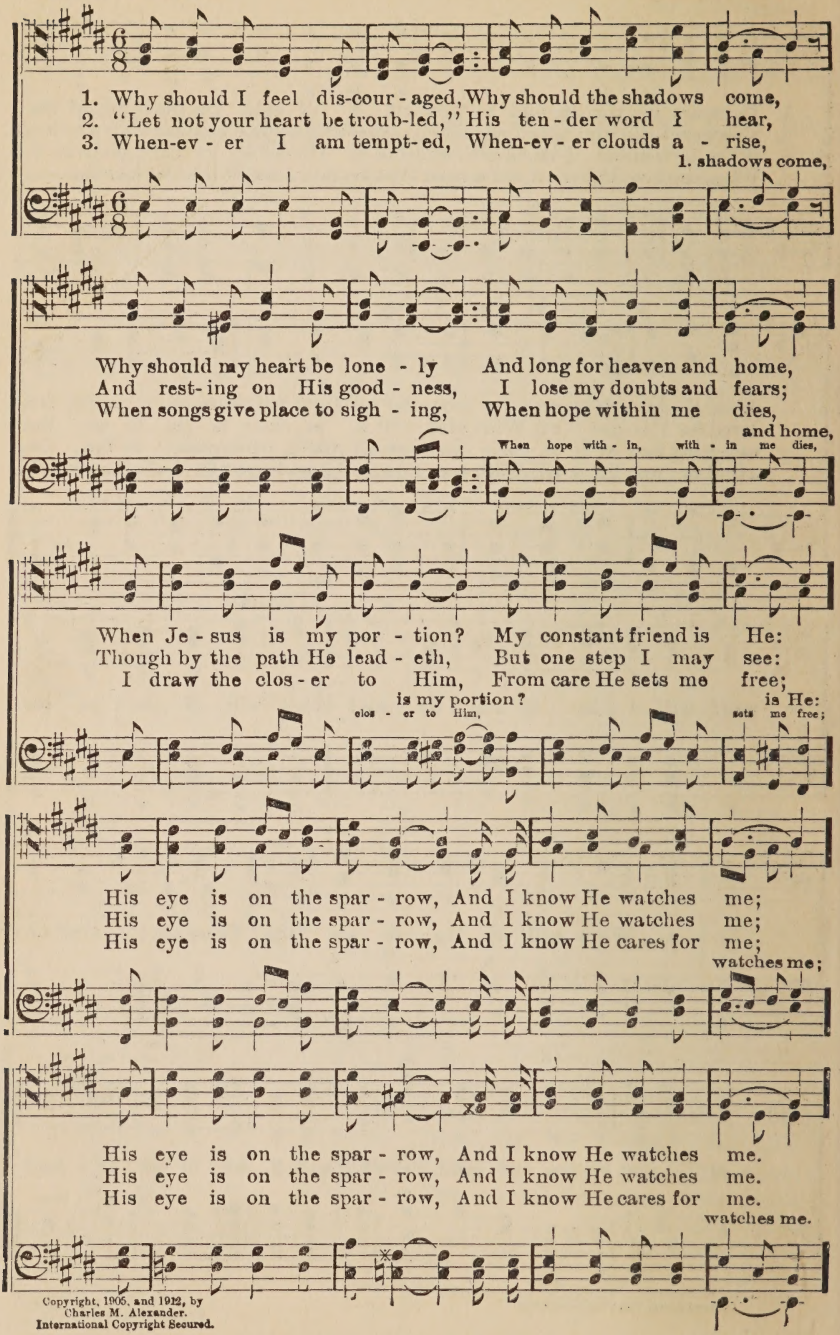
101 His Eye Is on the Sparrow.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Why should I feel dis-cour-aged, Why should the shadows come,
2. "Let not your heart be troub-led," His ten-der word I hear,
3. When-ev-er I am tempt-ed, When-ev-er clouds a-rise,
1. shadows come,
Why should my heart be lone-ly And long for heaven and home,
And rest-ing on His good-ness, I lose my doubts and fears;
When songs give place to sigh-ing, When hope within me dies,
and home,
When hope with-in, with-in me dies,
When Je-sus is my por-tion? My constant friend is He:
Though by the path He lead-eth, But one step I may see:
I draw the clos-er to Him, From care He sets me free;
is my portion?
clos-er to Him,
is He:
sets me free;
His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me;
His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me;
His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me;
watches me;
His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me.
His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me.
His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me.
watches me.

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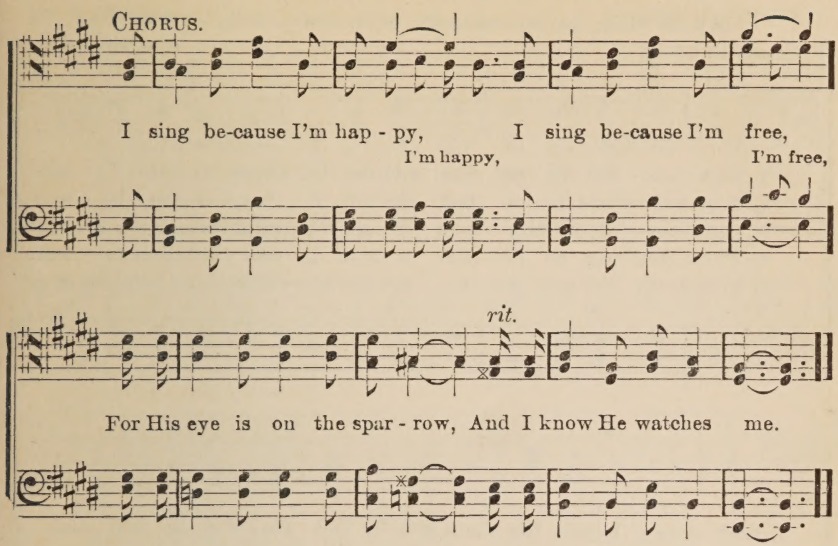
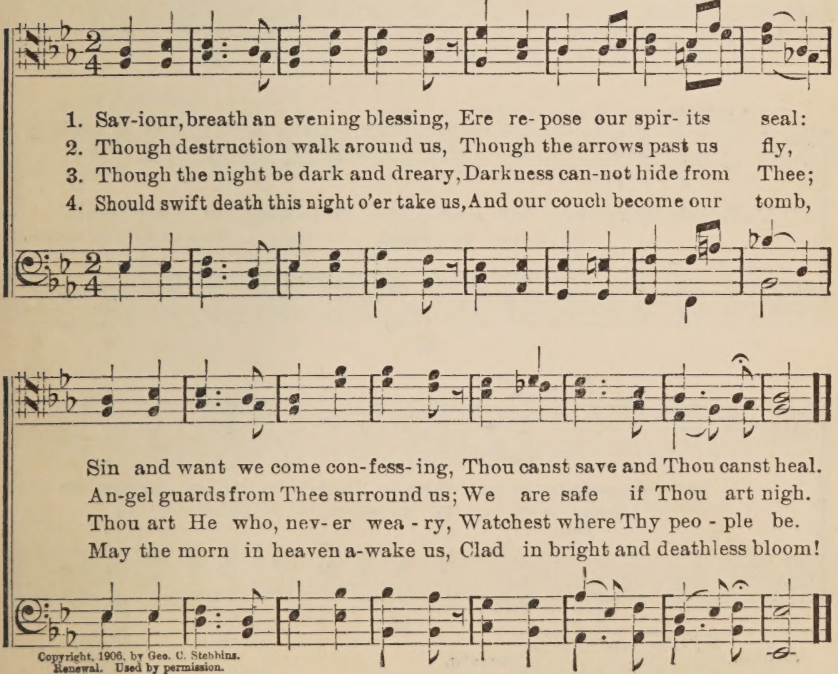
His Eye Is on the Sparrow.—Concluded.


Chorus.
I sing be-cause I'm hap - py, I sing be-cause I'm free,
I'm happy, I'm free,
rit.
For His eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watches me.

102 Evening Prayer.

James Edmenson. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Sav-iour, breath an evening blessing, Ere re-pose our spir- its seal:
2. Though destruction walk around us, Though the arrows past us fly,
3. Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can-not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er take us, And our couch become our tomb,
Sin and want we come con-fess- ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An-gel guards from Thee surround us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev- er wea - ry, Watchest where Thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heaven a-wake us, Clad in bright and deathless bloom!

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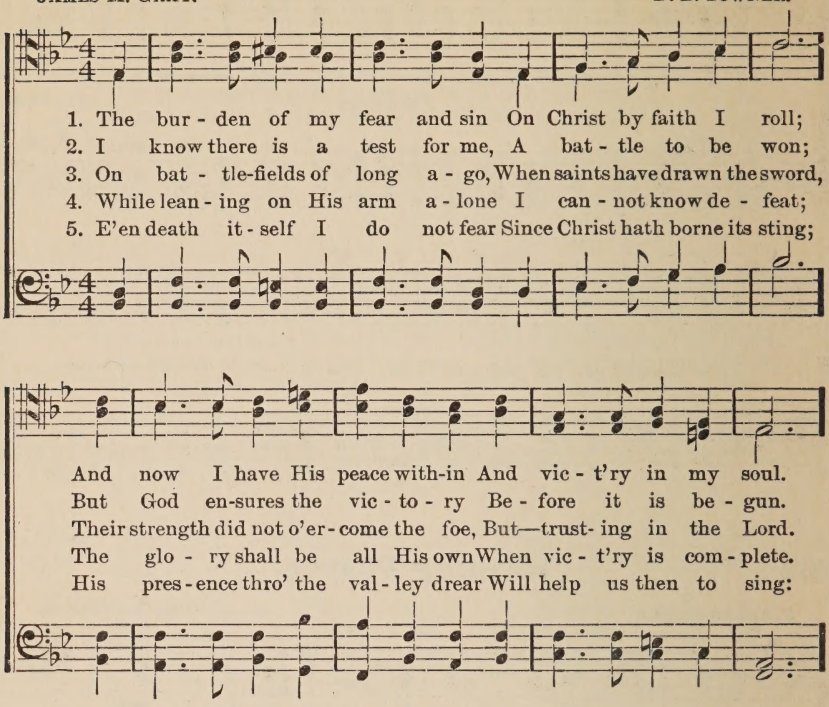
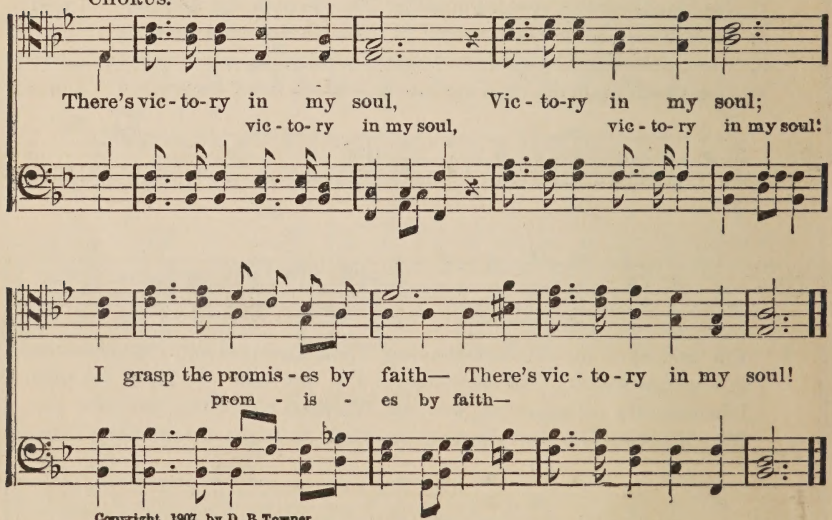
No. 103. Victory in My Soul.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN v: 4.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.


1. The bur - den of my fear and sin On Christ by faith I roll;
2. I know there is a test for me, A bat - tle to be won;
3. On bat - tle-fields of long a - go, When saints have drawn the sword,
4. While lean - ing on His arm a - lone I can - not know de - feat;
5. E'en death it - self I do not fear Since Christ hath borne its sting;
And now I have His peace with-in And vic - t'ry in my soul.
But God en-sures the vic - to - ry Be - fore it is be - gun.
Their strength did not o'er - come the foe, But—trust - ing in the Lord.
The glo - ry shall be all His own When vic - t'ry is com - plete.
His pres - ence thro' the val - ley drear Will help us then to sing:

CHORUS.


There's vic - to - ry in my soul, Vic - to - ry in my soul;
vic - to - ry in my soul, vic - to - ry in my soul!
I grasp the promis - es by faith— There's vic - to - ry in my soul!
prom - is - es by faith—

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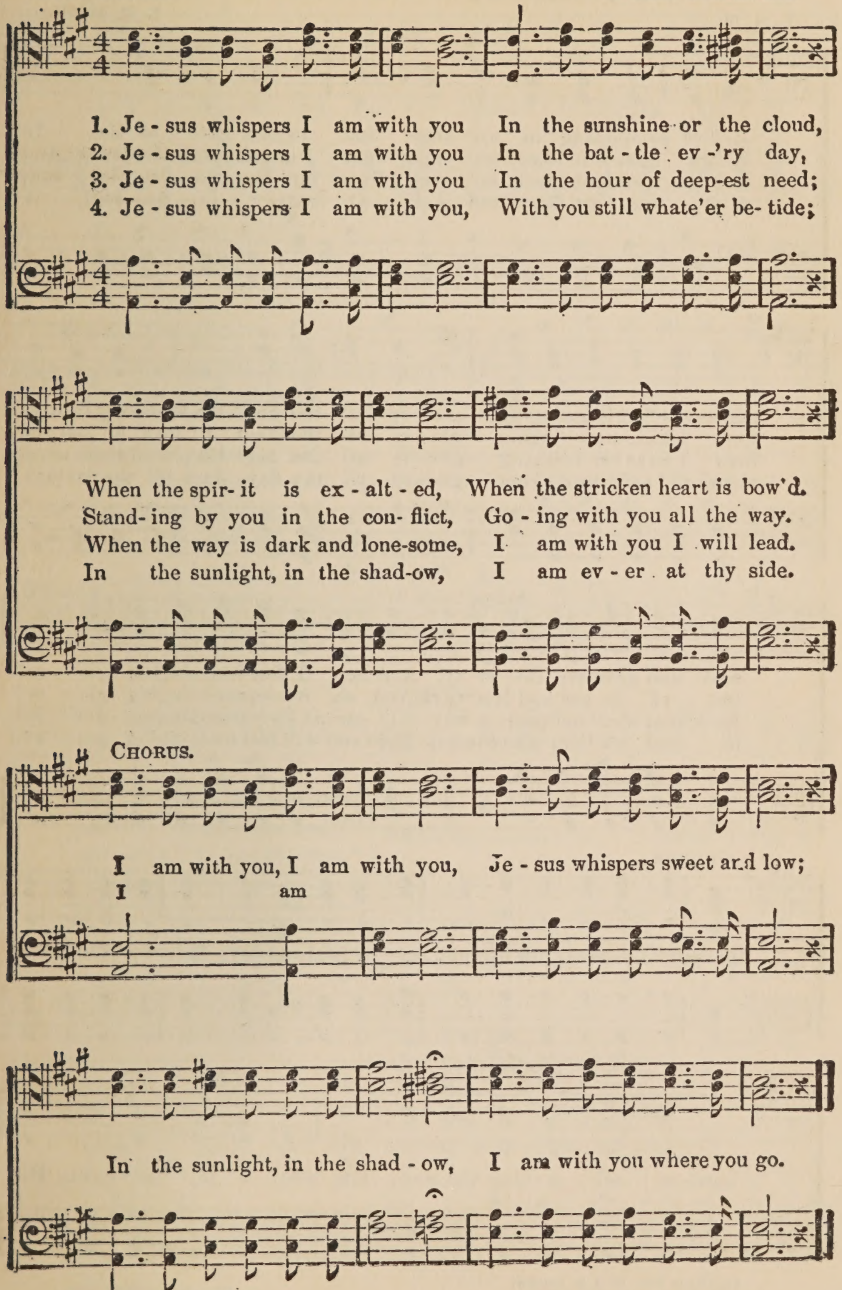
No. 104. I Am With You.

F. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Je - sus whispers I am with you In the sunshine or the cloud,
2. Je - sus whispers I am with you In the bat - tle ev - 'ry day,
3. Je - sus whispers I am with you In the hour of deep-est need;
4. Je - sus whispers I am with you, With you still whate'er be- tide;
When the spir- it is ex - alt - ed, When the stricken heart is bow'd.
Stand- ing by you in the con- flict, Go - ing with you all the way.
When the way is dark and lone-some, I am with you I will lead.
In the sunlight, in the shad-ow, I am ev - er at thy side.
CHORUS.
I am with you, I am with you, Je - sus whispers sweet and low;
I am
In the sunlight, in the shad - ow, I am with you where you go.

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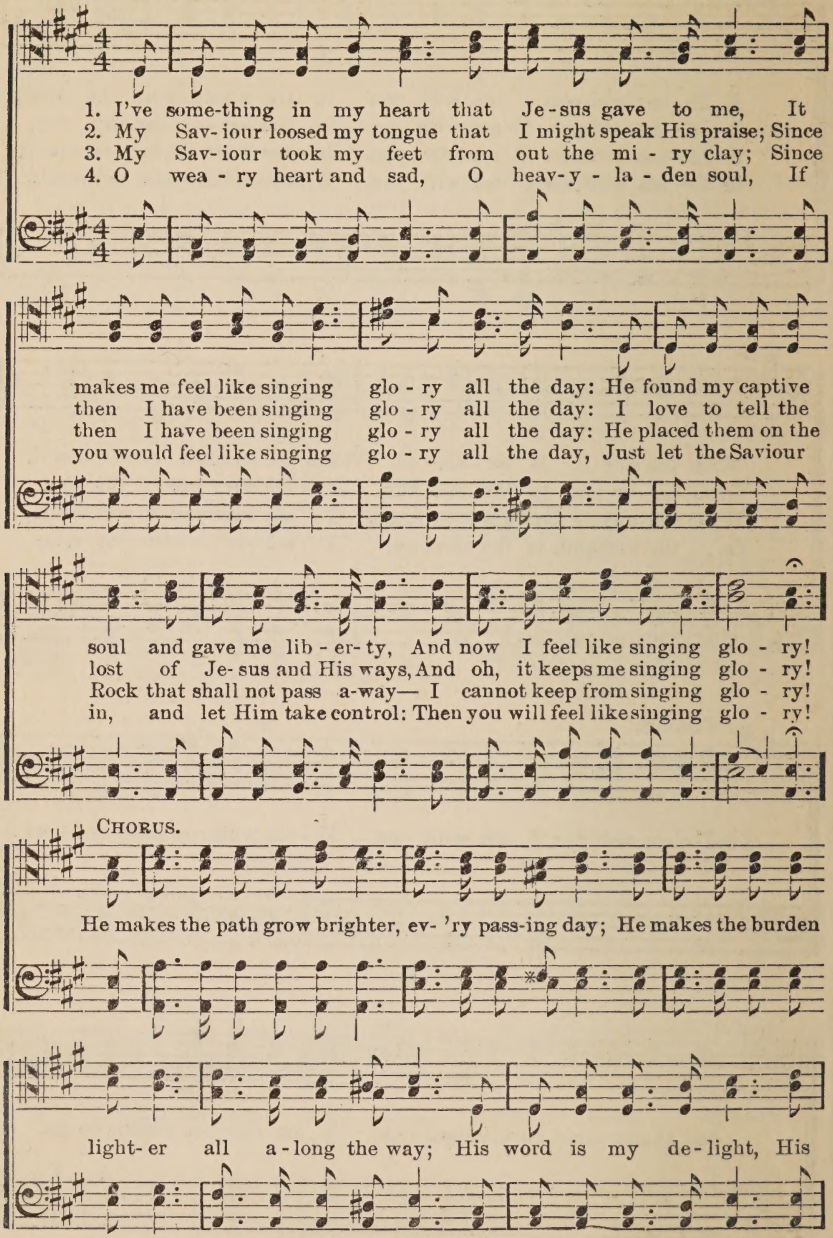
No. 105. Singing Glory!

"Singing with grace in your heart to the Lord."—Col. iii : 16.

L. R. M. L. R. Minor.

1. I've some-thing in my heart that Je-sus gave to me, It
2. My Sav-iour loosed my tongue that I might speak His praise; Since
3. My Sav-iour took my feet from out the mi-ry clay; Since
4. O wea-ry heart and sad, O heav-y-la-den soul, If
makes me feel like singing glo-ry all the day: He found my captive
then I have been singing glo-ry all the day: I love to tell the
then I have been singing glo-ry all the day: He placed them on the
you would feel like singing glo-ry all the day, Just let the Saviour
soul and gave me lib-er-ty, And now I feel like singing glo-ry!
lost of Je-sus and His ways, And oh, it keeps me singing glo-ry!
Rock that shall not pass a-way— I cannot keep from singing glo-ry!
in, and let Him take control: Then you will feel like singing glo-ry!
Chorus.
He makes the path grow brighter, ev-'ry pass-ing day; He makes the burden
light-er all a-long the way; His word is my de-light, His

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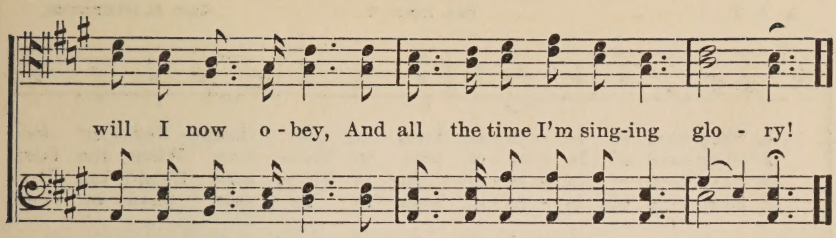
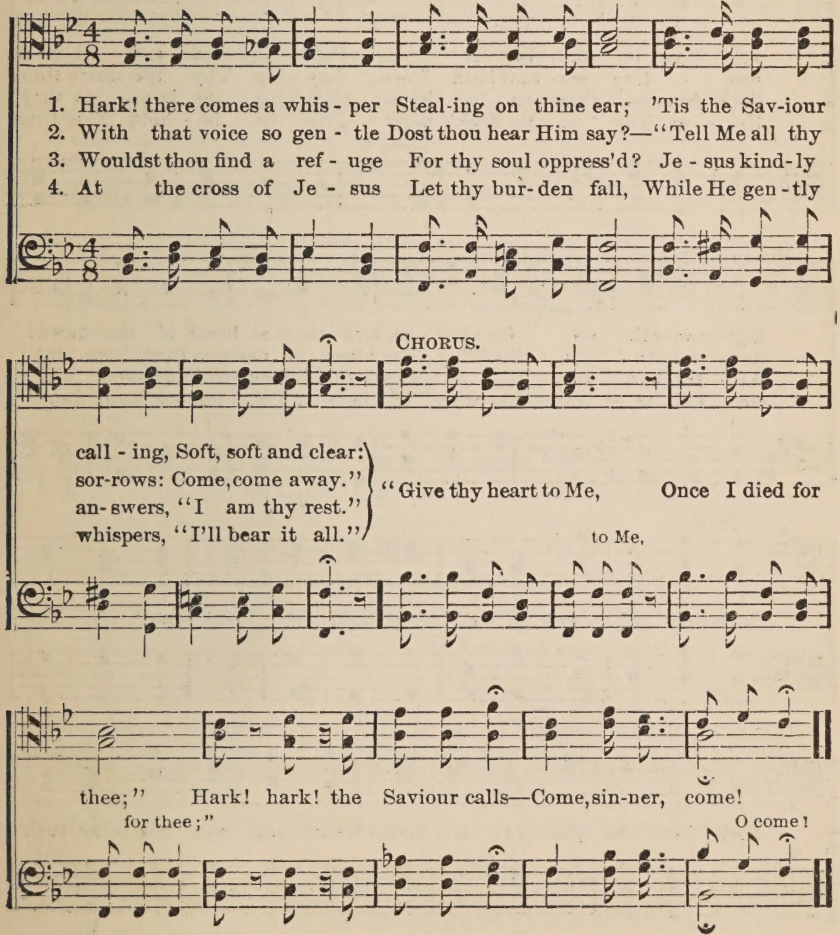


No. 106. Hark! There Comes a Whisper.

"Give me thine heart."—PROV. xxiii: 26.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Hark! there comes a whis - per Steal-ing on thine ear; 'Tis the Sav-iour
2. With that voice so gen - tle Dost thou hear Him say?—"Tell Me all thy
3. Wouldst thou find a ref - uge For thy soul oppress'd? Je - sus kind-ly
4. At the cross of Je - sus Let thy bur-den fall, While He gen-tly
CHORUS.
call - ing, Soft, soft and clear:
sor-rows: Come, come away."
an-swers, "I am thy rest."
whispers, "I'll bear it all."
"Give thy heart to Me, Once I died for
to Me,
thee;" Hark! hark! the Saviour calls—Come, sin-ner, come!
for thee;"
O come!

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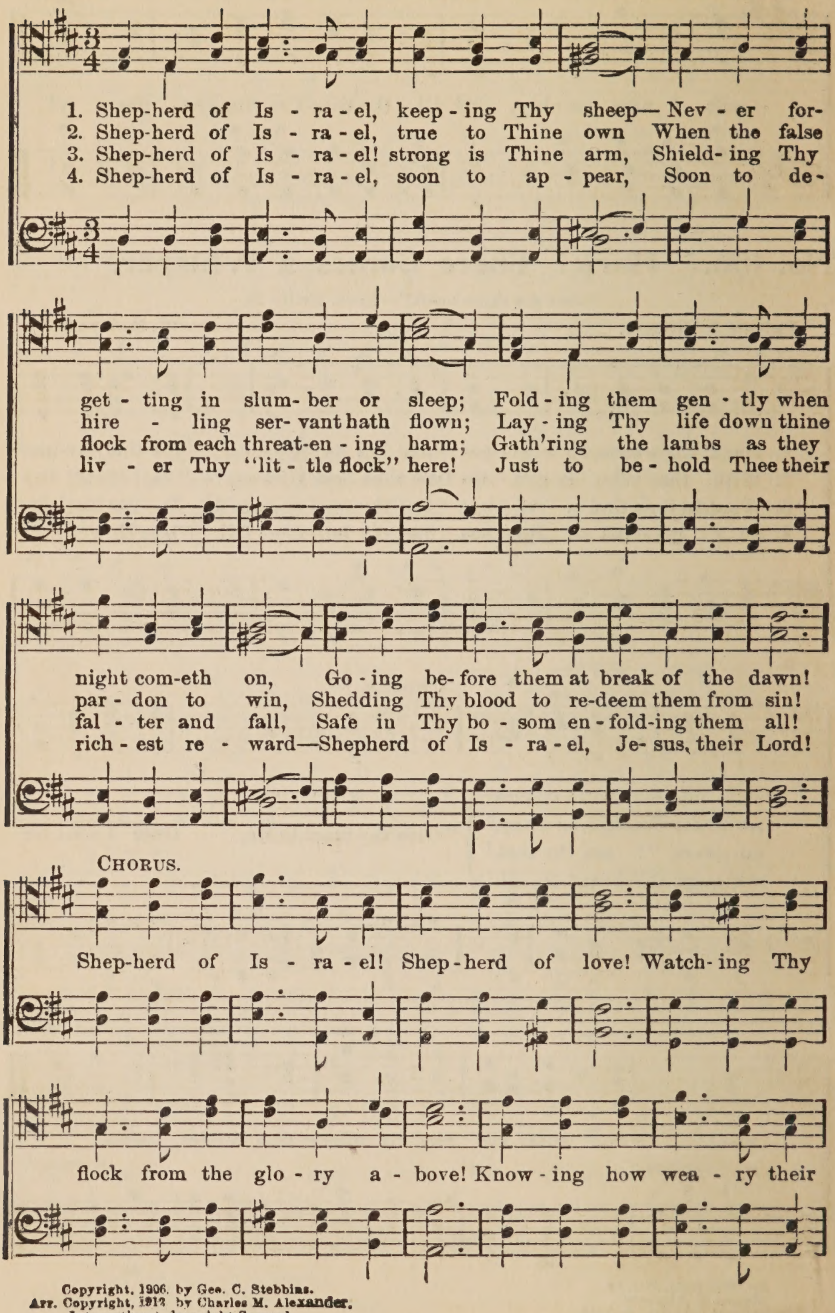
No. 107. Shepherd of Israel.

A. A. P. Psa. lxxx: 1. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, keep - ing Thy sheep— Nev - er for-
2. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, true to Thine own When the false
3. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el! strong is Thine arm, Shield - ing Thy
4. Shep-herd of Is - ra - el, soon to ap - pear, Soon to de-
get - ting in slum - ber or sleep; Fold - ing them gen - tly when
hire - ling ser - vant hath flown; Lay - ing Thy life down thine
flock from each threat-en - ing harm; Gath'ring the lambs as they
liv - er Thy "lit - tle flock" here! Just to be - hold Thee their
night com-eth on, Go - ing be - fore them at break of the dawn!
par - don to win, Shedding Thy blood to re-deem them from sin!
fal - ter and fall, Safe in Thy bo - som en - fold-ing them all!
rich - est re - ward—Shepherd of Is - ra - el, Je - sus, their Lord!
Chorus.
Shep-herd of Is - ra - el! Shep - herd of love! Watch - ing Thy
flock from the glo - ry a - bove! Know - ing how wea - ry their

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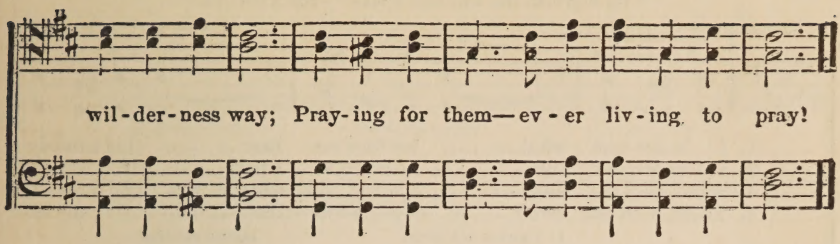
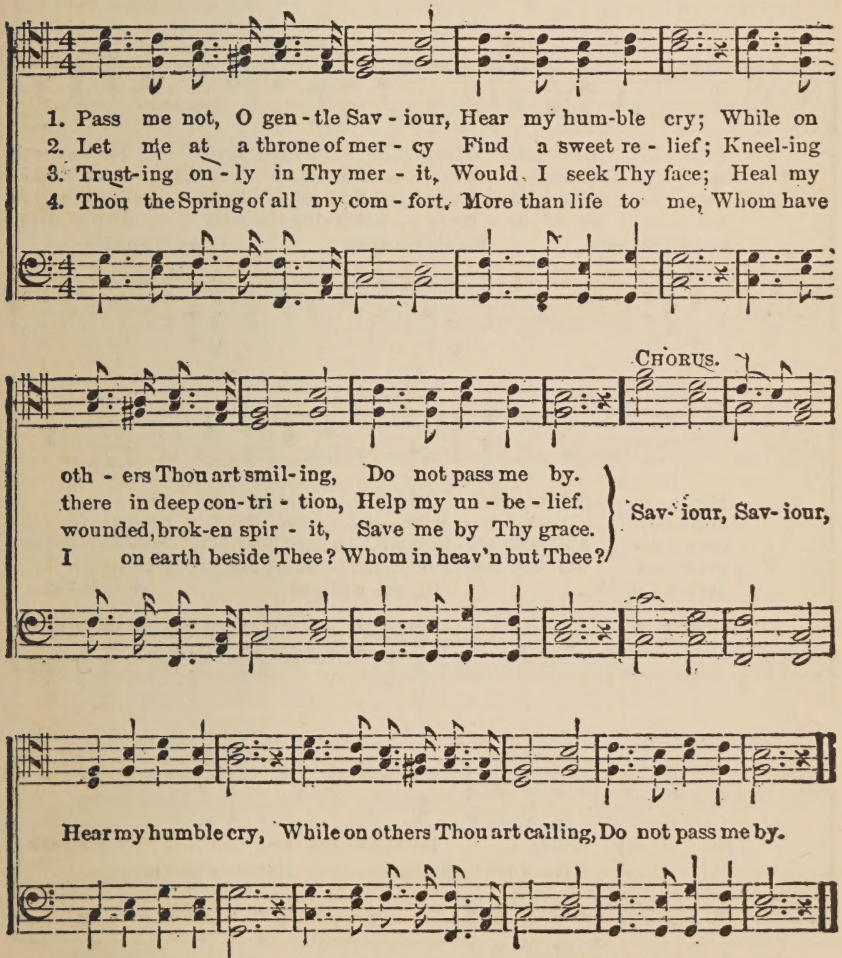


No. 108. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Dr. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have
CHORUS.
oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
wounded, brok-en spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Sav-iour, Sav-iour,
Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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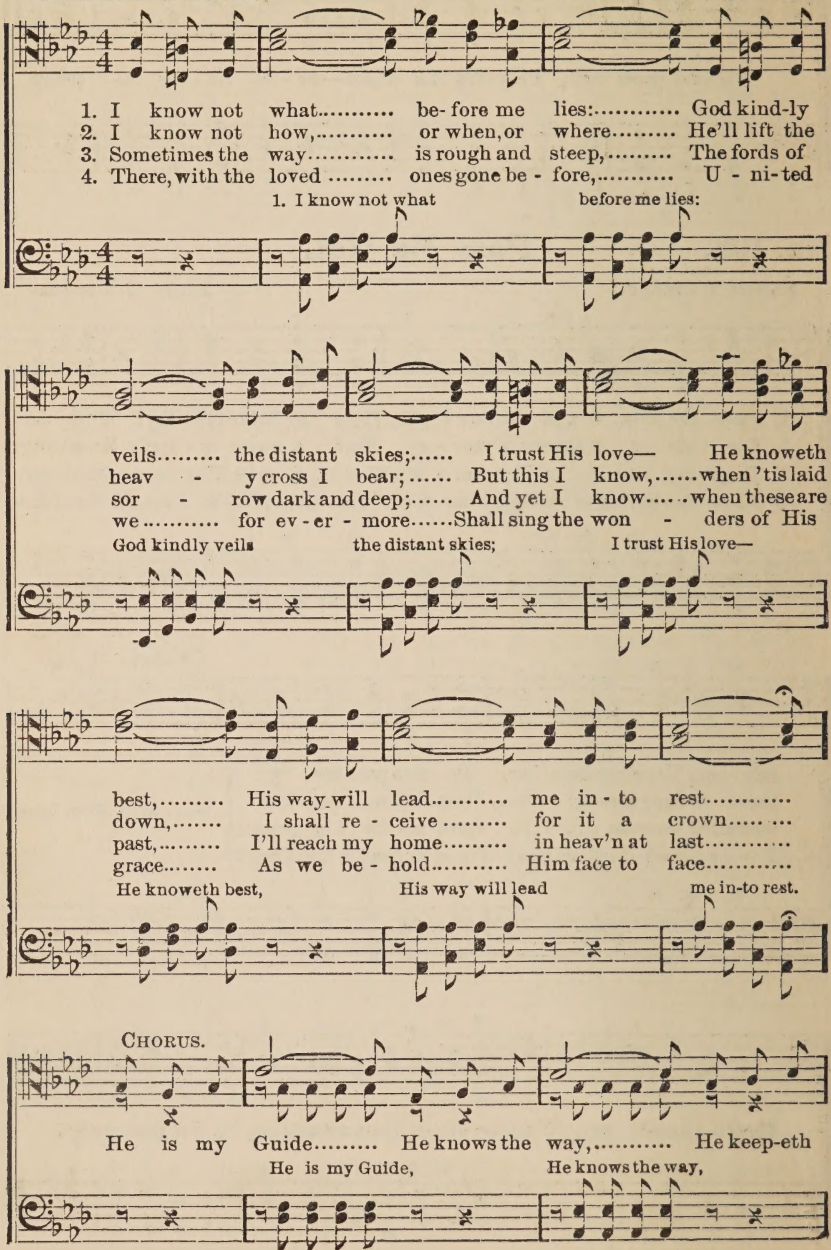
No. 109. He is My Guide.

"He knoweth the way that I take."—Job xxiii : 10.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I know not what..... be- fore me lies:..... God kind-ly
2. I know not how,..... or when, or where..... He'll lift the
3. Sometimes the way..... is rough and steep,..... The fords of
4. There, with the loved ..... ones gone be - fore,..... U - ni-ted
1. I know not what before me lies:
veils..... the distant skies;..... I trust His love— He knoweth
heav - y cross I bear;..... But this I know,.....when 'tis laid
sor - row dark and deep;..... And yet I know.....when these are
we..... for ev - er - more.....Shall sing the won - ders of His
God kindly veils the distant skies; I trust His love—
best,..... His way will lead..... me in - to rest.....
down,..... I shall re - ceive ..... for it a crown.....
past,..... I'll reach my home..... in heav'n at last.....
grace..... As we be - hold..... Him face to face.....
He knoweth best, His way will lead me in-to rest.
Chorus.
He is my Guide..... He knows the way,..... He keep-eth
He is my Guide, He knows the way,

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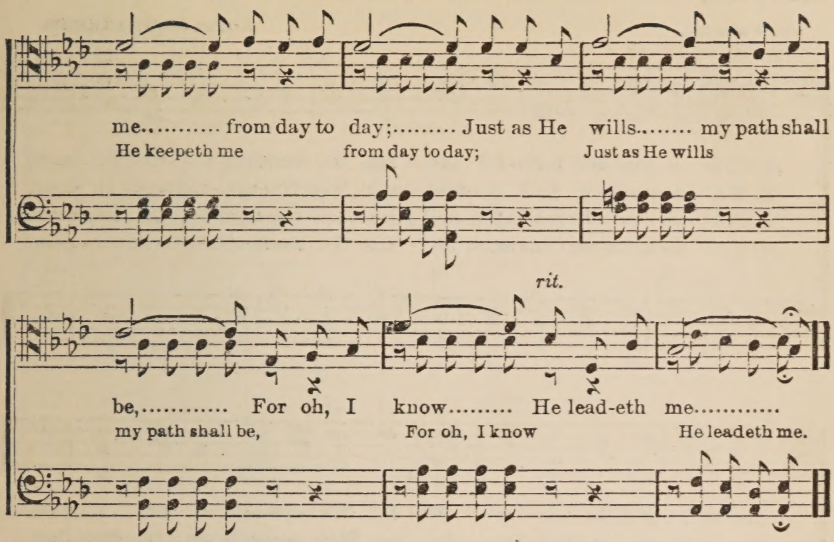
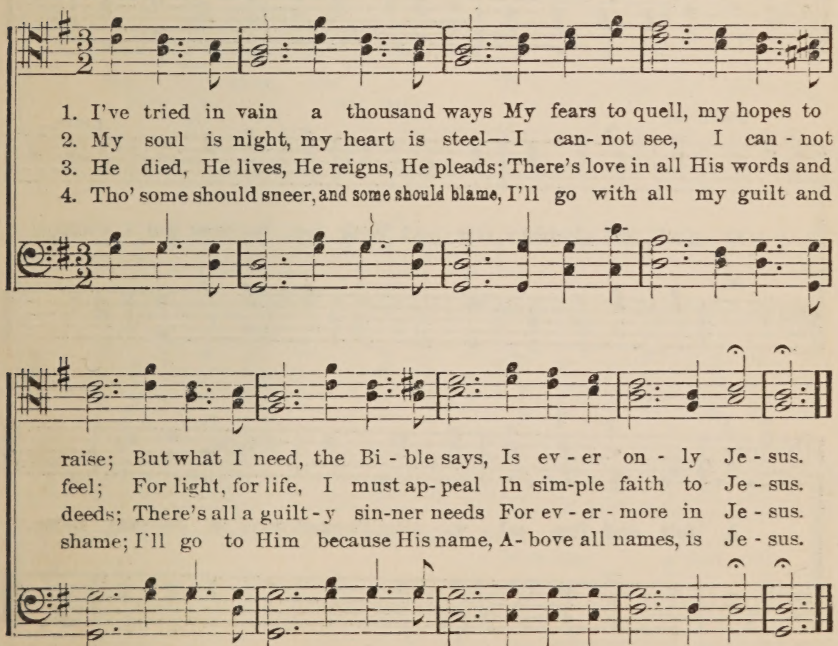

me..... from day to day;..... Just as He wills..... my path shall
He keepeth me from day to day; Just as He wills
rit.
be,..... For oh, I know..... He lead-eth me.....
my path shall be, For oh, I know He leadeth me.

No. 110. In Jesus.

JAS. PROCTER. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. I've tried in vain a thousand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel—I can- not see, I can - not
3. He died, He lives, He reigns, He pleads; There's love in all His words and
4. Tho' some should sneer, and some should blame, I'll go with all my guilt and
raise; But what I need, the Bi - ble says, Is ev - er on - ly Je - sus.
feel; For light, for life, I must ap- peal In sim-ple faith to Je - sus.
deeds; There's all a guilt - y sin-ner needs For ev - er - more in Je - sus.
shame; I'll go to Him because His name, A- bove all names, is Je - sus.

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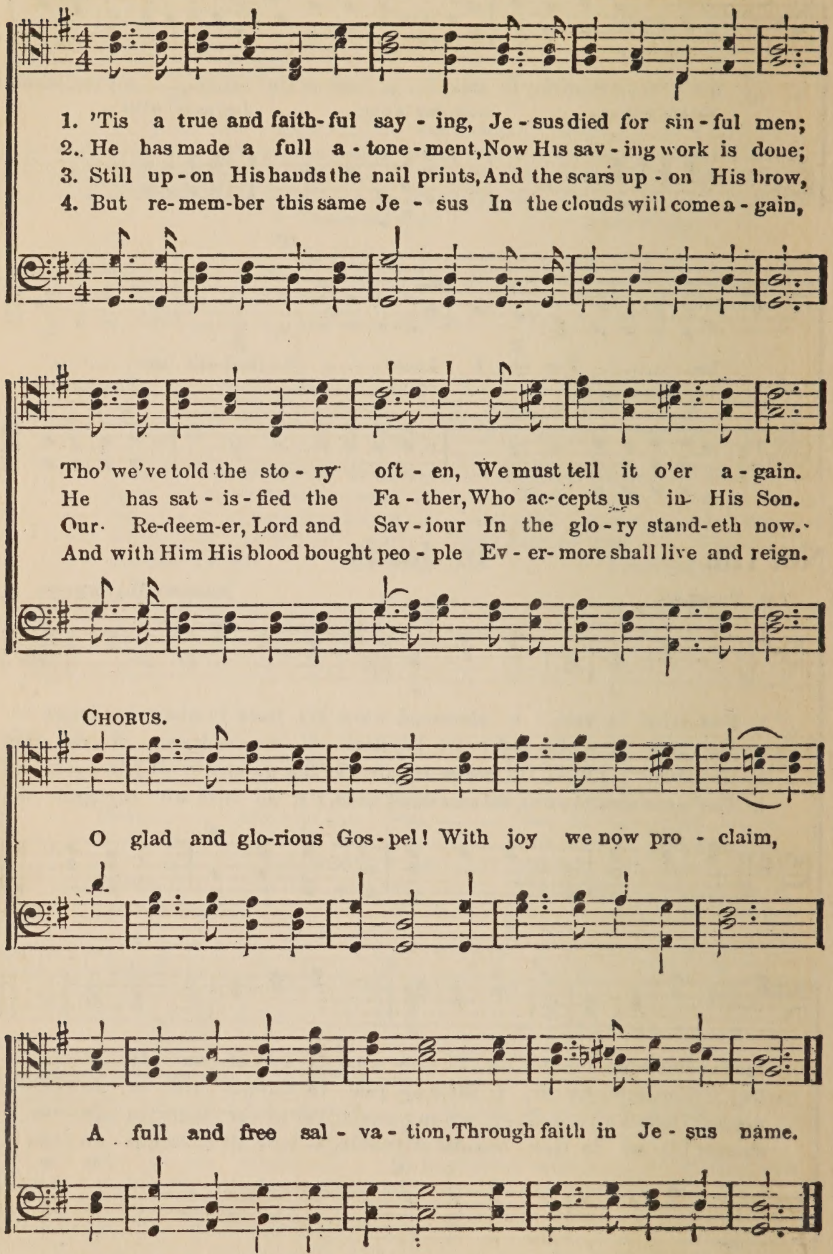
No. 111. O Glad and Glorious Gospel.

W. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. 'Tis a true and faith-ful say - ing, Je - sus died for sin - ful men;
2. He has made a full a - tone - ment, Now His sav - ing work is done;
3. Still up - on His hands the nail prints, And the scars up - on His brow,
4. But re-mem-ber this same Je - sus In the clouds will come a - gain,
Tho' we've told the sto - ry oft - en, We must tell it o'er a - gain.
He has sat - is - fied the Fa - ther, Who ac - cepts us in His Son.
Our Re-deem-er, Lord and Sav - iour In the glo - ry stand-eth now.
And with Him His blood bought peo - ple Ev - er-more shall live and reign.
CHORUS.
O glad and glo-rious Gos-pel! With joy we now pro - claim,
A full and free sal - va - tion, Through faith in Je - sus name.

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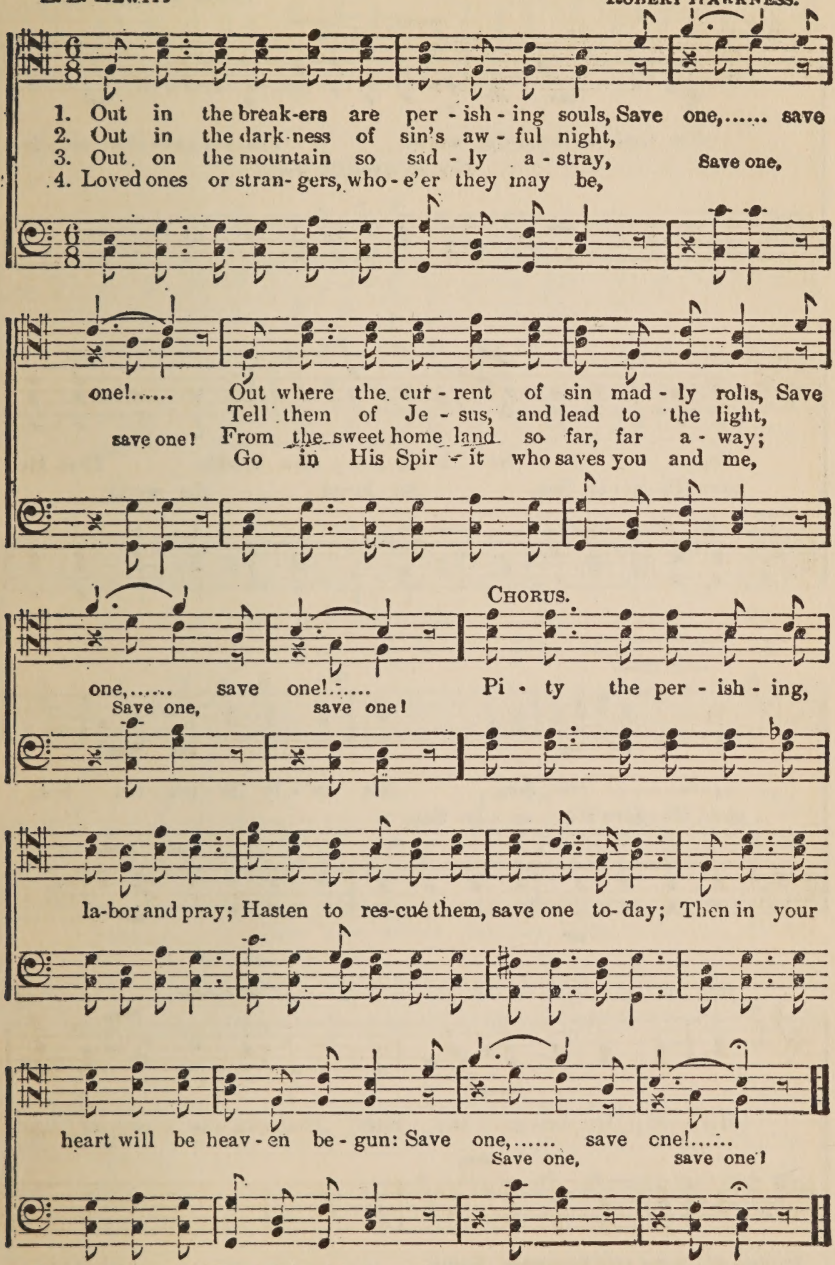
No. 112. Save One.

"We are laborers together with God."—1 Cor. iii. 9.

E. E. HEWITT — ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Out in the break-ers are per - ish - ing souls, Save one,..... save
2. Out in the dark-ness of sin's aw - ful night,
3. Out on the mountain so sad - ly a - stray, Save one,
4. Loved ones or stran-gers, who - e'er they may be,
one!..... Out where the cur - rent of sin mad - ly rolls, Save
Tell them of Je - sus, and lead to the light,
save one! From the sweet home land so far, far a - way;
Go in His Spir - it who saves you and me,
CHORUS.
one,..... save one!..... Pi - ty the per - ish - ing,
Save one, save one!
la-bor and pray; Hasten to res-cue them, save one to-day; Then in your
heart will be heav - en be - gun: Save one,..... save one!.....
Save one, save one!

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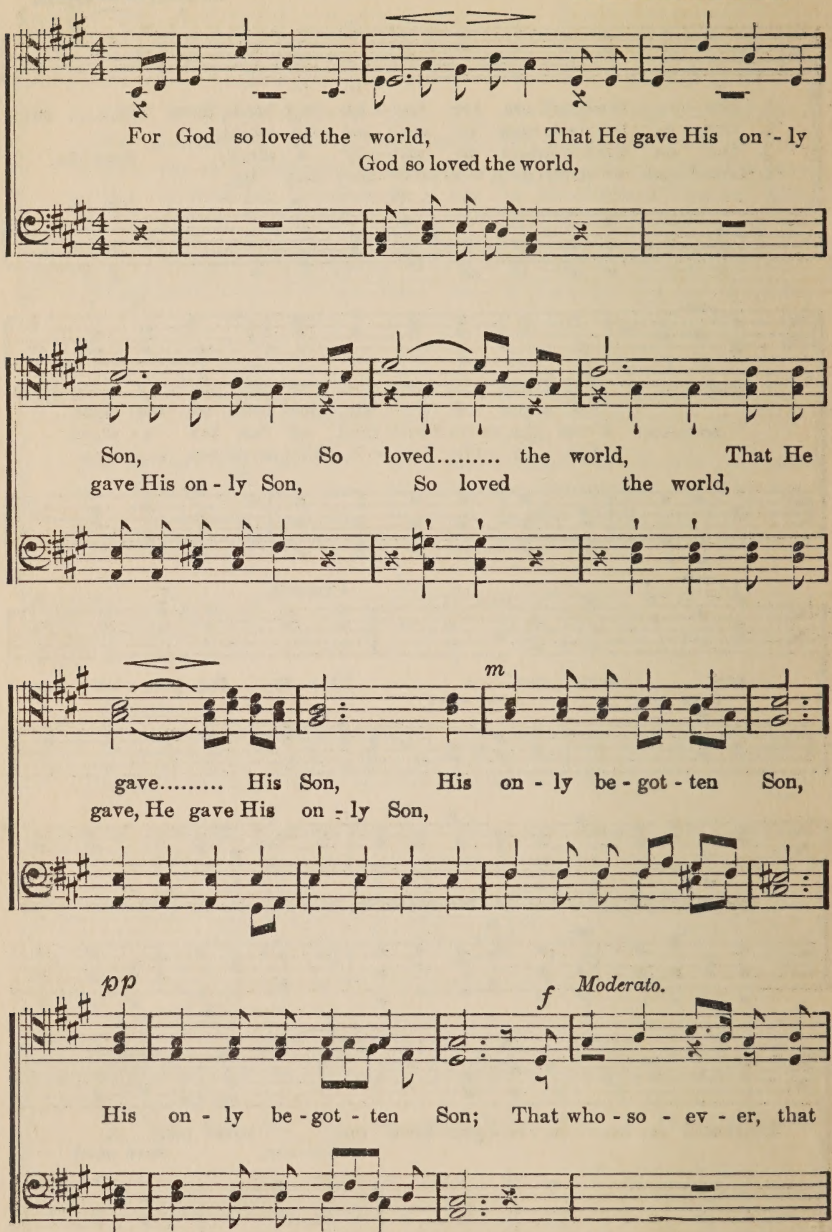
No. 113. For God So Loved the World.

JOHN iii: 16. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

For God so loved the world, That He gave His on - ly
God so loved the world,
Son, So loved..... the world, That He
gave His on - ly Son, So loved the world,
gave..... His Son, His on - ly be - got - ten Son,
gave, He gave His on - ly Son,
pp
f
Moderato.
His on - ly be - got - ten Son; That who - so - ev - er, that

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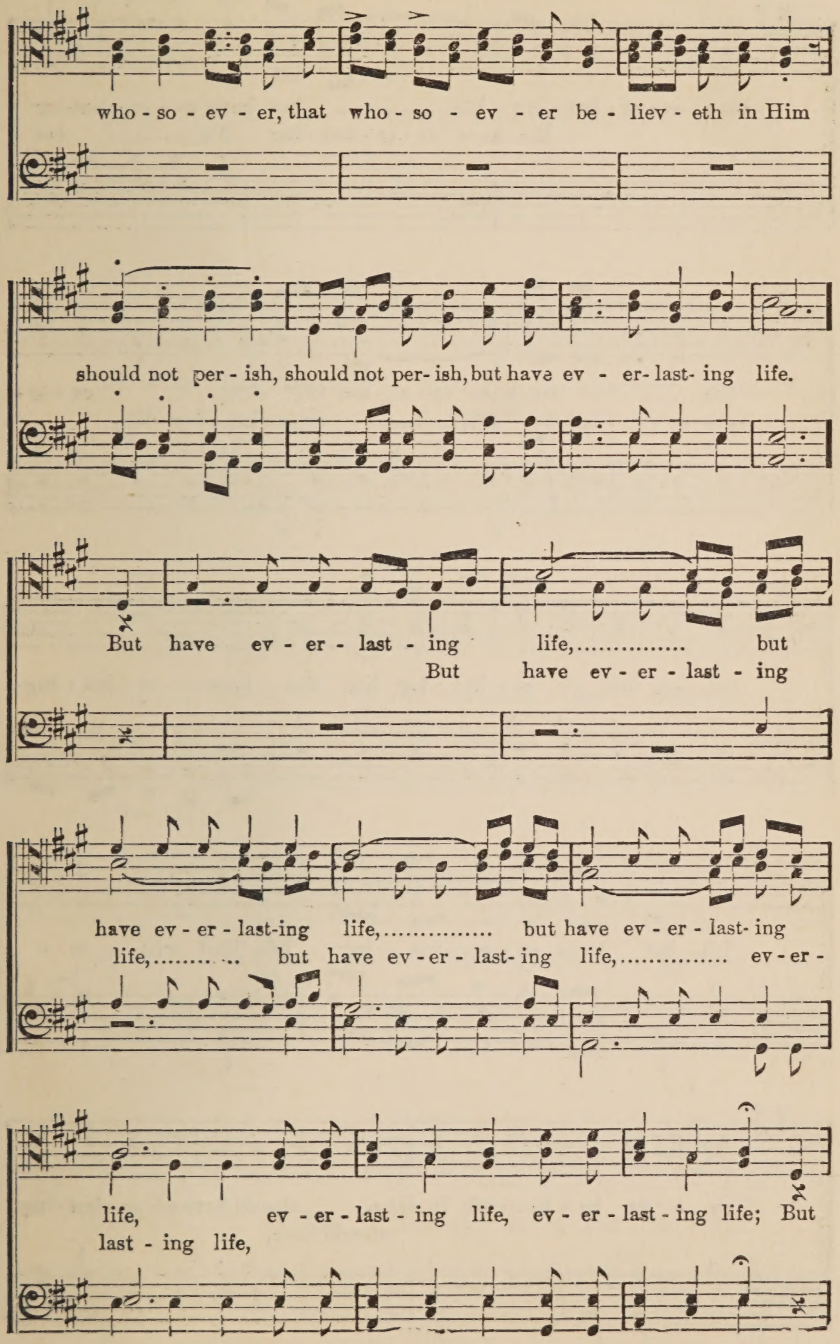
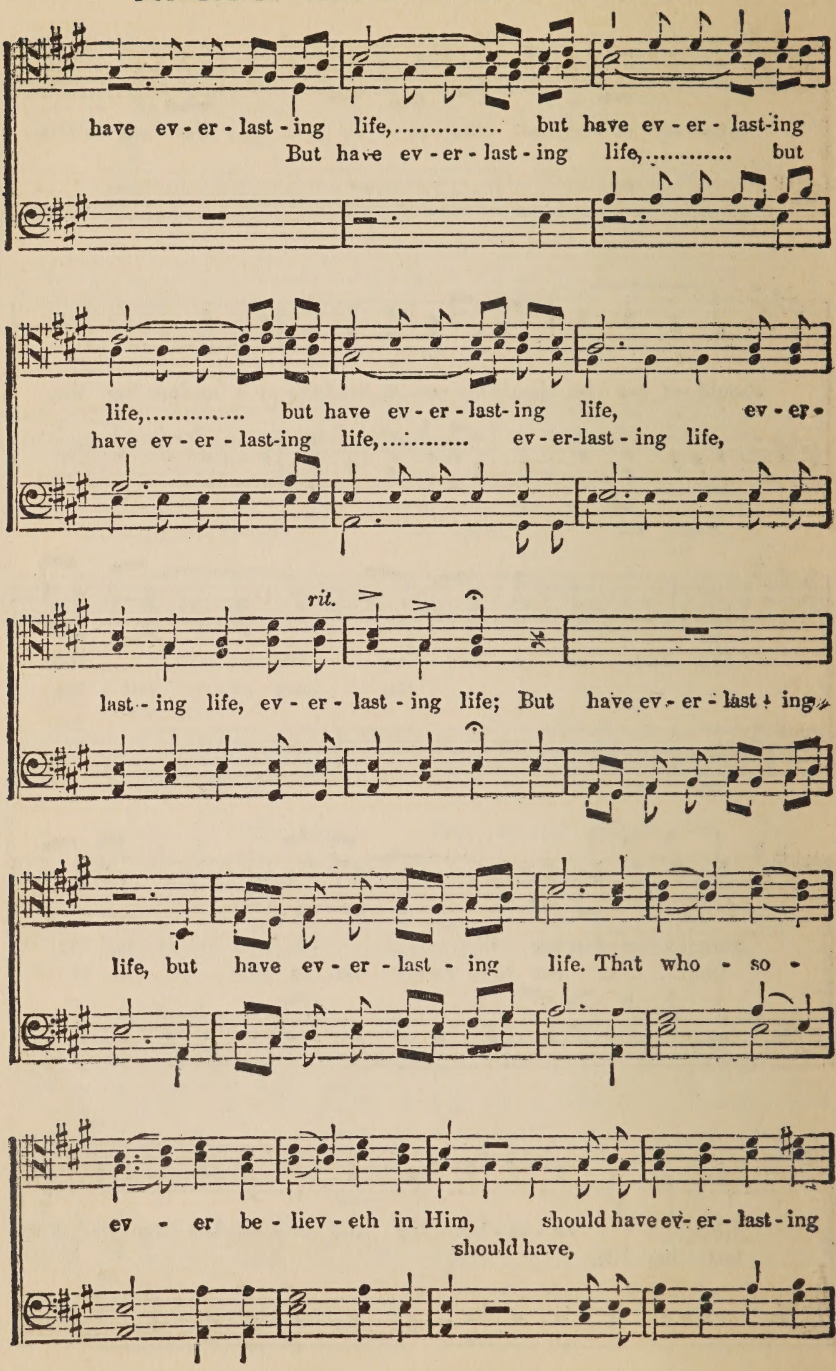
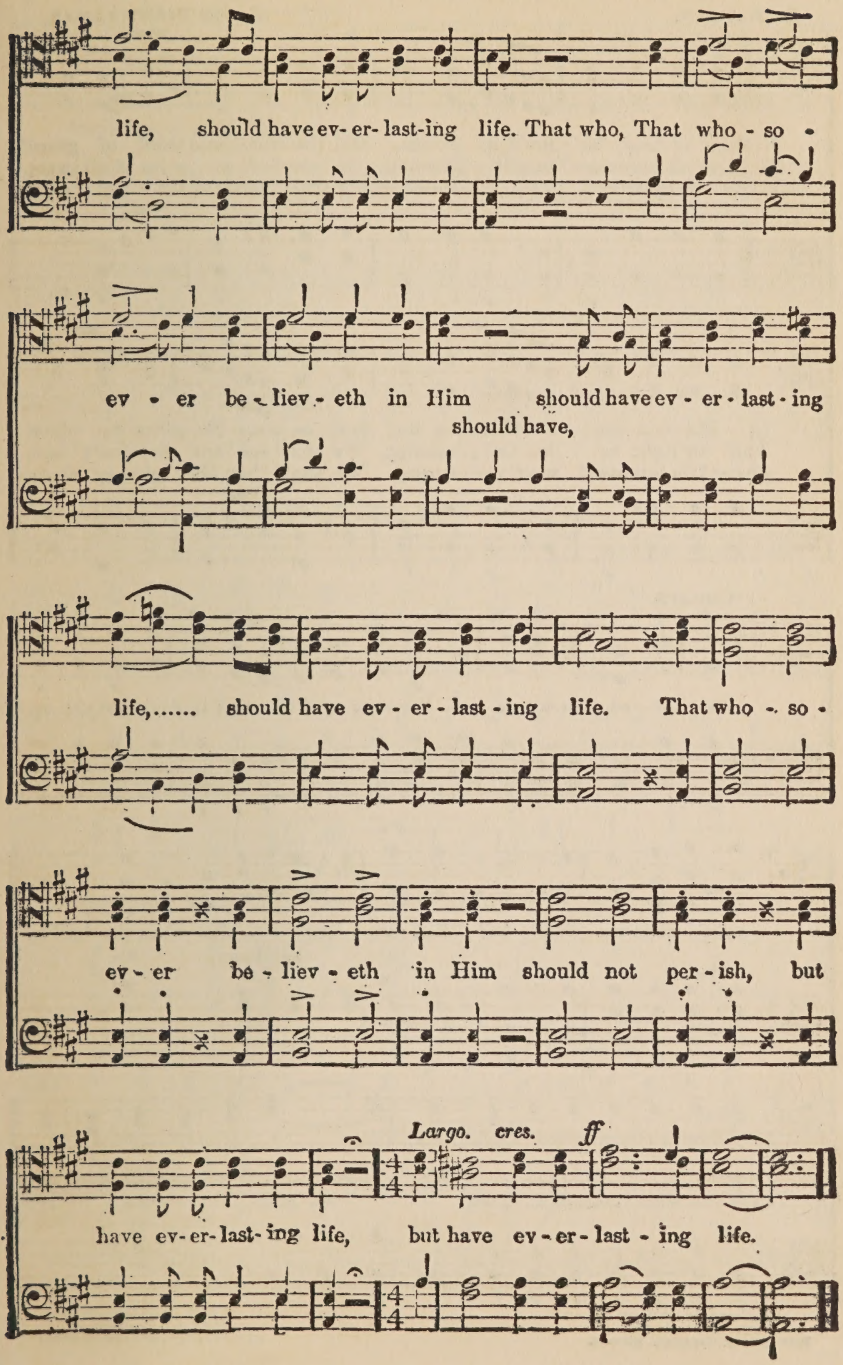
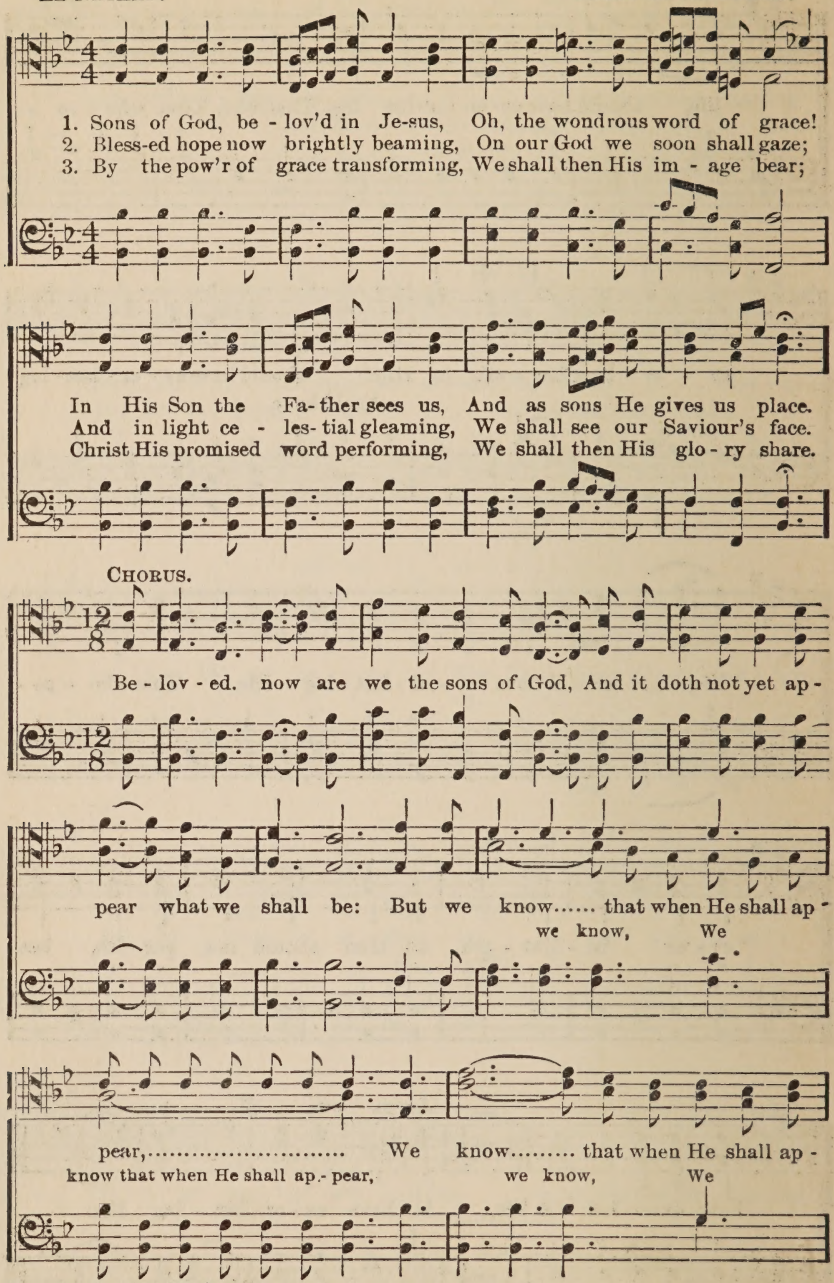
For God So Loved the World.—Continued.

who - so - ev - er, that who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him
should not per - ish, should not per- ish, but have ev - er- last- ing life.
But have ev - er - last - ing life,..... but
But have ev - er - last - ing
have ev - er - last-ing life,..... but have ev - er - last- ing
life,..... but have ev - er - last- ing life,..... ev - er -
life, ev - er - last - ing life, ev - er - last - ing life; But
last - ing life,

For God So Loved the World.—Continued.

have ev - er - last - ing life,..... but have ev - er - last-ing
But have ev - er - last - ing life,..... but
life,..... but have ev - er - last- ing life, ev - er -
have ev - er - last-ing life,..... ev - er-last - ing life,
rit.
last - ing life, ev - er - last - ing life; But have ev - er - last - ing
life, but have ev - er - last - ing life. That who - so -
ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, should have ev- er - last - ing
should have,


life, should have ev- er- last-ing life. That who, That who - so -
ev - er be - liev - eth in Him should have ev - er - last - ing
should have,
life,..... should have ev - er - last - ing life. That who - so -
ev - er be - liev - eth in Him should not per - ish, but
Largo. cres. ff
have ev-er-last- ing life, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

No. 114. Beloved Now are we the Sons of God.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Sons of God, be - lov'd in Je-sus, Oh, the wondrous word of grace!
2. Bless-ed hope now brightly beaming, On our God we soon shall gaze;
3. By the pow'r of grace transforming, We shall then His im - age bear;
In His Son the Fa-ther sees us, And as sons He gives us place.
And in light ce - les-tial gleaming, We shall see our Saviour's face.
Christ His promised word performing, We shall then His glo - ry share.
CHORUS.
Be - lov - ed. now are we the sons of God, And it doth not yet ap -
pear what we shall be: But we know..... that when He shall ap -
we know, We
pear,..... We know..... that when He shall ap -
know that when He shall ap - pear, we know, We

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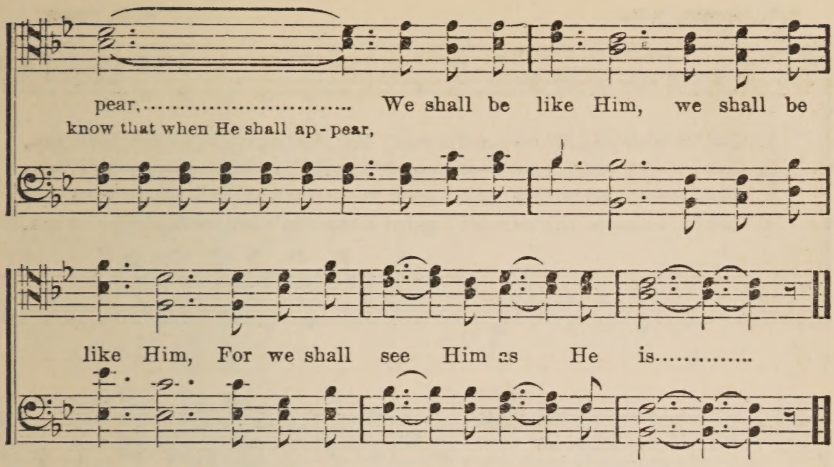
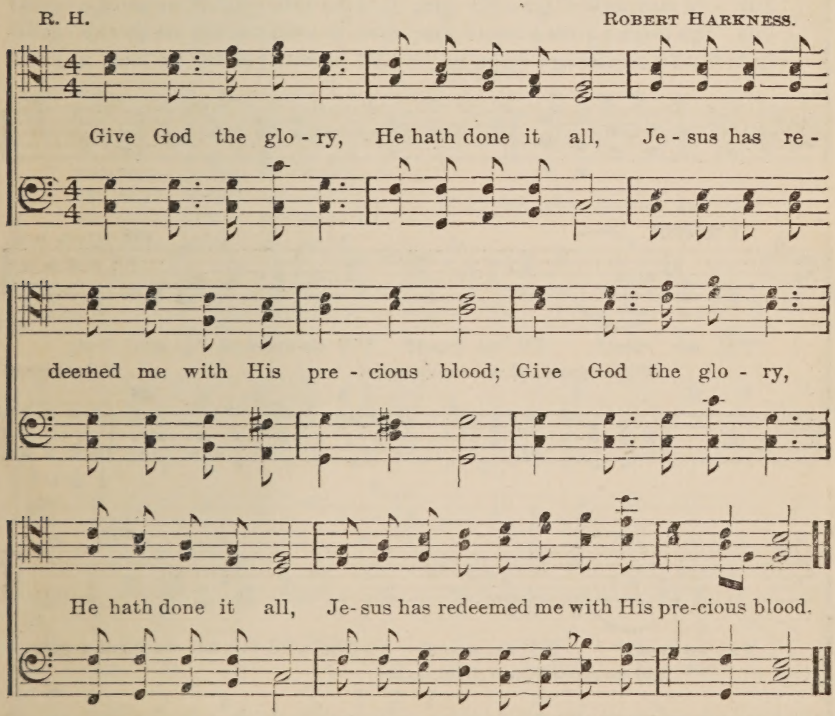


No. 115. Give God the Glory.


R. H.
ROBERT HARKNESS.
Give God the glo - ry, He hath done it all, Je - sus has re -
deemed me with His pre - cious blood; Give God the glo - ry,
He hath done it all, Je-sus has redeemed me with His pre-cious blood.

NOTE:—This is effective if sung three times in succession, each rendering softer than the previous one.

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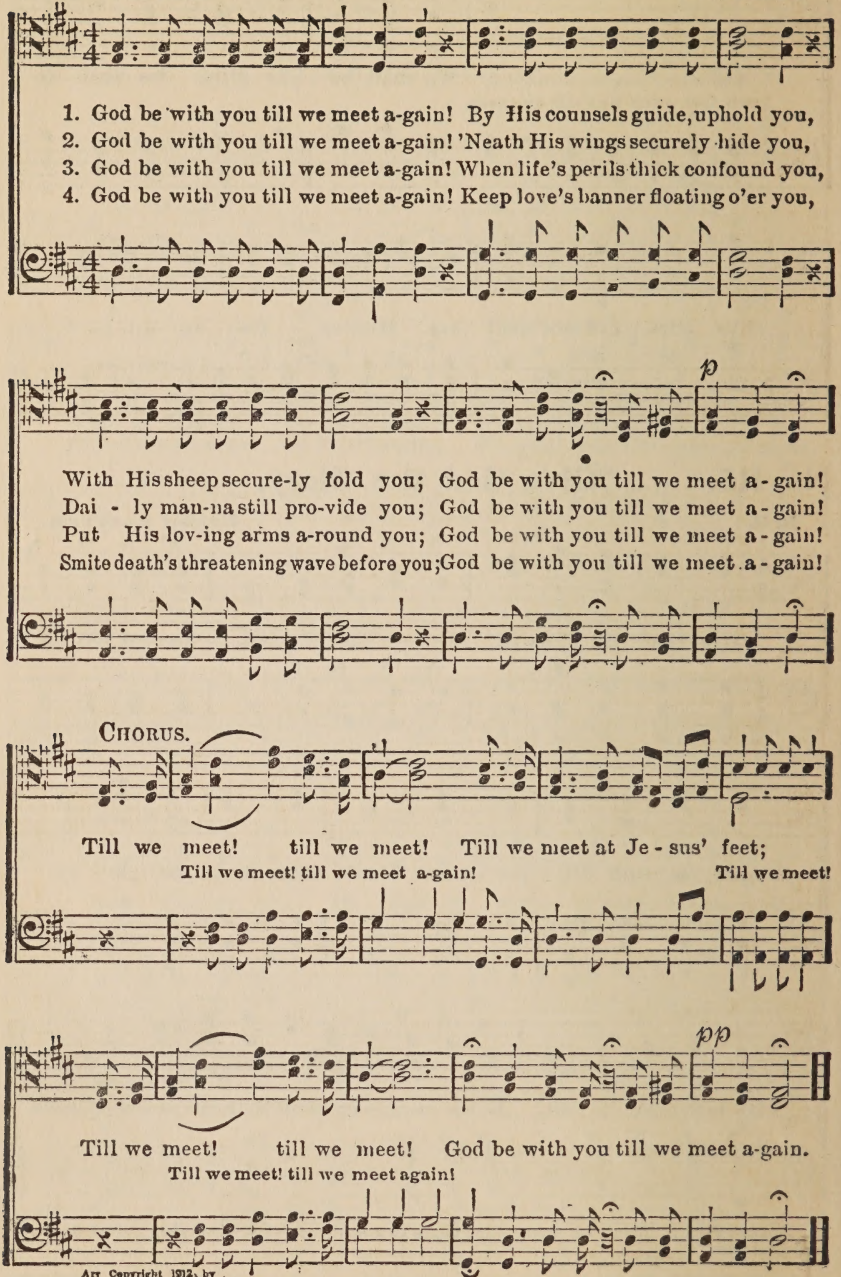
God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER.


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain! By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain! 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain! When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain! Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
p
With His sheep secure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Put His lov-ing arms a-round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Smite death's threatening wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
CHORUS.
Till we meet! till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet! till we meet a-gain! Till we meet!
pp
Till we meet! till we meet! God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet! till we meet again!

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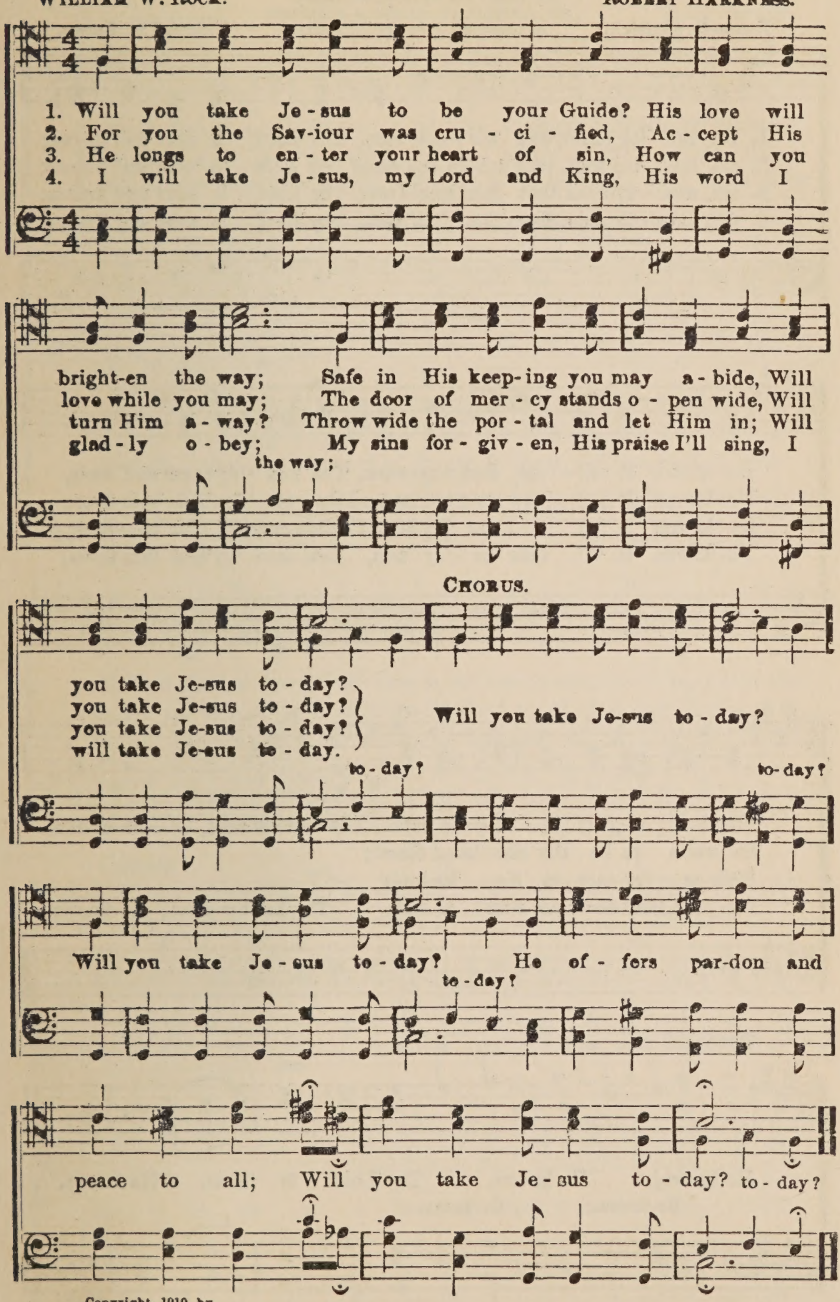
Will You Take Jesus To-day? No. 117.

WILLIAM W. ROCK. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. Will you take Je-sus to be your Guide? His love will
2. For you the Sav-iour was cru-ci-fied, Ac-cept His
3. He longs to en-ter your heart of sin, How can you
4. I will take Je-sus, my Lord and King, His word I
bright-en the way; Safe in His keep-ing you may a-bide, Will
love while you may; The door of mer-cy stands o-pen wide, Will
turn Him a-way? Throw wide the por-tal and let Him in; Will
glad-ly o-bey; My sins for-giv-en, His praise I'll sing, I
the way;
CHORUS.
you take Je-sus to-day?
you take Je-sus to-day?
you take Je-sus to-day?
will take Je-sus to-day.
Will you take Je-sus to-day?
to-day?
to-day?
Will you take Je-sus to-day? He of-fers par-don and
to-day?
peace to all; Will you take Je-sus to-day? to-day?

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No, 118.

He Knows.

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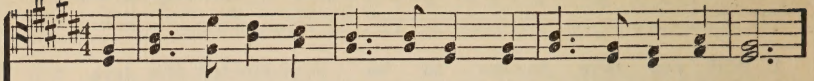
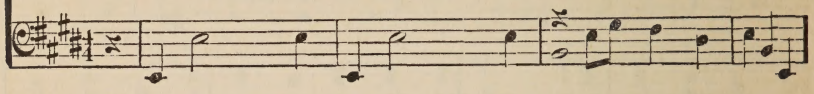
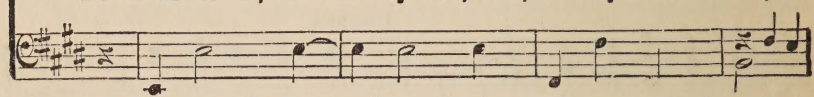
Emma G. Dietrick. Edward M. Fuller.



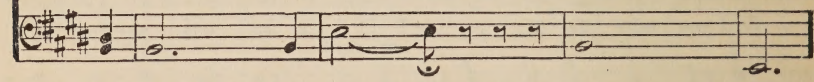
1. Oh, ach - ing heart, with sor - row torn, Thy Lord is near and knows;
2. Oh, faint - ing soul, with doubts oppressed, Thy Lord is near and knows;
3. Oh, wea - ry head, that fain would rest, Thy Lord is near and knows;
4. Oh, lone - ly one, live thou thy best, Thy Lord is near and knows;



He knows it all— the feet way-worn, The wea - ry cares and woes,
He knows it all— how thou art pressed On ev - 'ry side with foes;
He knows it all, and on his breast Thou mayst now re - pose;
He knows it all, sees ev - 'ry test, Yes, ev - 'ry tear that flows;



The load of grief in an-guish borne, Thy Lord is near, he knows.
He waits to be thy cher-ished Guest;
Drop ev - 'ry care at his be-hest;
Re - joice, faint heart, his way is best; Thy Lord is near, he knows.



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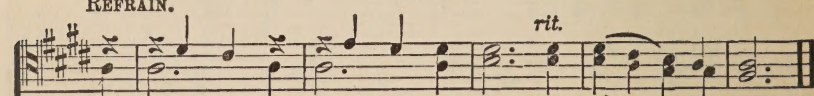
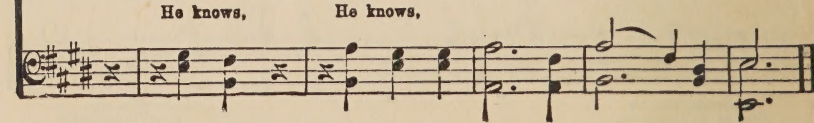

He knows, He knows, Thy Lord is near, He knows.

He knows, He knows,



No. 119. Holy Spirit, Power Divine.

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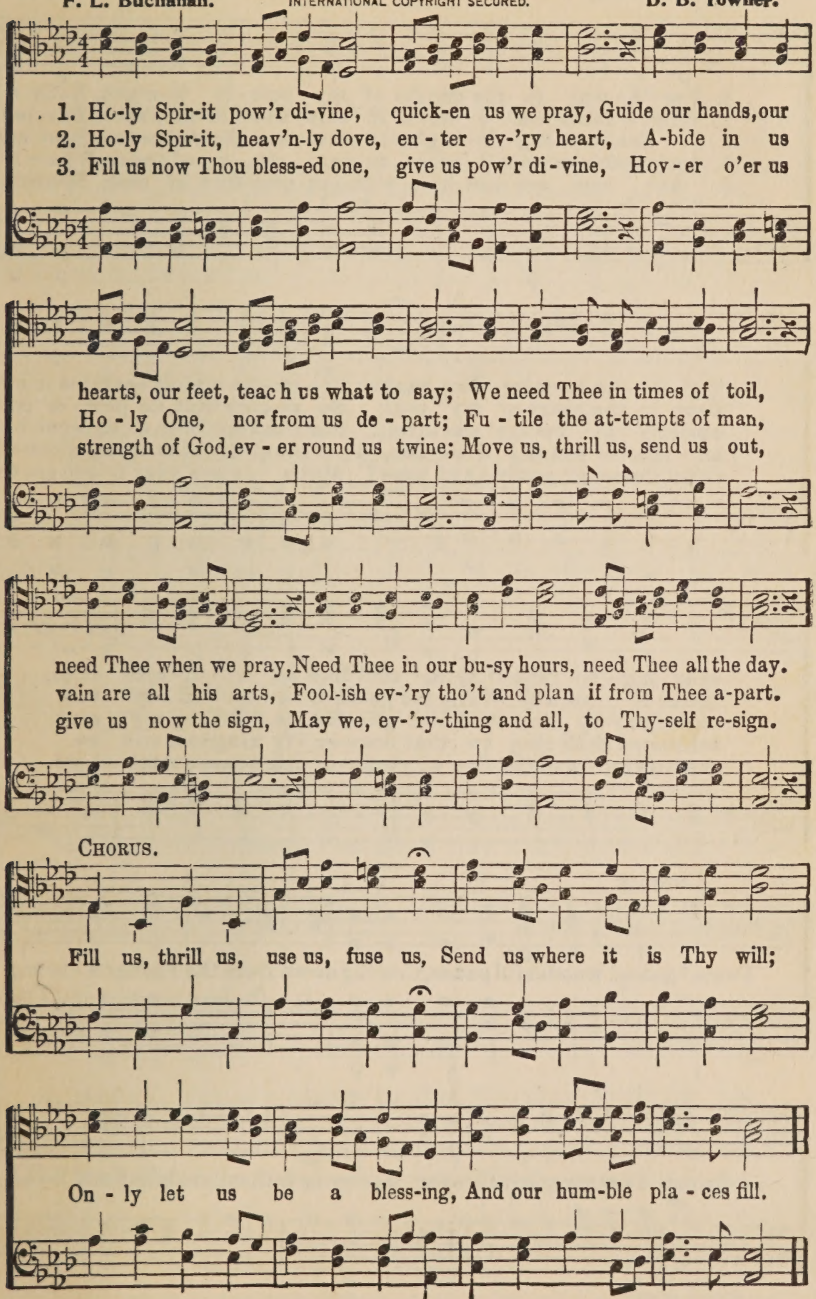
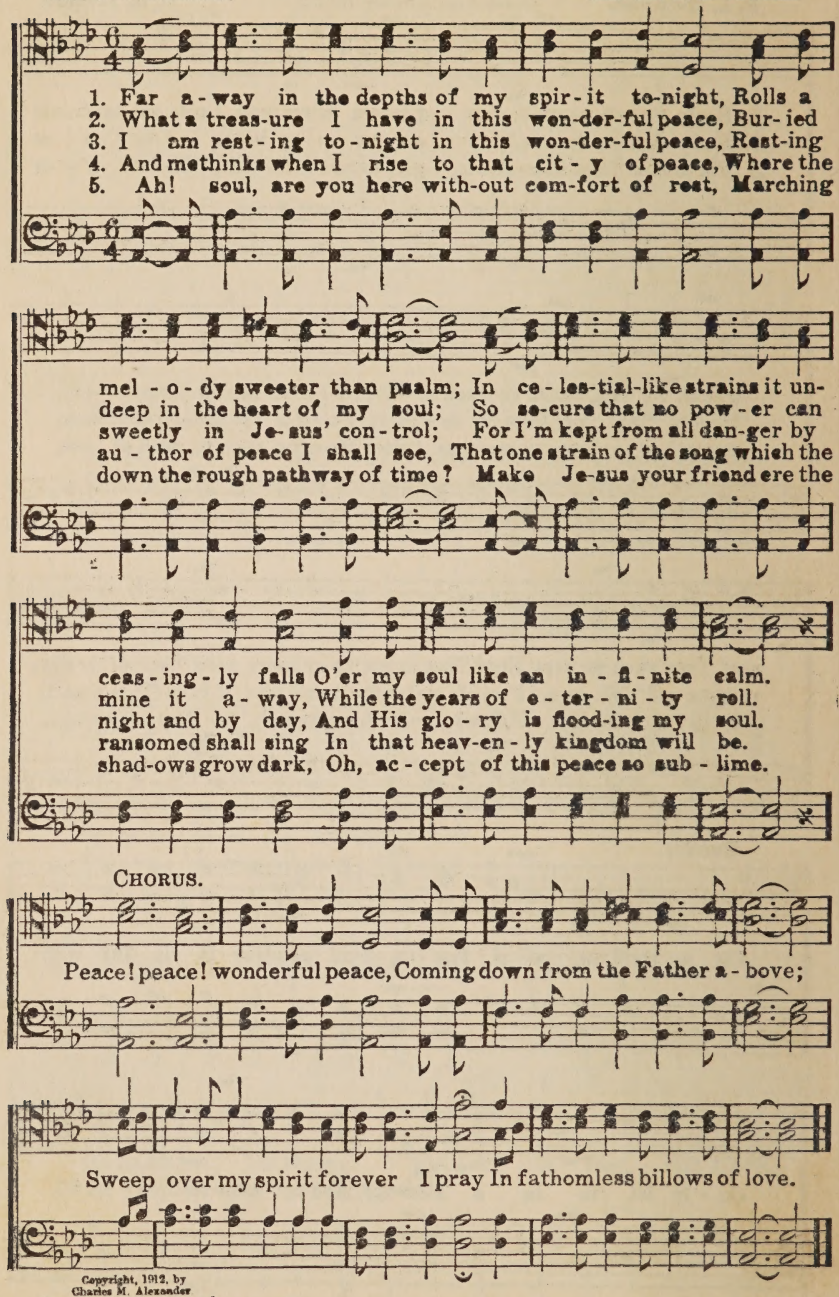
F. L. Buchanan. D. B. Towner.


1. Ho-ly Spir-it pow'r di-vine, quick-en us we pray, Guide our hands, our
2. Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'n-ly dove, en-ter ev-'ry heart, A-bide in us
3. Fill us now Thou bless-ed one, give us pow'r di-vine, Hov-er o'er us
hearts, our feet, teach us what to say; We need Thee in times of toil,
Ho-ly One, nor from us de-part; Fu-tile the at-tempts of man,
strength of God, ev-er round us twine; Move us, thrill us, send us out,
need Thee when we pray, Need Thee in our bu-sy hours, need Thee all the day.
vain are all his arts, Fool-ish ev-'ry tho't and plan if from Thee a-part.
give us now the sign, May we, ev-'ry-thing and all, to Thy-self re-sign.
CHORUS.
Fill us, thrill us, use us, fuse us, Send us where it is Thy will;
On-ly let us be a bless-ing, And our hum-ble pla-ces fill.

No. 120. Wonderful Peace.

Rev. W. D. Cornell.

W. G. Cooper.
Male arr. D. B. Towner.


1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a
2. What a treas-ure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Bur-ied
3. I am rest-ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Rest-ing
4. And methinks when I rise to that cit-y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com-fort of rest, Marching
mel-o-dy sweeter than psalm; In ce-les-tial-like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul; So se-cure that no pow-er can
sweetly in Je-sus' con-trol; For I'm kept from all dan-ger by
au-thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time? Make Je-sus your friend ere the
ceas-ing-ly falls O'er my soul like an in-fi-nite calm.
mine it a-way, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
night and by day, And His glo-ry is flood-ing my soul.
ransomed shall sing In that heav-en-ly kingdom will be.
shad-ows grow dark, Oh, ac-cept of this peace so sub-lime.
Chorus.
Peace! peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a-bove;
Sweep over my spirit forever I pray In fathomless billows of love.

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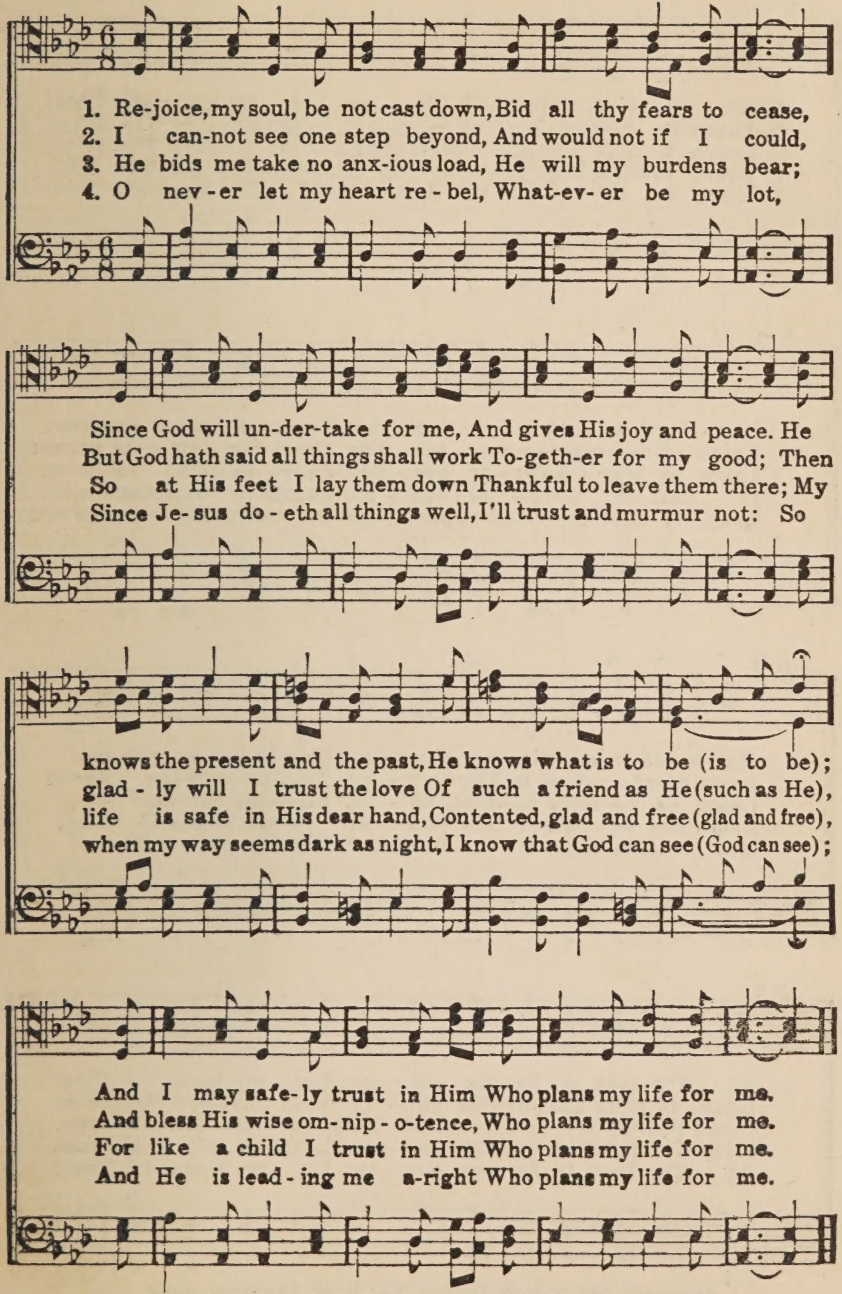
No. 121. He Plans My Life.

The second tenor may be sung as a solo

C. E. Breck. D. B. Towner.

1. Re-joice, my soul, be not cast down, Bid all thy fears to cease,
2. I can-not see one step beyond, And would not if I could,
3. He bids me take no anx-ious load, He will my burdens bear;
4. O nev-er let my heart re-bel, What-ev-er be my lot,
Since God will un-der-take for me, And gives His joy and peace. He
But God hath said all things shall work To-geth-er for my good; Then
So at His feet I lay them down Thankful to leave them there; My
Since Je-sus do-eth all things well, I'll trust and murmur not: So
knows the present and the past, He knows what is to be (is to be);
glad-ly will I trust the love Of such a friend as He (such as He),
life is safe in His dear hand, Contented, glad and free (glad and free),
when my way seems dark as night, I know that God can see (God can see);
And I may safe-ly trust in Him Who plans my life for me.
And bless His wise om-nip-o-tence, Who plans my life for me.
For like a child I trust in Him Who plans my life for me.
And He is lead-ing me a-right Who plans my life for me.

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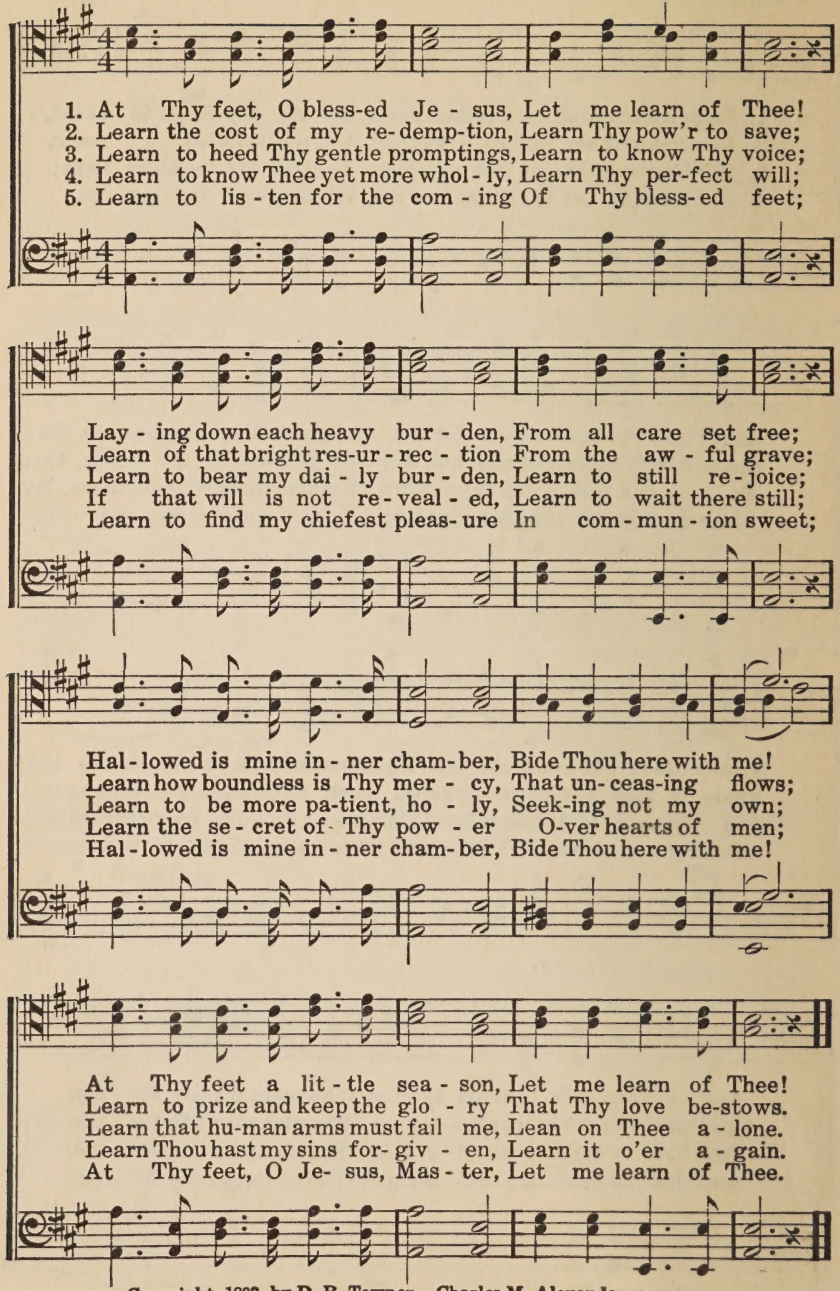
No. 122. At Thy Feet.

Words arranged. T. H. ATKINSON.

1. At Thy feet, O bless-ed Je - sus, Let me learn of Thee!
2. Learn the cost of my re-demp-tion, Learn Thy pow'r to save;
3. Learn to heed Thy gentle promptings, Learn to know Thy voice;
4. Learn to know Thee yet more whol - ly, Learn Thy per-fect will;
5. Learn to lis - ten for the com - ing Of Thy bless-ed feet;
Lay - ing down each heavy bur - den, From all care set free;
Learn of that bright res-ur - rec - tion From the aw - ful grave;
Learn to bear my dai - ly bur - den, Learn to still re-joice;
If that will is not re-veal - ed, Learn to wait there still;
Learn to find my chiefest pleas-ure In com-mun - ion sweet;
Hal - lowed is mine in - ner cham-ber, Bide Thou here with me!
Learn how boundless is Thy mer - cy, That un-ceas-ing flows;
Learn to be more pa-tient, ho - ly, Seek-ing not my own;
Learn the se - cret of Thy pow - er O-ver hearts of men;
Hal - lowed is mine in - ner cham-ber, Bide Thou here with me!
At Thy feet a lit - tle sea - son, Let me learn of Thee!
Learn to prize and keep the glo - ry That Thy love be-stows.
Learn that hu-man arms must fail me, Lean on Thee a - lone.
Learn Thou hast my sins for-giv - en, Learn it o'er a - gain.
At Thy feet, O Je- sus, Mas - ter, Let me learn of Thee.

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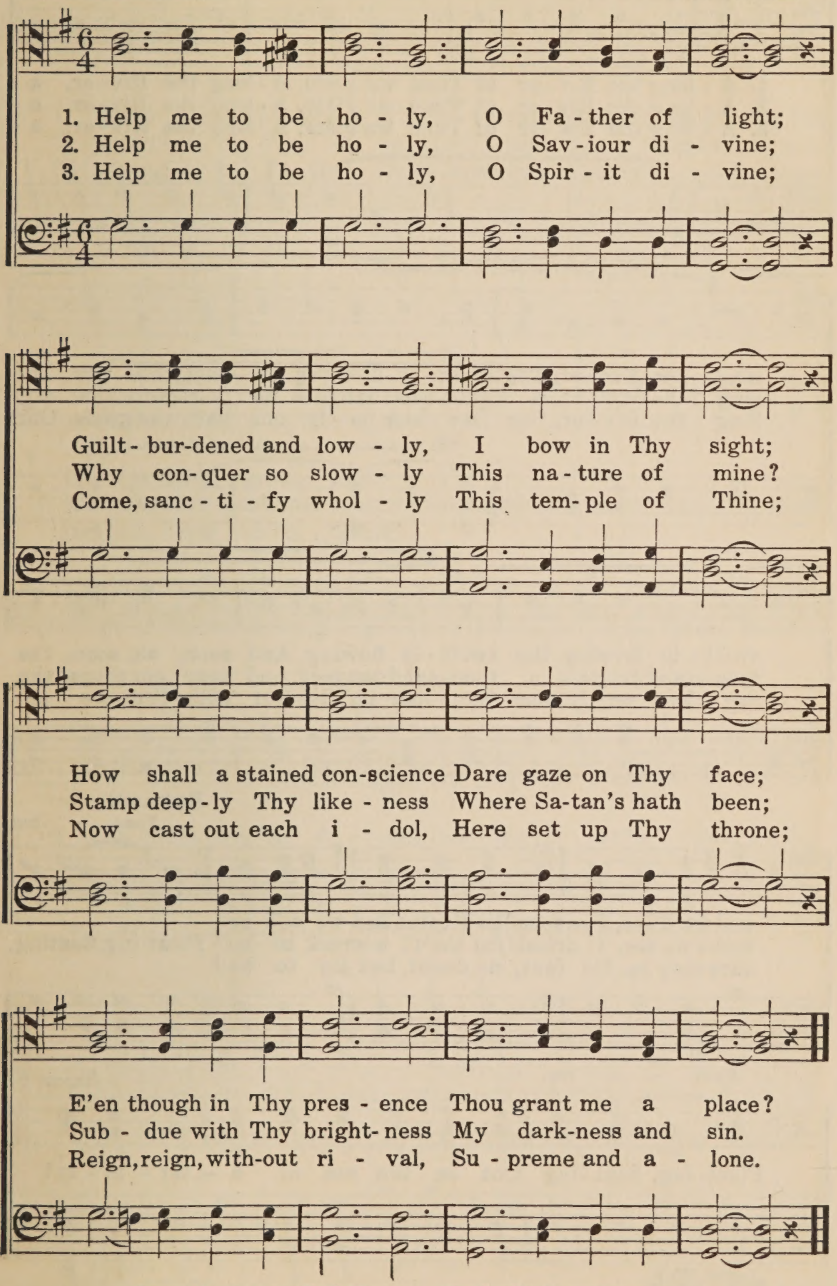
No. 123. Help Me to Be Holy.

A. J. Gordon, D. D. D. B. Towner.


1. Help me to be ho - ly, O Fa - ther of light;
2. Help me to be ho - ly, O Sav - iour di - vine;
3. Help me to be ho - ly, O Spir - it di - vine;
Guilt - bur-dened and low - ly, I bow in Thy sight;
Why con-quer so slow - ly This na - ture of mine?
Come, sanc - ti - fy whol - ly This tem - ple of Thine;
How shall a stained con-science Dare gaze on Thy face;
Stamp deep - ly Thy like - ness Where Sa-tan's hath been;
Now cast out each i - dol, Here set up Thy throne;
E'en though in Thy pres - ence Thou grant me a place?
Sub - due with Thy bright - ness My dark-ness and sin.
Reign, reign, with-out ri - val, Su - preme and a - lone.

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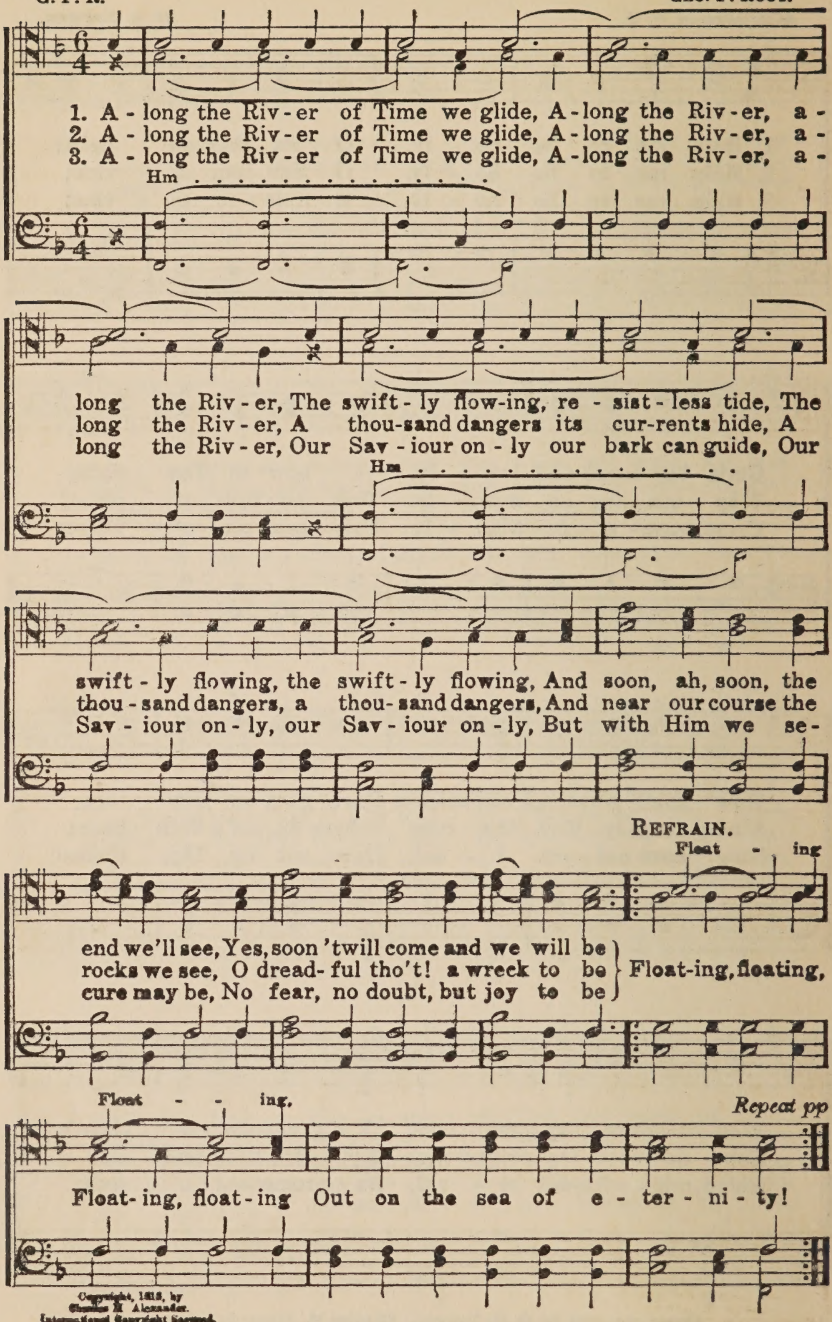
No. 124. Along the River of Time.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -
2. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -
3. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -
Hm
long the Riv - er, The swift - ly flow-ing, re - sist - less tide, The
long the Riv - er, A thou-sand dangers its cur-rents hide, A
long the Riv - er, Our Sav - iour on - ly our bark can guide, Our
Hm
swift - ly flowing, the swift - ly flowing, And soon, ah, soon, the
thou - sand dangers, a thou-sand dangers, And near our course the
Sav - iour on - ly, our Sav - iour on - ly, But with Him we se-
REFRAIN.
Float - ing
end we'll see, Yes, soon 'twill come and we will be
rocks we see, O dread- ful tho't! a wreck to be
cure may be, No fear, no doubt, but joy to be
Float-ing, floating,
Float - - ing.
Repeat pp
Float - ing, float - ing Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!

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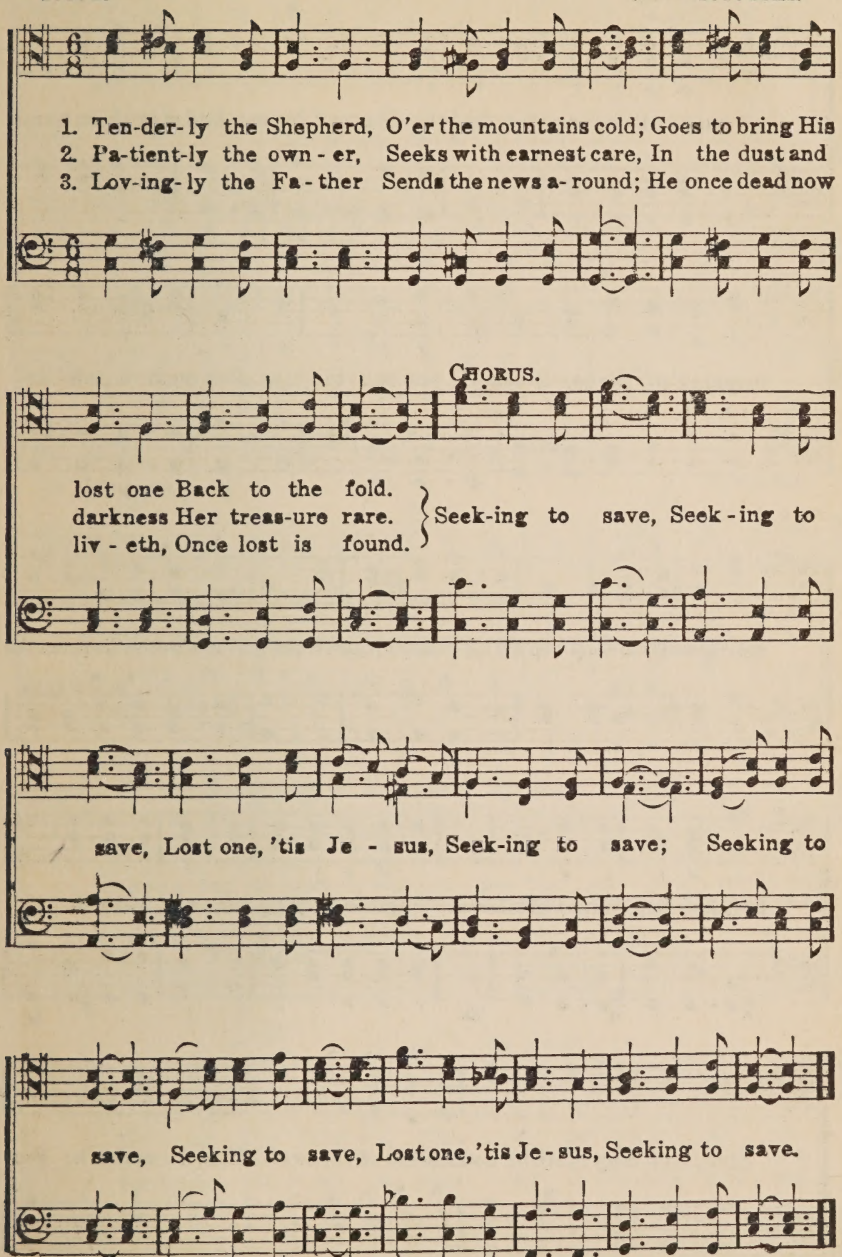
No. 125. Seeking to Save.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Ten-der-ly the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold; Goes to bring His
2. Pa-tient-ly the own-er, Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and
3. Lov-ing-ly the Fa-ther Sends the news a-round; He once dead now
CHORUS.
lost one Back to the fold.
darkness Her treas-ure rare.
liv-eth, Once lost is found.
Seek-ing to save, Seek-ing to
save, Lost one, 'tis Je-sus, Seek-ing to save; Seeking to
save, Seeking to save, Lost one, 'tis Je-sus, Seeking to save.

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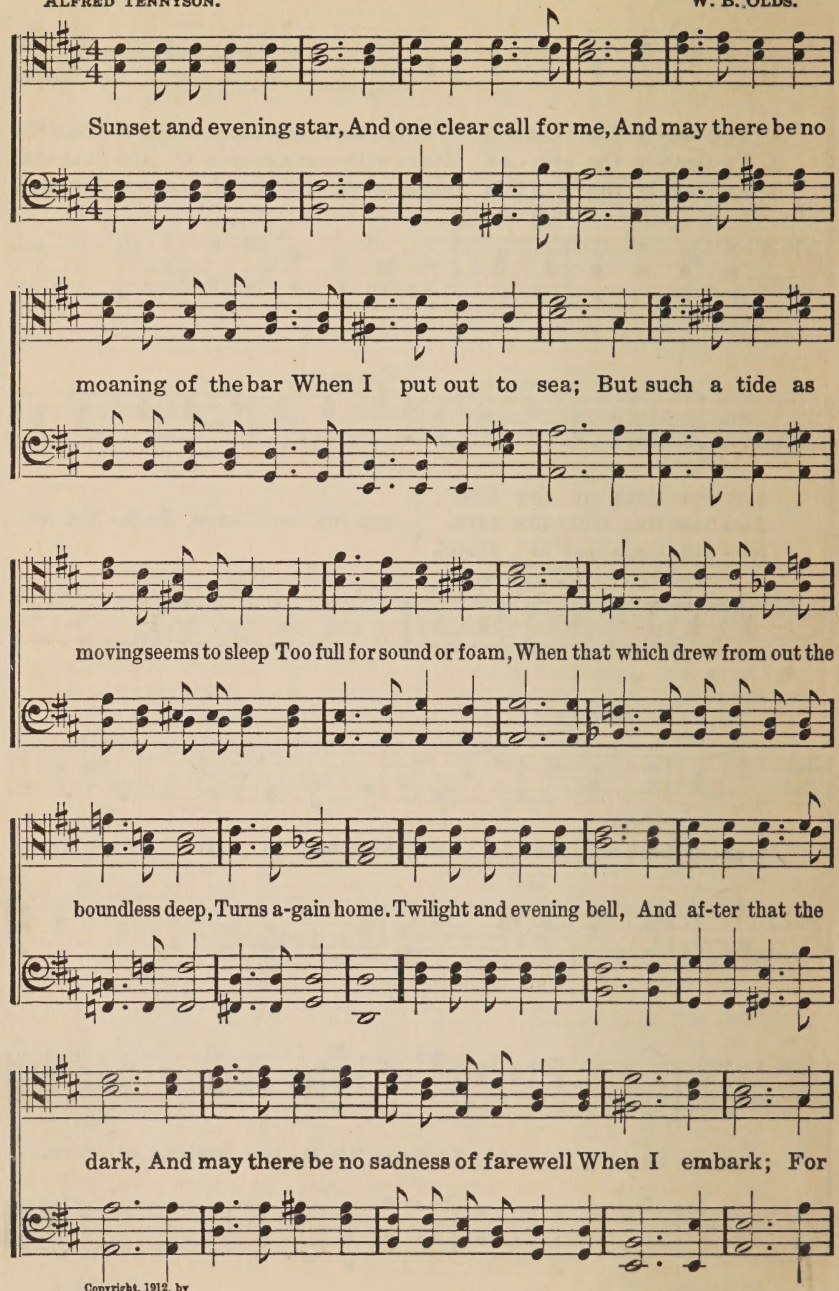
No. 126. Crossing the Bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON. W. B. OLDS.


Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me, And may there be no
moaning of the bar When I put out to sea; But such a tide as
moving seems to sleep Too full for sound or foam, When that which drew from out the
boundless deep, Turns a-gain home. Twilight and evening bell, And af-ter that the
dark, And may there be no sadness of farewell When I embark; For

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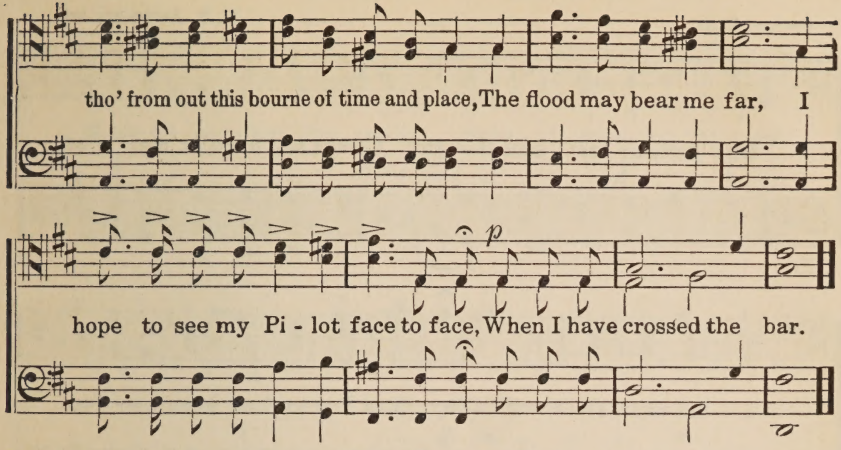
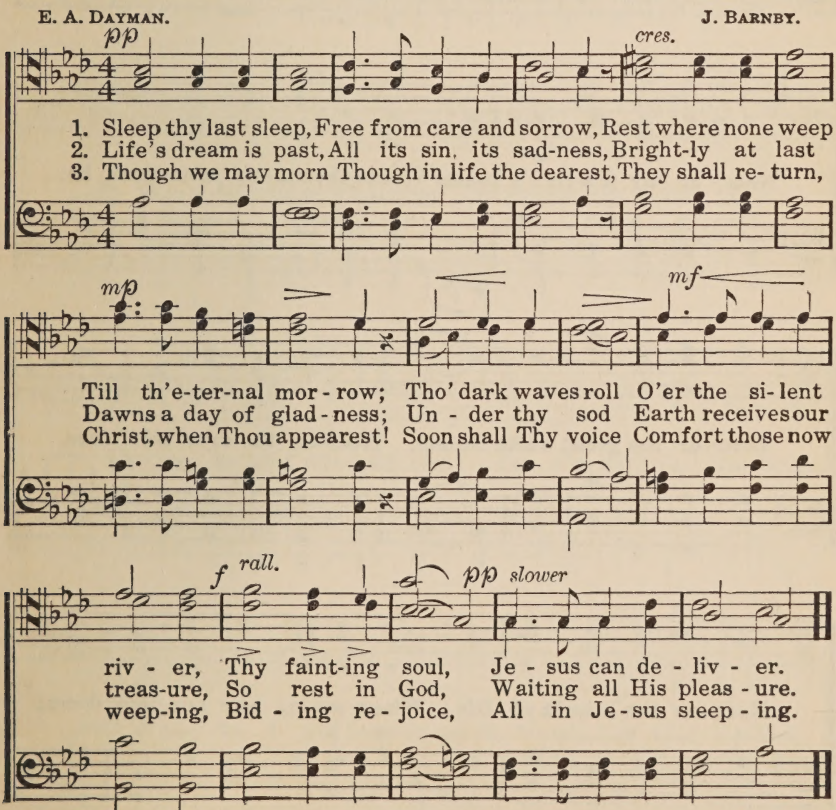

tho' from out this bourne of time and place, The flood may bear me far, I
hope to see my Pi - lot face to face, When I have crossed the bar.

No. 127. Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

E. A. DAYMAN. J. BARNBY.


1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sorrow, Rest where none weep
2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sad-ness, Bright-ly at last
3. Though we may morn Though in life the dearest, They shall re- turn,
Till th'e-ter-nal mor - row; Tho' dark waves roll O'er the si- lent
Dawns a day of glad - ness; Un - der thy sod Earth receives our
Christ, when Thou appearest! Soon shall Thy voice Comfort those now
riv - er, Thy faint-ing soul, Je - sus can de - liv - er.
treas-ure, So rest in God, Waiting all His pleas - ure.
weep-ing, Bid - ing re - joice, All in Je-sus sleep - ing.

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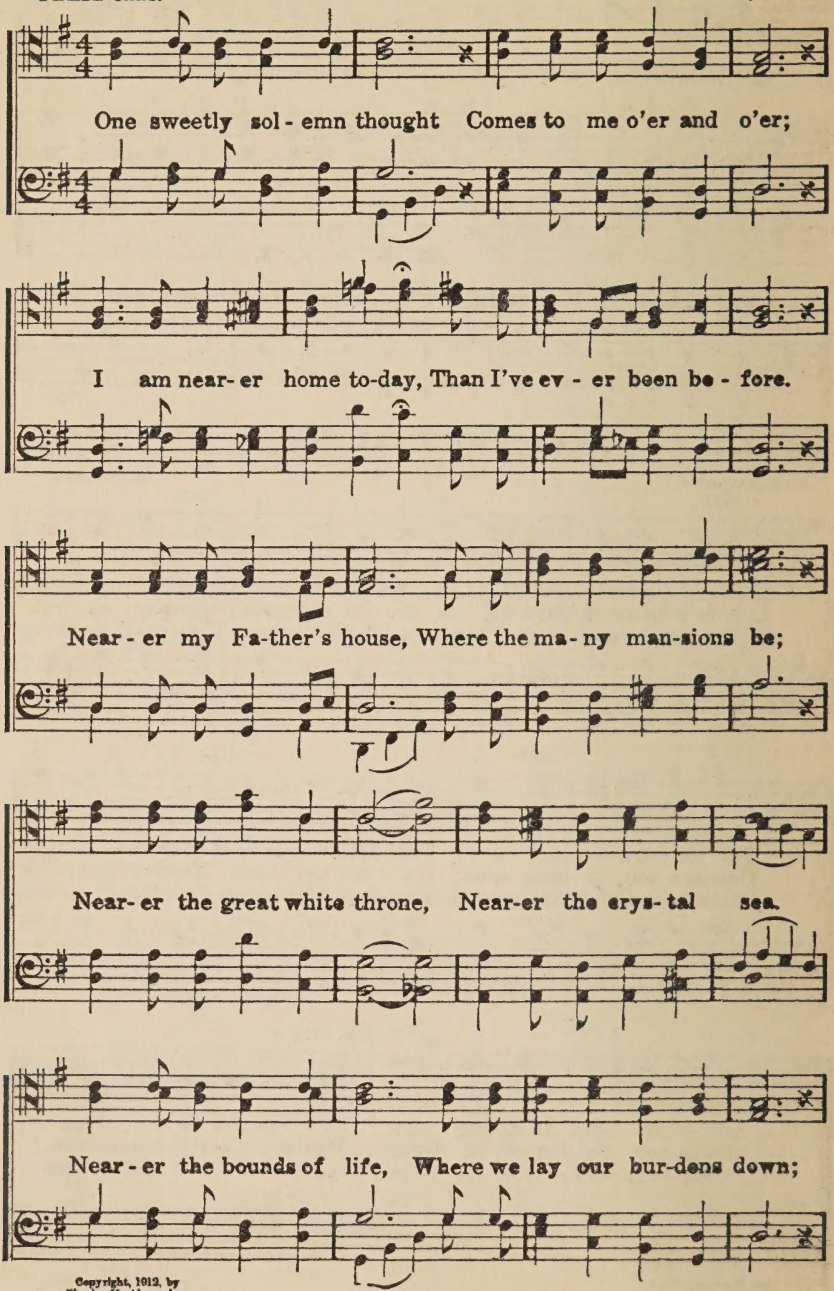
No. 128. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHŒBE CARY. R. S. AMBROSE, arr.


One sweetly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am near- er home to-day, Than I've ev - er been be - fore.
Near - er my Fa-ther's house, Where the ma - ny man-sions be;
Near - er the great white throne, Near-er the crys - tal sea.
Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur-dens down;

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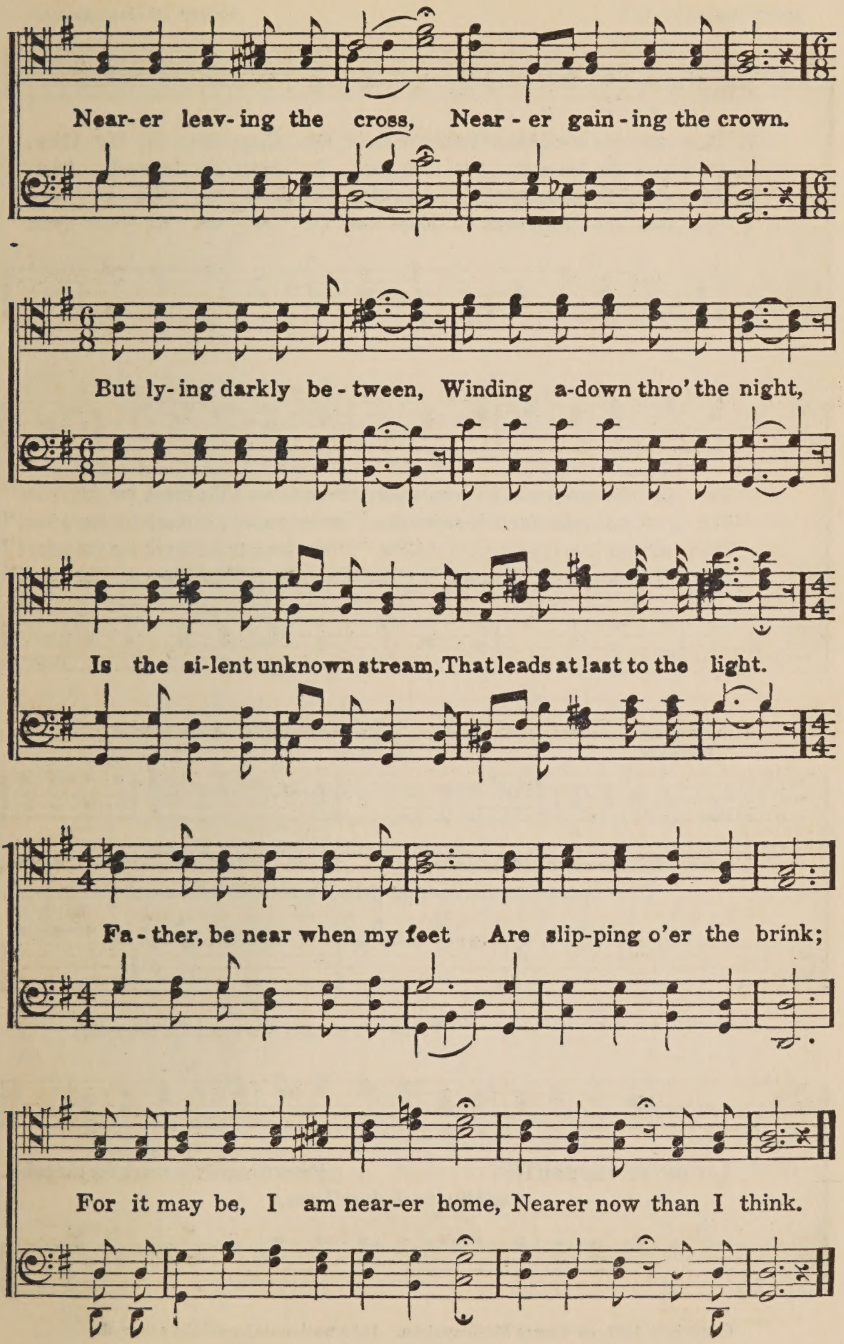
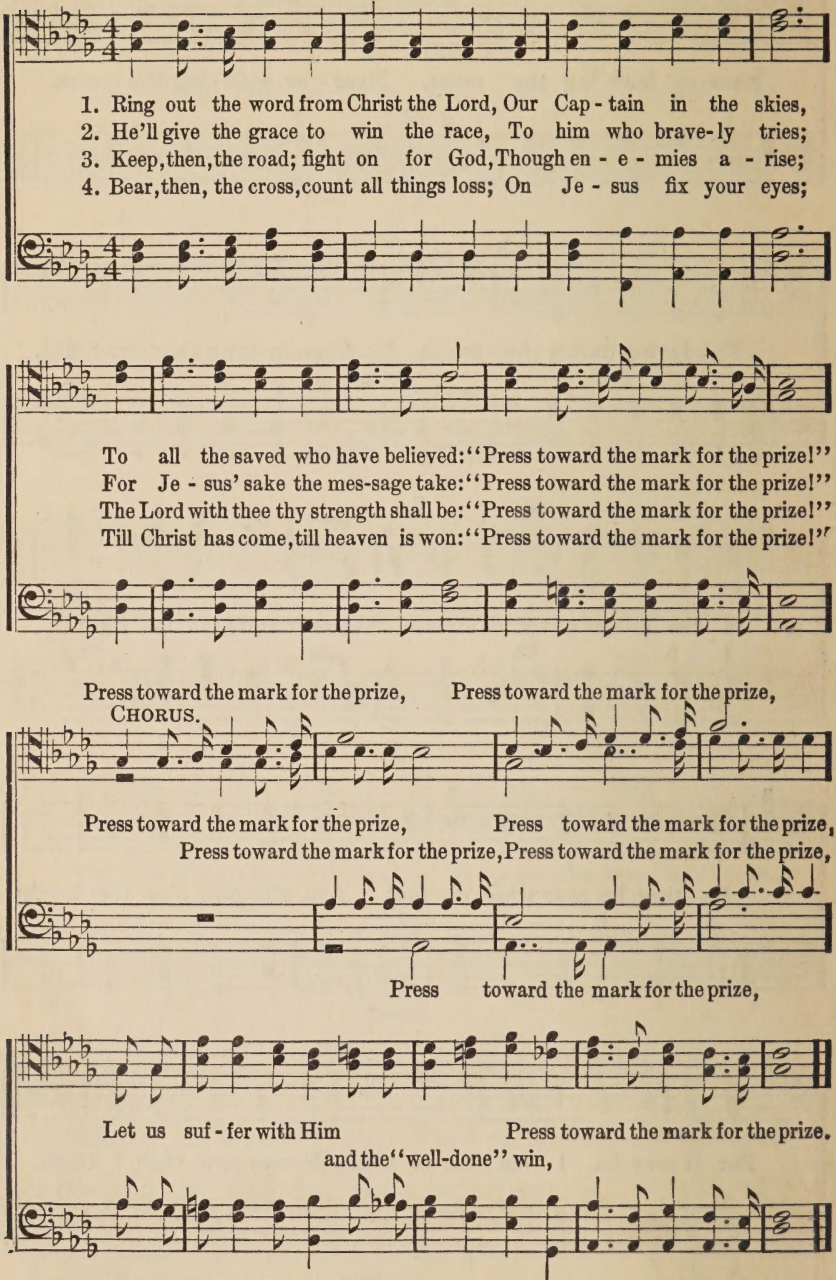

Near-er leav-ing the cross, Near-er gain-ing the crown.
But ly-ing darkly be-tween, Winding a-down thro' the night,
Is the si-lent unknown stream, That leads at last to the light.
Fa-ther, be near when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink;
For it may be, I am near-er home, Nearer now than I think.

No. 129. Press Toward the Mark.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Ring out the word from Christ the Lord, Our Cap - tain in the skies,
2. He'll give the grace to win the race, To him who brave-ly tries;
3. Keep, then, the road; fight on for God, Though en - e - mies a - rise;
4. Bear, then, the cross, count all things loss; On Je - sus fix your eyes;
To all the saved who have believed: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
For Je - sus' sake the mes-sage take: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
The Lord with thee thy strength shall be: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
Till Christ has come, till heaven is won: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
Press toward the mark for the prize, Press toward the mark for the prize,
CHORUS.
Press toward the mark for the prize, Press toward the mark for the prize,
Press toward the mark for the prize, Press toward the mark for the prize,
Press toward the mark for the prize,
Let us suf - fer with Him Press toward the mark for the prize.
and the "well-done" win,

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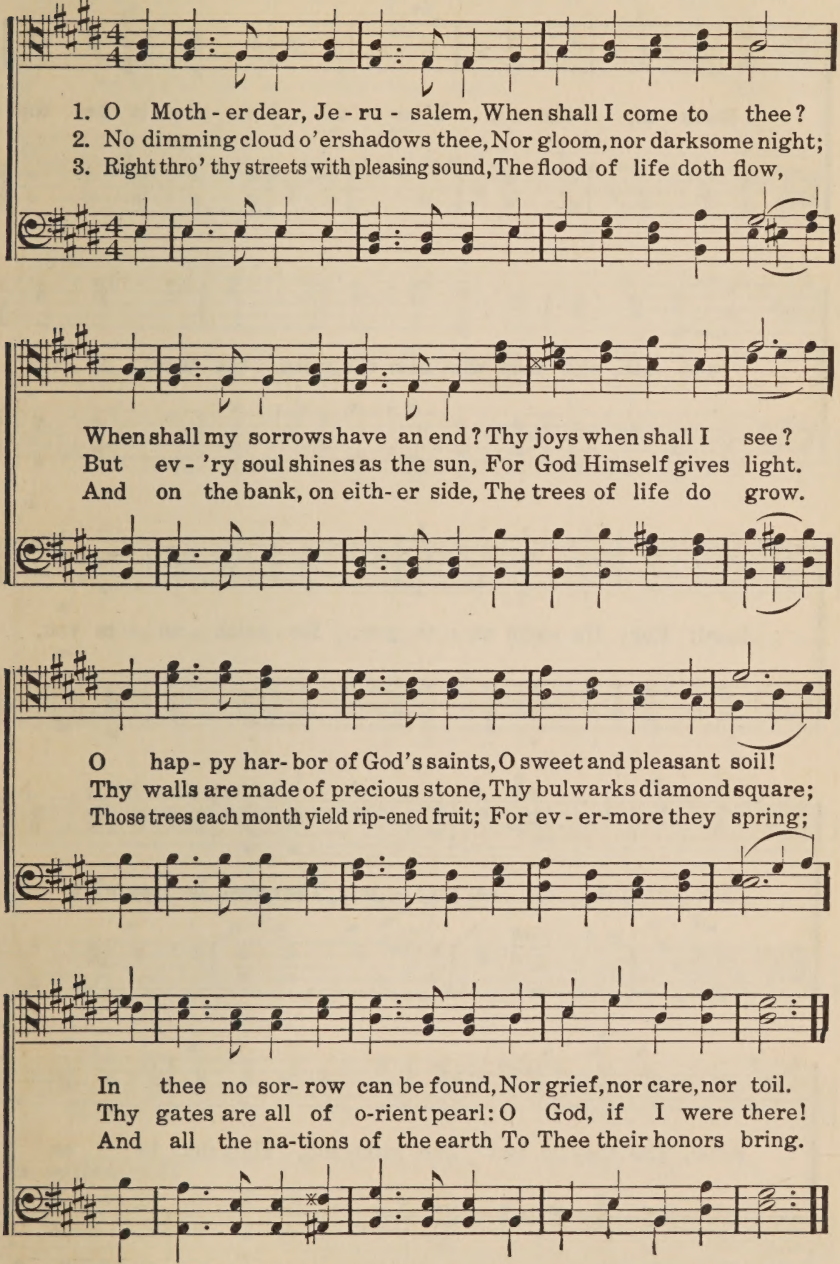
No. 130. Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

F. B. P. SAMUEL A. WARD.


1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - salem, When shall I come to thee?
2. No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
3. Right thro' thy streets with pleasing sound, The flood of life doth flow,
When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
But ev - 'ry soul shines as the sun, For God Himself gives light.
And on the bank, on eith - er side, The trees of life do grow.
O hap - py har - bor of God's saints, O sweet and pleasant soil!
Thy walls are made of precious stone, Thy bulwarks diamond square;
Those trees each month yield rip-ened fruit; For ev - er-more they spring;
In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
Thy gates are all of o-rient pearl: O God, if I were there!
And all the na-tions of the earth To Thee their honors bring.

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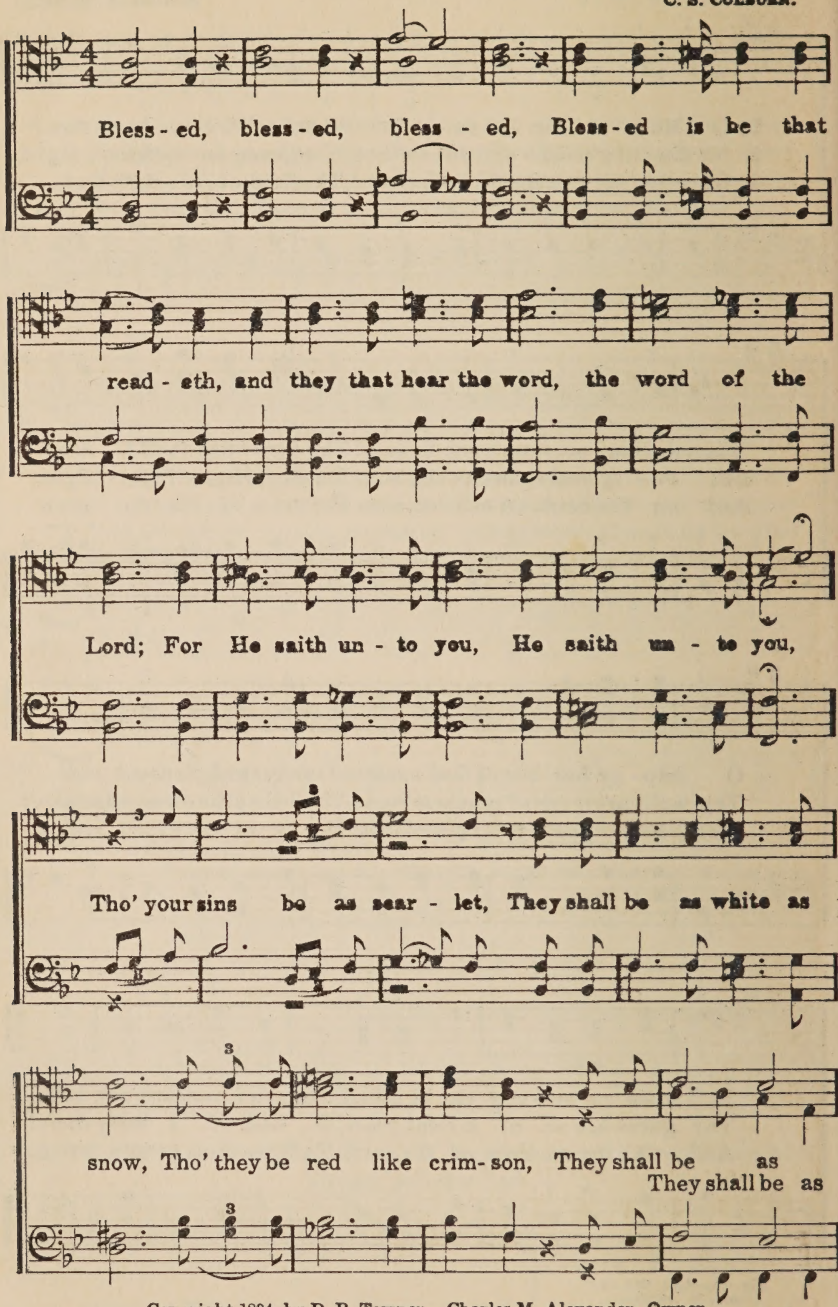
No. 131. Blessed Is He That Readeth.

C. S. Colburn.


Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed, Bless - ed is he that
read - eth, and they that hear the word, the word of the
Lord; For He saith un - to you, He saith un - to you,
Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as
snow, Tho' they be red like crim - son, They shall be as
They shall be as

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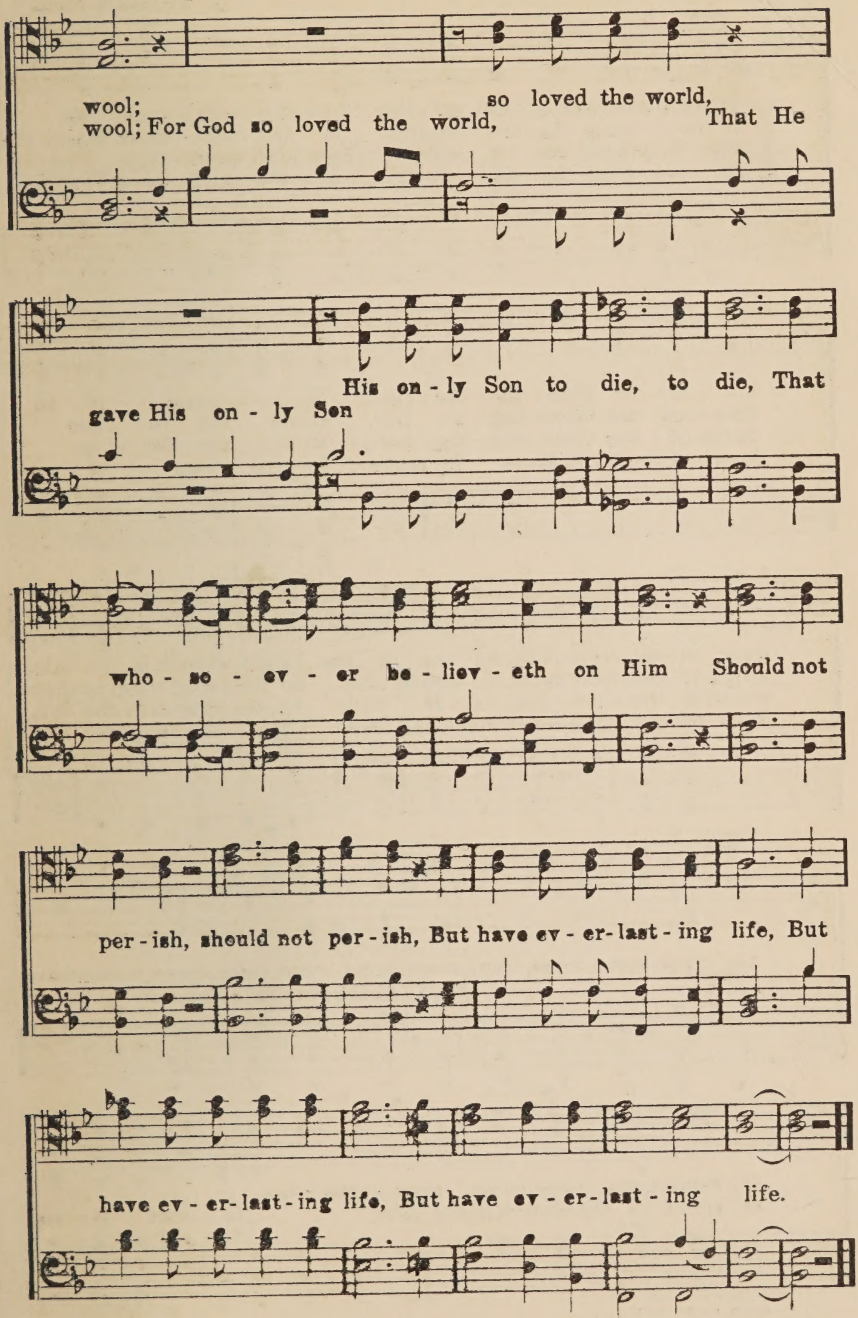
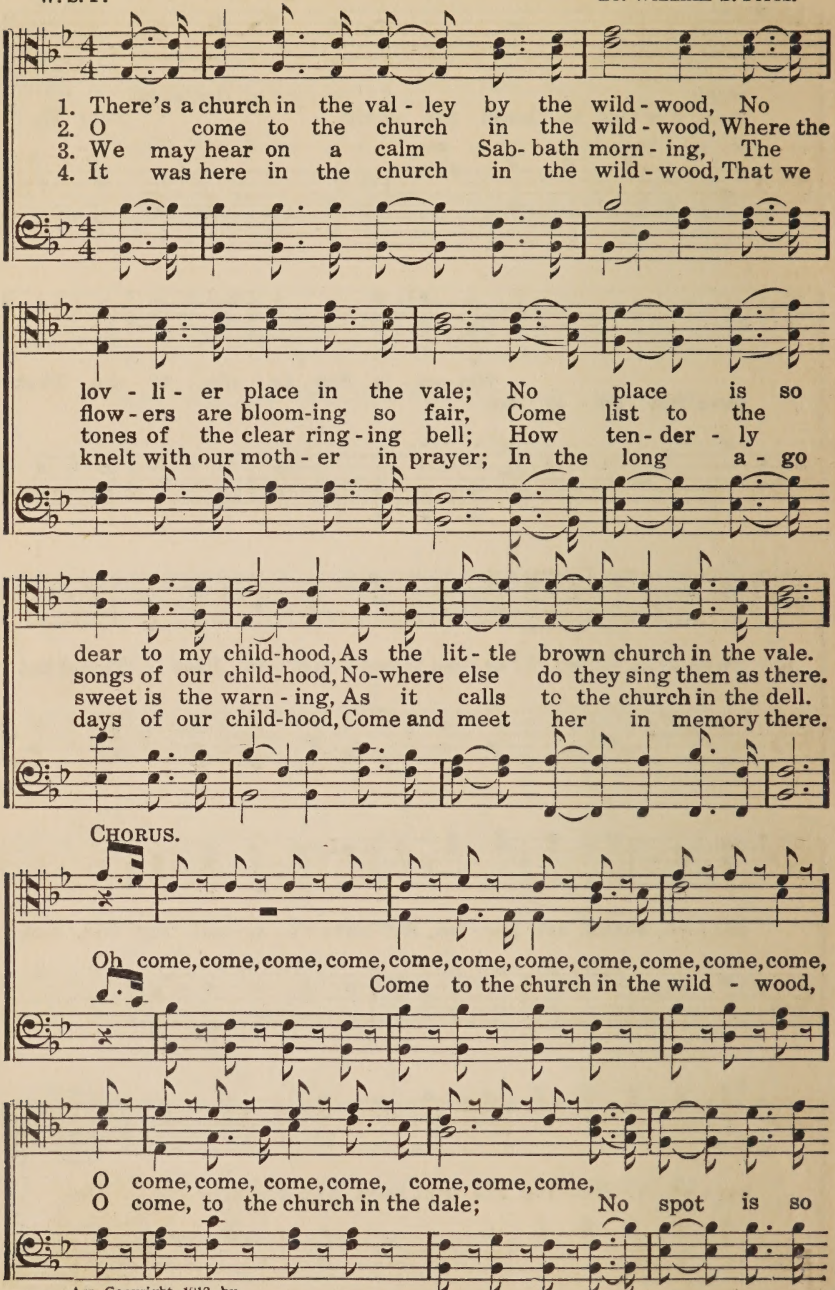

wool;
wool; For God so loved the world, so loved the world, That He
His on - ly Son to die, to die, That
gave His on - ly Son
who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth on Him Should not
per - ish, should not per - ish, But have ev - er - last - ing life, But
have ev - er - last - ing life, But have ev - er - last - ing life.

No. 132. The Church In the Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. WILLIAM S. PITTS.

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No
2. O come to the church in the wild - wood, Where the
3. We may hear on a calm Sab- bath morn - ing, The
4. It was here in the church in the wild - wood, That we
lov - li - er place in the vale; No place is so
flow - ers are bloom-ing so fair, Come list to the
tones of the clear ring - ing bell; How ten - der - ly
knelt with our moth - er in prayer; In the long a - go
dear to my child-hood, As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.
songs of our child-hood, No-where else do they sing them as there.
sweet is the warn - ing, As it calls to the church in the dell.
days of our child-hood, Come and meet her in memory there.
CHORUS.
Oh come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
Come to the church in the wild - wood,
O come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
O come, to the church in the dale; No spot is so

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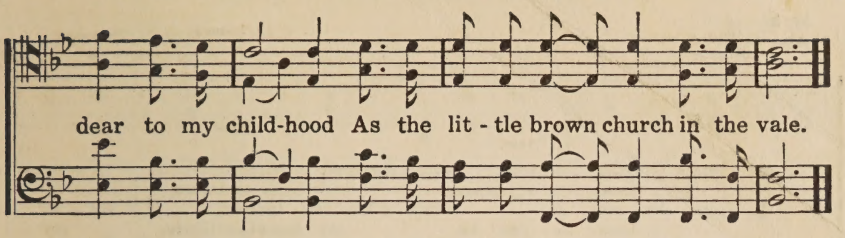
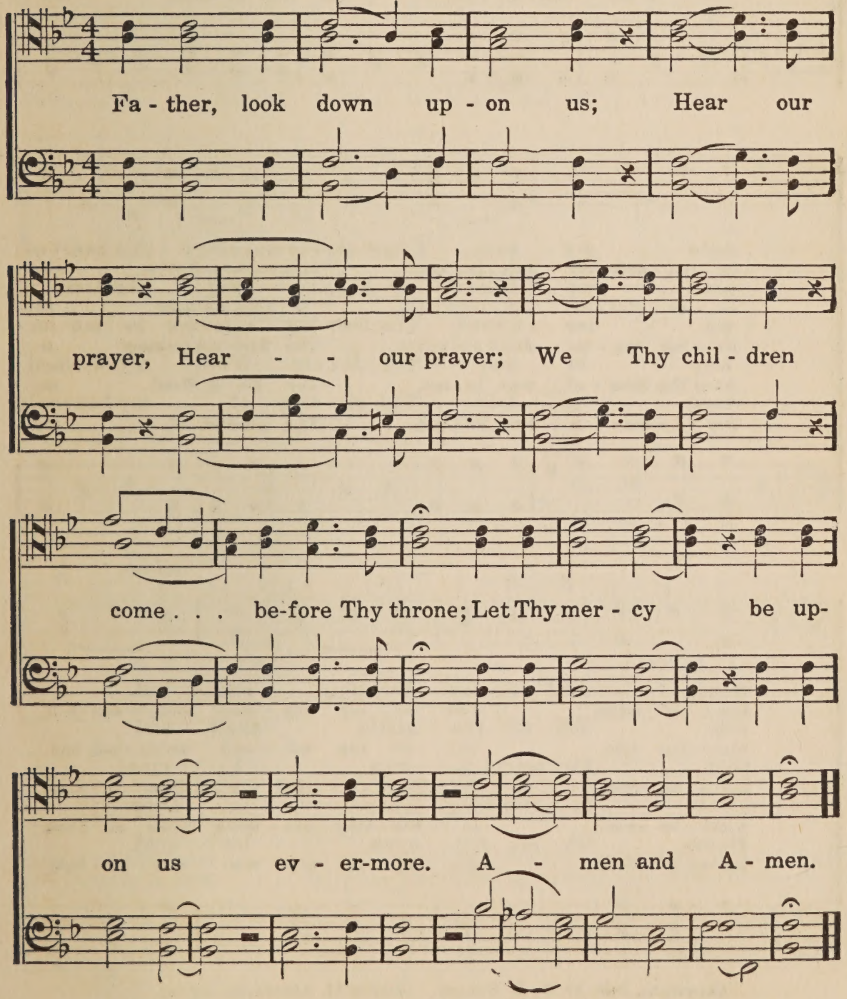


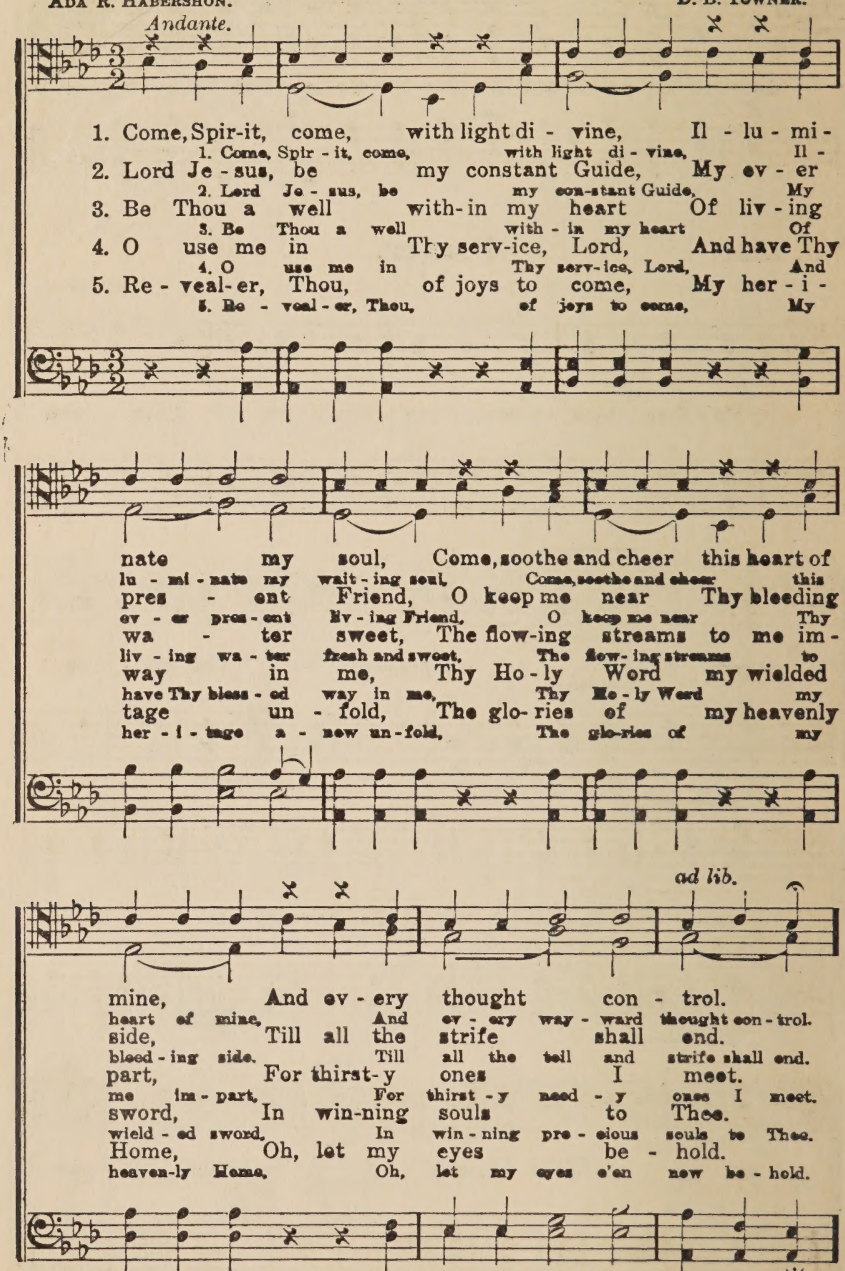
No. 133. Prayer.

GOUNOD.


Fa - ther, look down up - on us; Hear our
prayer, Hear - - our prayer; We Thy chil - dren
come . . . be-fore Thy throne; Let Thy mer - cy be up-
on us ev - er-more. A - men and A - men.

No. 134. Come, Spirit, Come.

H. Jones.
Ada R. Habershon.

D. B. Towner.

Andante.
1. Come, Spir-it, come, with light di - vine, Il - lu - mi-
2. Lord Je - sus, be my constant Guide, My ev - er
3. Be Thou a well with-in my heart Of liv - ing
4. O use me in Thy serv-ice, Lord, And have Thy
5. Re - veal-er, Thou, of joys to come, My her - i -
nate my soul, Come, soothe and cheer this heart of
pres - ent Friend, O keep me near Thy bleeding
wa - ter sweet, The flow-ing streams to me im -
way in me, Thy Ho - ly Word my wielded
tage un - fold, The glo-ries of my heavenly
ad lib.
mine, And ev - ery thought con - trol.
side, Till all the strife shall end.
part, For thirst-y ones I meet.
sword, In win-ning souls to Thee.
Home, Oh, let my eyes be - hold.

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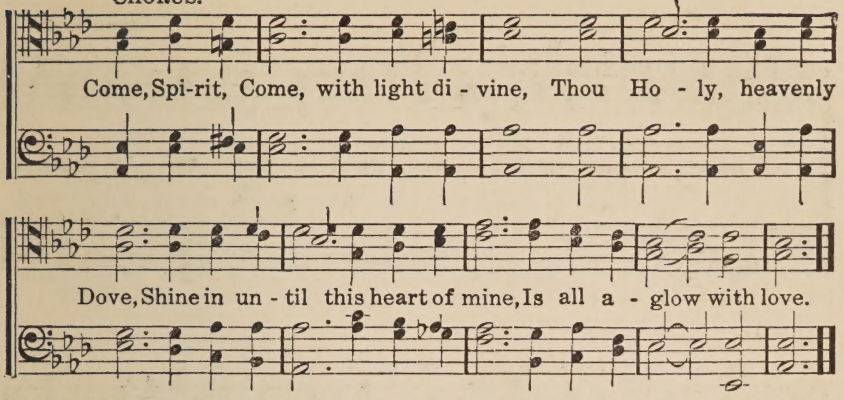
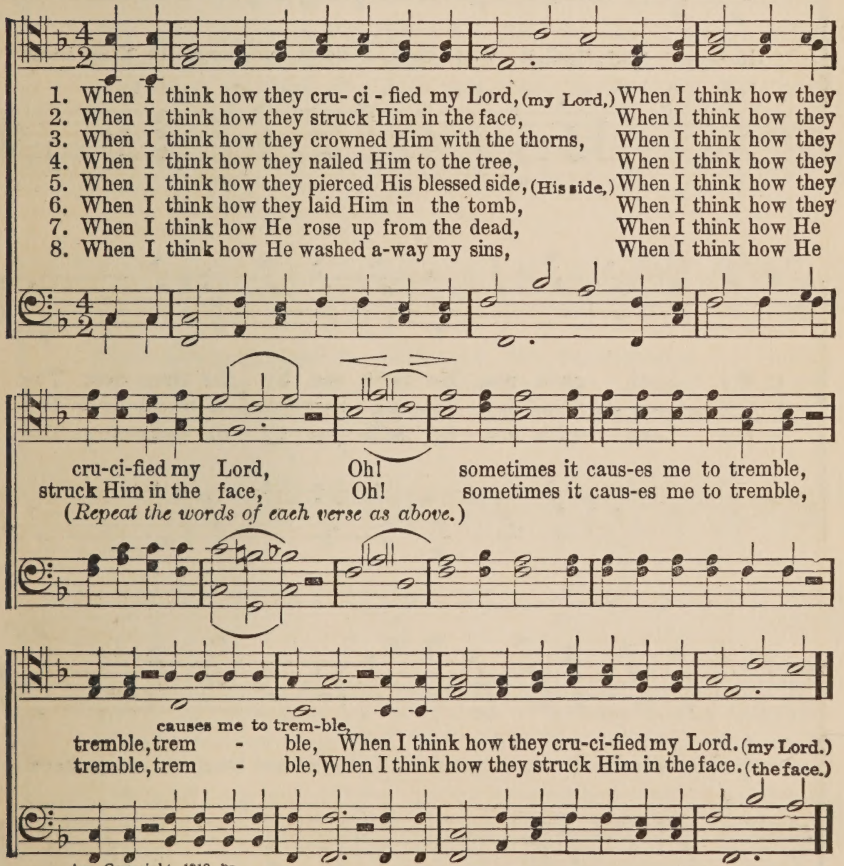
CHORUS.



No. 135. How They Crucified My Lord.

1. When I think how they cru- ci - fied my Lord, (my Lord,) When I think how they
2. When I think how they struck Him in the face, When I think how they
3. When I think how they crowned Him with the thorns, When I think how they
4. When I think how they nailed Him to the tree, When I think how they
5. When I think how they pierced His blessed side, (His side,) When I think how they
6. When I think how they laid Him in the tomb, When I think how they
7. When I think how He rose up from the dead, When I think how He
8. When I think how He washed a-way my sins, When I think how He
cru-ci-fied my Lord, Oh! sometimes it caus-es me to tremble,
struck Him in the face, Oh! sometimes it caus-es me to tremble,
(Repeat the words of each verse as above.)
causes me to trem-ble,
tremble, trem - ble, When I think how they cru-ci-fied my Lord. (my Lord.)
tremble, trem - ble, When I think how they struck Him in the face. (the face.)

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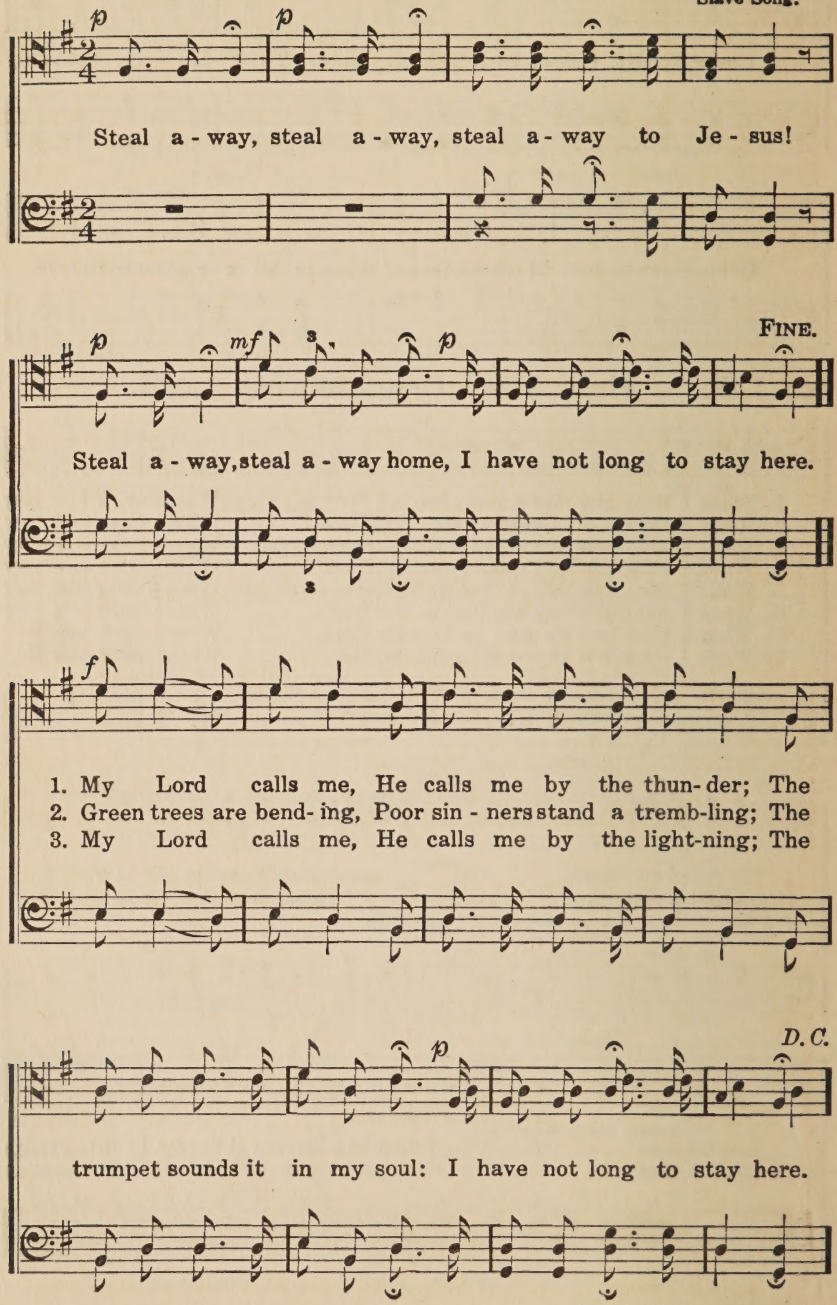
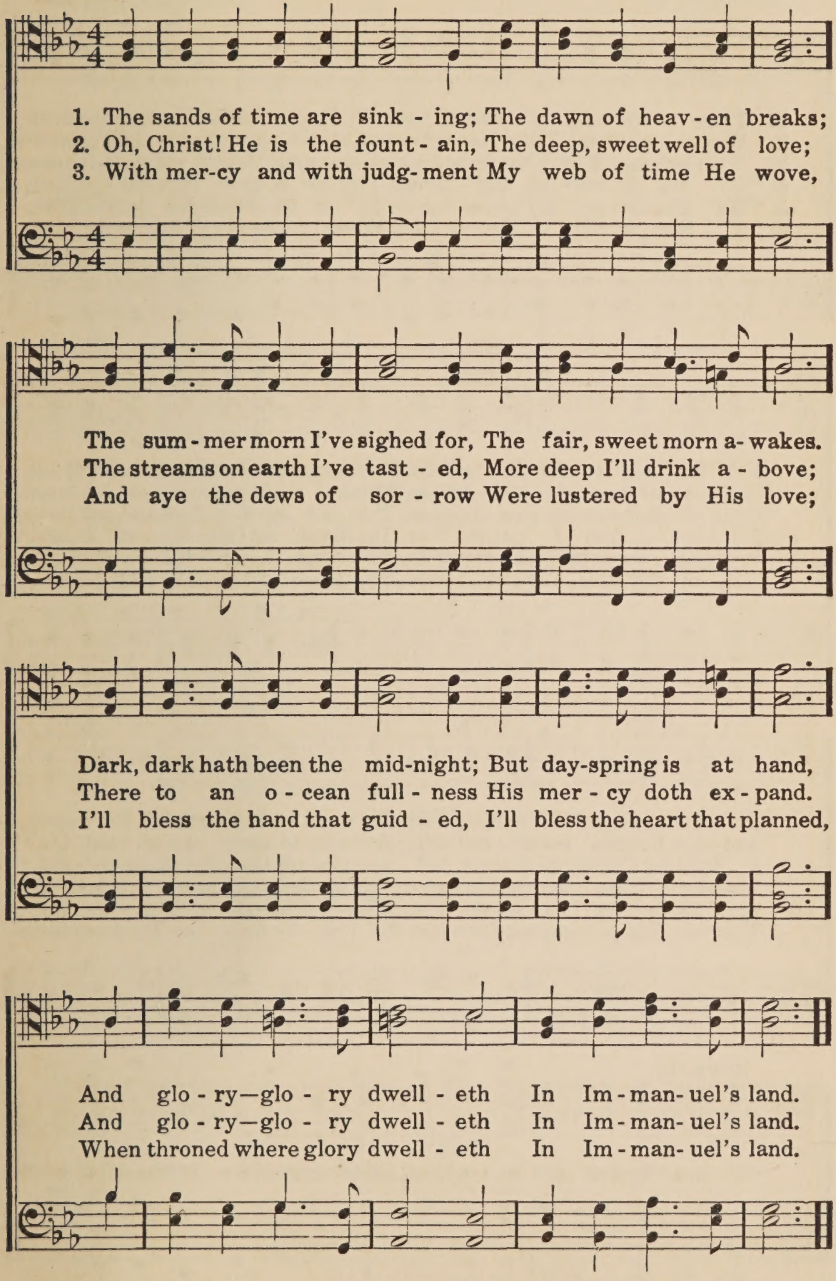
No. 136. Steal Away!

Slave Song.

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!
FINE.
Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I have not long to stay here.
1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun- der; The
2. Green trees are bend- ing, Poor sin - ners stand a tremb-ling; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light-ning; The
D. C.
trumpet sounds it in my soul: I have not long to stay here.

No. 137. Immanuel's Land.

ANNE R. COUSIN. W. B. OLDS.


1. The sands of time are sink - ing; The dawn of heav - en breaks;
2. Oh, Christ! He is the fount - ain, The deep, sweet well of love;
3. With mer-cy and with judg - ment My web of time He wove,
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove;
And aye the dews of sor - row Were lustered by His love;
Dark, dark hath been the mid-night; But day-spring is at hand,
There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand.
I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,
And glo - ry—glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
And glo - ry—glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
When throned where glory dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.

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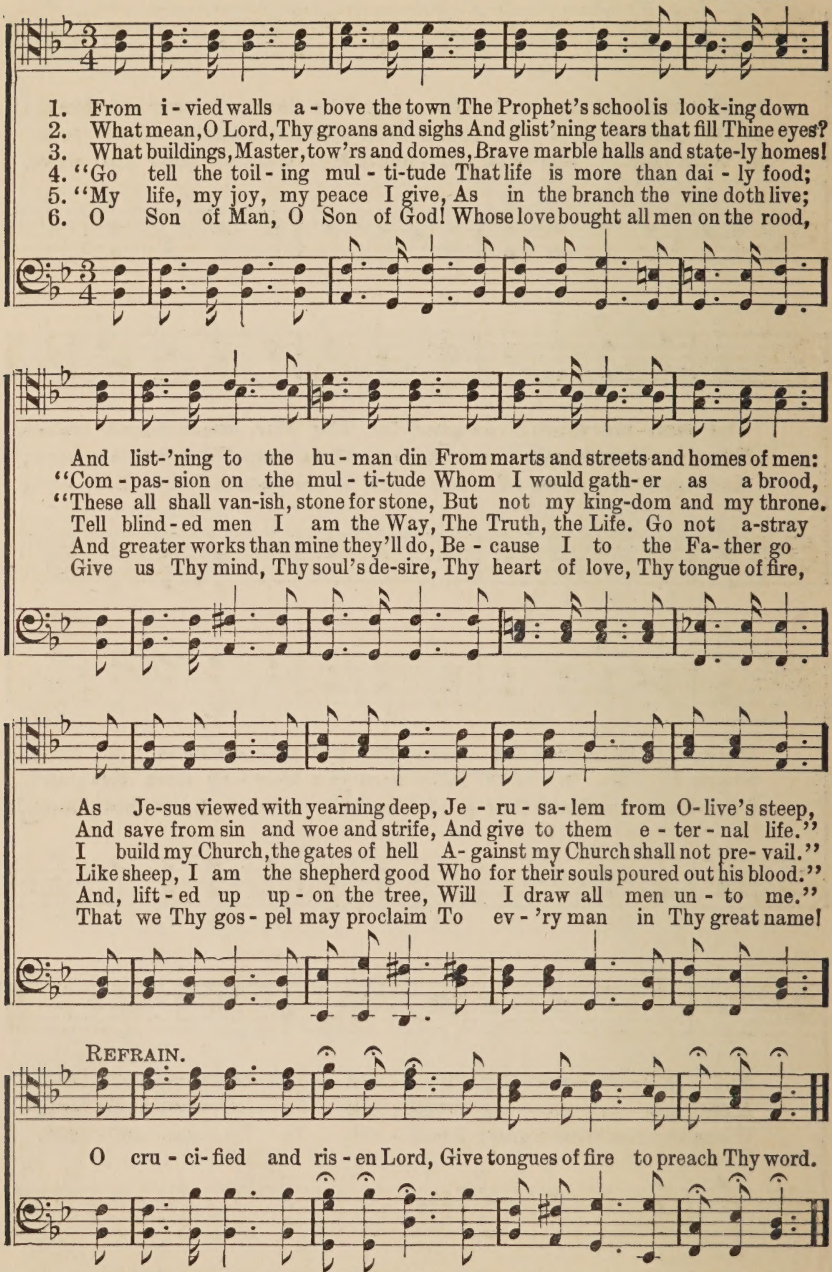
No. 138. Christ and the City.

MARCUS D. BUELL. Mrs. M. D. BUELL. Arr. C. F. JONES.


1. From i - vied walls a - bove the town The Prophet's school is look-ing down
2. What mean, O Lord, Thy groans and sighs And glist'ning tears that fill Thine eyes?
3. What buildings, Master, tow'rs and domes, Brave marble halls and state-ly homes!
4. "Go tell the toil - ing mul - ti-tude That life is more than dai - ly food;
5. "My life, my joy, my peace I give, As in the branch the vine doth live;
6. O Son of Man, O Son of God! Whose love bought all men on the rood,
And list-'ning to the hu - man din From marts and streets and homes of men:
"Com - pas - sion on the mul - ti-tude Whom I would gath-er as a brood,
"These all shall van-ish, stone for stone, But not my king-dom and my throne.
Tell blind - ed men I am the Way, The Truth, the Life. Go not a-stray
And greater works than mine they'll do, Be - cause I to the Fa-ther go
Give us Thy mind, Thy soul's de-sire, Thy heart of love, Thy tongue of fire,
As Je-sus viewed with yearning deep, Je - ru - sa-lem from O-live's steep,
And save from sin and woe and strife, And give to them e - ter - nal life."
I build my Church, the gates of hell A-gainst my Church shall not pre-vail."
Like sheep, I am the shepherd good Who for their souls poured out his blood."
And, lift - ed up up - on the tree, Will I draw all men un - to me."
That we Thy gos - pel may proclaim To ev - 'ry man in Thy great name!
REFRAIN.
O cru - ci-fied and ris - en Lord, Give tongues of fire to preach Thy word.

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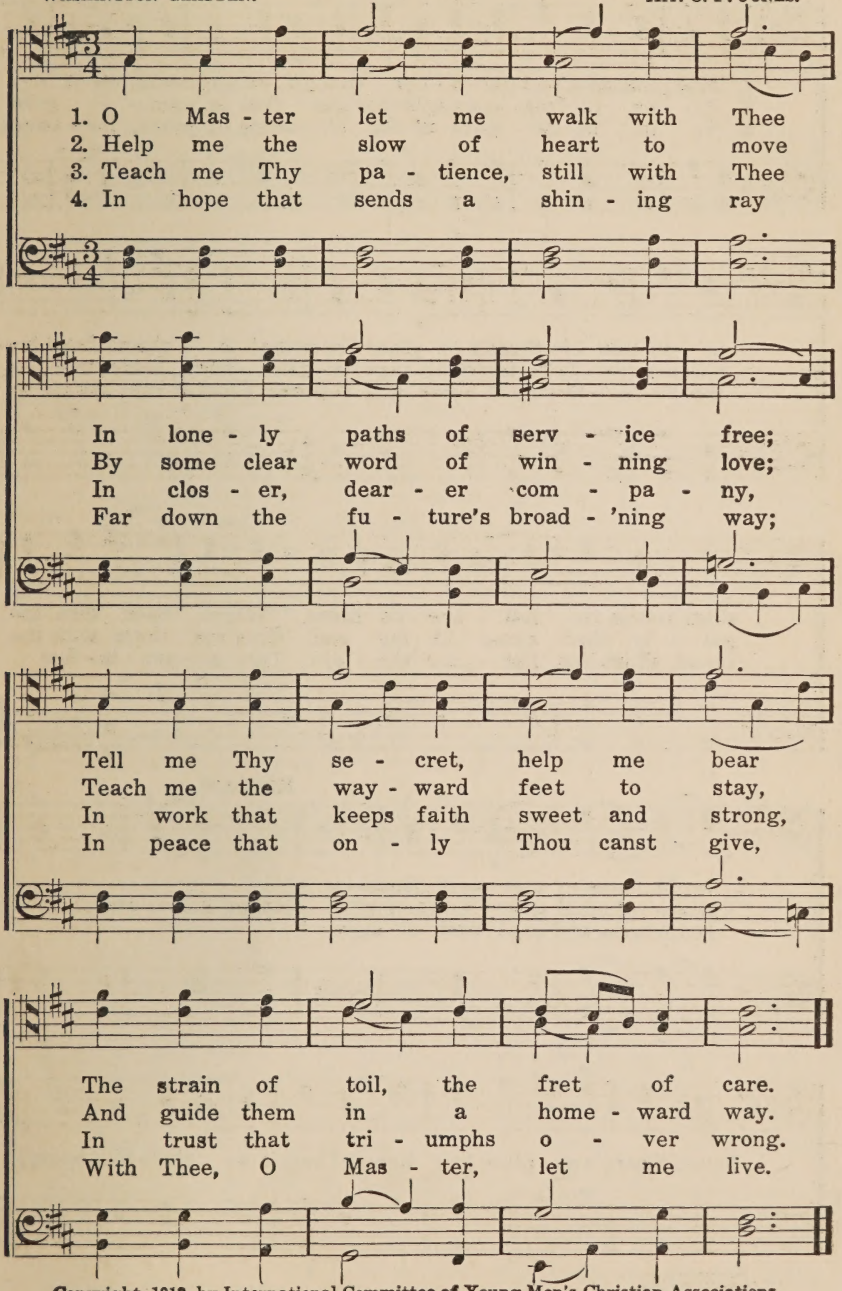
No. 139. O Master Let Me Walk With Thee.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN. KOTZSCHMAR. Arr. C. F. JONES.

1. O Mas - ter let me walk with Thee
2. Help me the slow of heart to move
3. Teach me Thy pa - tience, still with Thee
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray
In lone - ly paths of serv - ice free;
By some clear word of win - ning love;
In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
Far down the fu - ture's broad - 'ning way;
Tell me Thy se - cret, help me bear
Teach me the way - ward feet to stay,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In peace that on - ly Thou canst give,
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
And guide them in a home - ward way.
In trust that tri - umphs o - ver wrong.
With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

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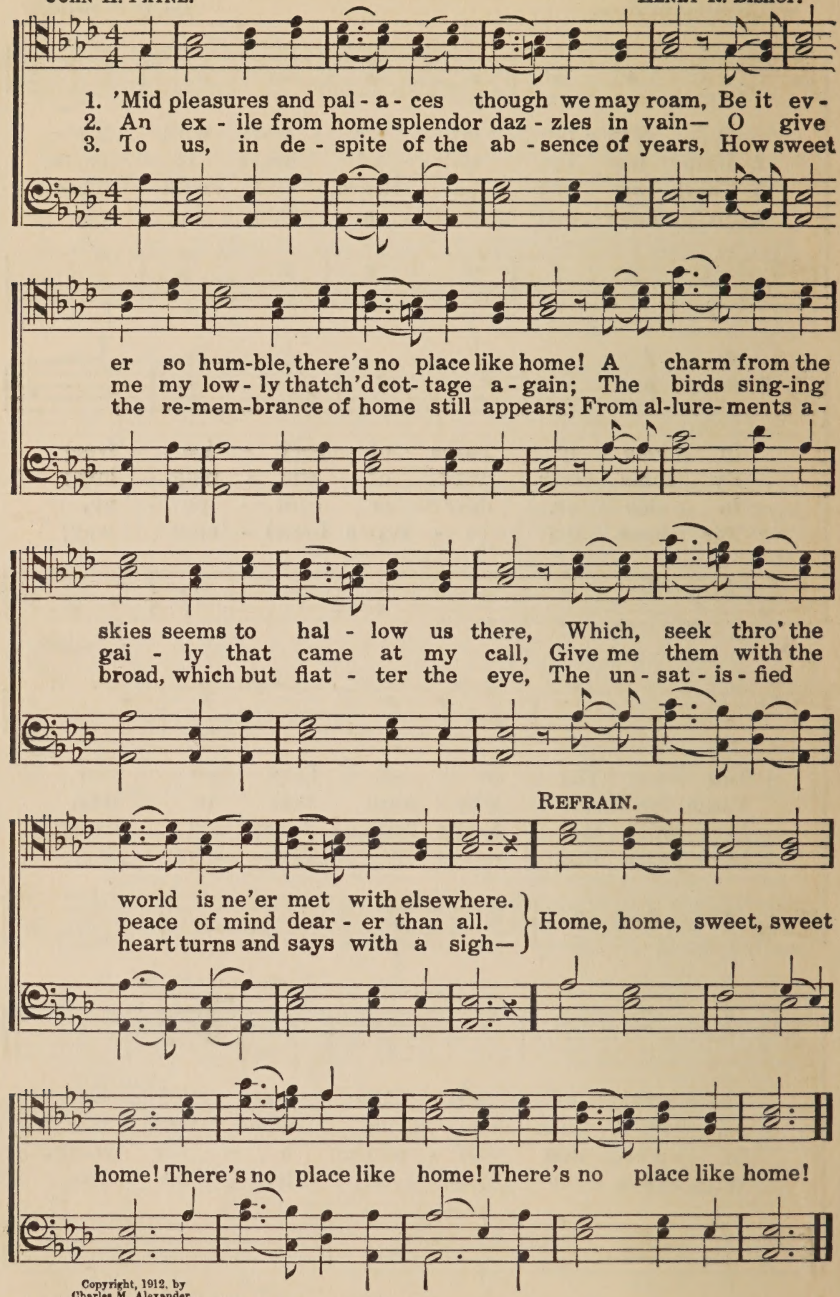
No. 140. Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN H. PAYNE. HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev -
2. An ex - ile from home splendor daz - zles in vain— O give
3. To us, in de - spite of the ab - sence of years, How sweet
er so hum-ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the
me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing
the re-mem-brance of home still appears; From al-lure- ments a -
skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the
gai - ly that came at my call, Give me them with the
broad, which but flat - ter the eye, The un - sat - is - fied
REFRAIN.
world is ne'er met with elsewhere.
peace of mind dear - er than all.
heart turns and says with a sigh—
Home, home, sweet, sweet
home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

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No. 141. No Night There.

(Melody in 2nd Tenor and 1st Bass.)

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. (Arr. P. H. Metcalf.) HART P. DAVIS.

Moderato.

1. In the land of fade-less day, Lies the cit - y four-square;
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the cit - y four-square;
3. And the gates shall nev- er close, In the cit - y four-square;
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In the cit - y four-square;

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is no night there.
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is no night there.
There life's crys-tal riv - er flows, And there is no night there.
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is no night there.

God shall wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

CHORUS.

mf

God shall wipe a-way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

And they count not time by years, by years.

dim.

And they count not time by years, For there is no night there.
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is no night there.

For there is no night there.

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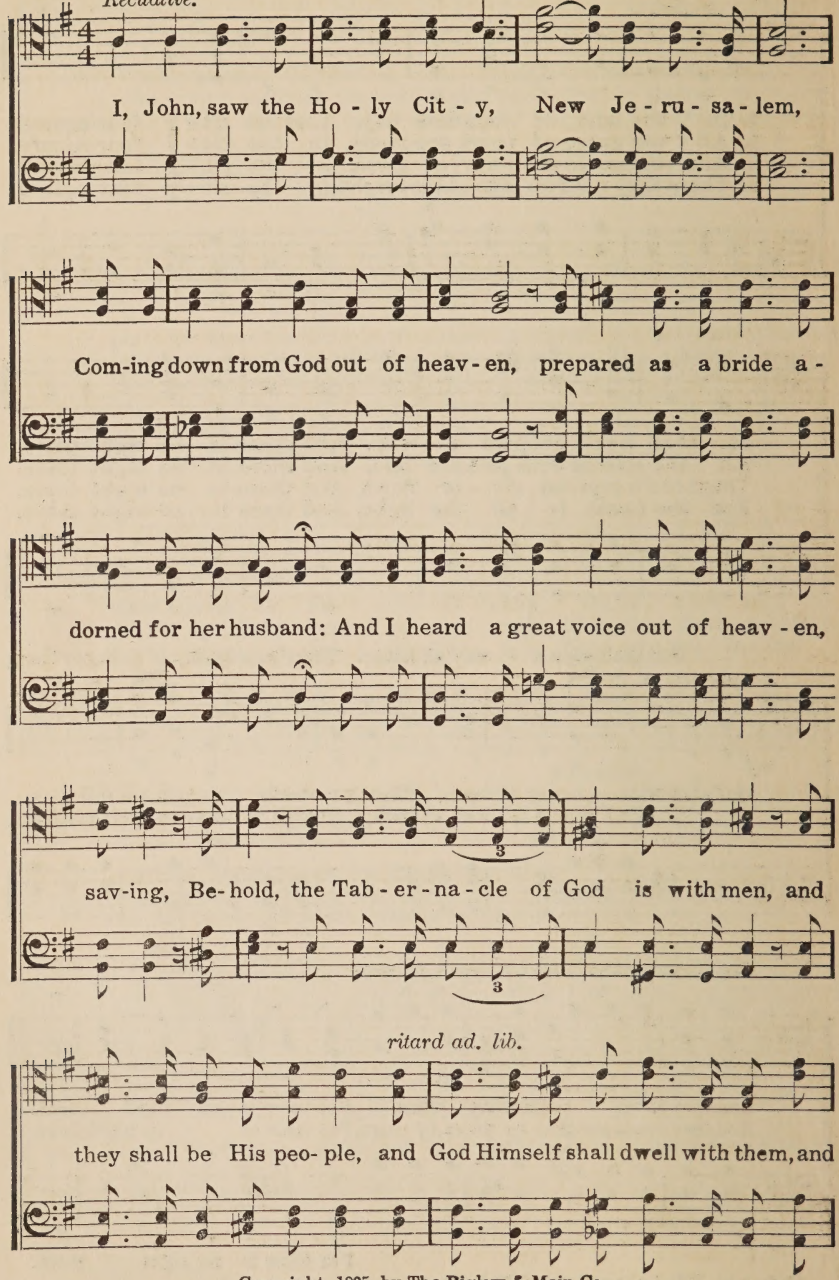
No. 142. God Shall Wipe Away All Tears.

Rev. 21 : 2-4. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Recitative.


I, John, saw the Ho - ly Cit - y, New Je - ru - sa - lem,
Com-ing down from God out of heav - en, prepared as a bride a -
dorned for her husband: And I heard a great voice out of heav - en,
sav-ing, Be-hold, the Tab - er - na - cle of God is with men, and
ritard ad. lib.
they shall be His peo - ple, and God Himself shall dwell with them, and

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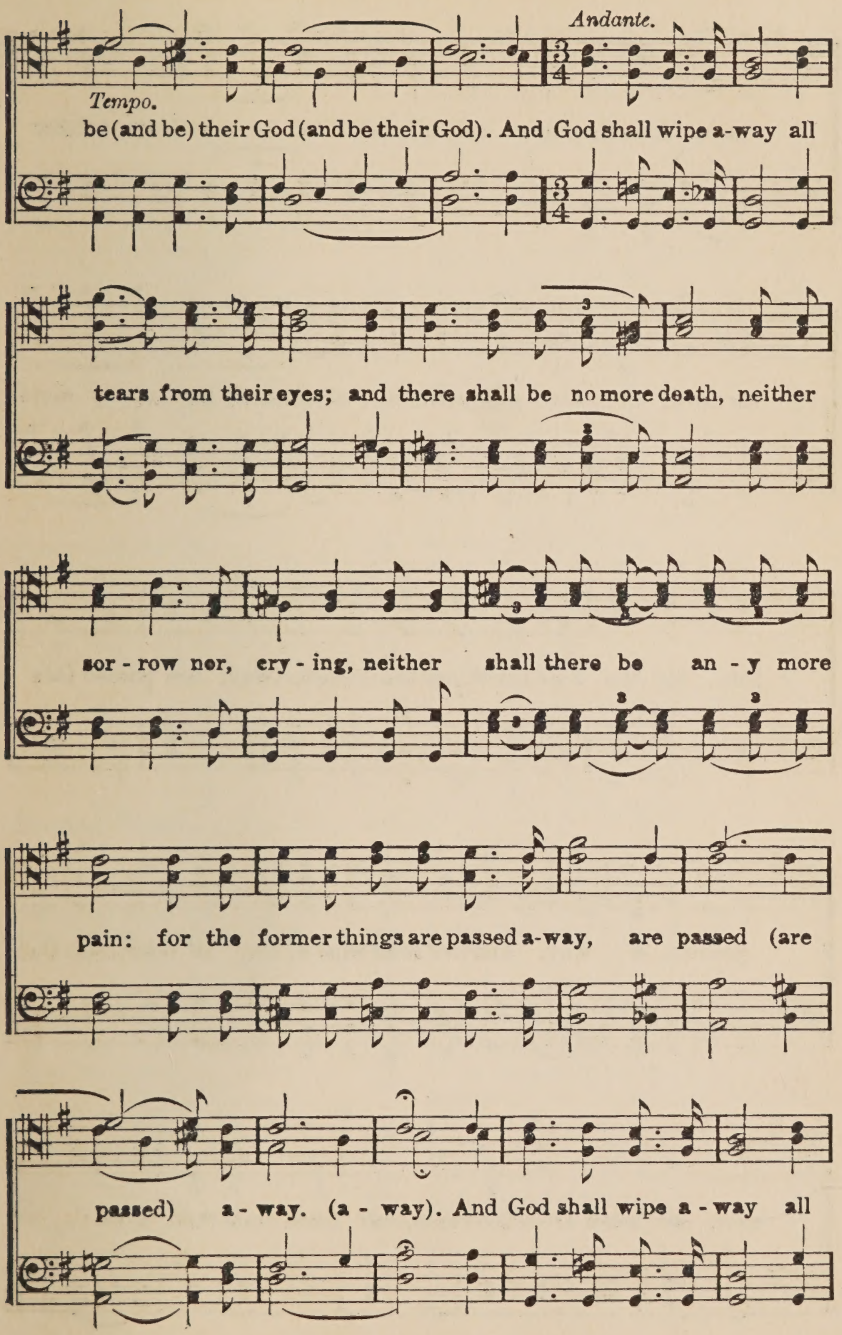
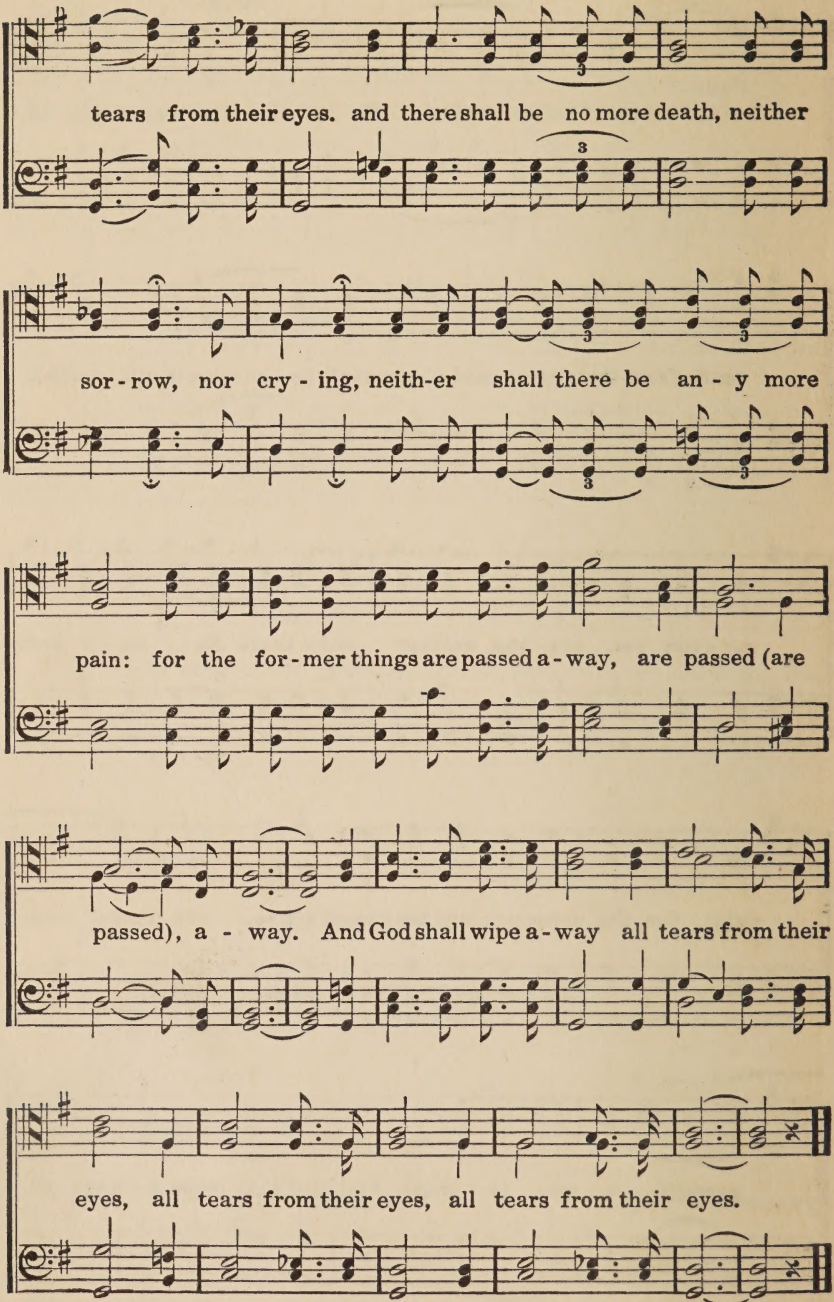
God Shall Wipe Away All Tears.—Continued.


Andante.
Tempo.
be (and be) their God (and be their God). And God shall wipe a-way all
tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither
sor - row nor, cry - ing, neither shall there be an - y more
pain: for the former things are passed a-way, are passed (are
passed) a - way. (a - way). And God shall wipe a - way all

God Shall Wipe Away All Tears.—Concluded.


tears from their eyes. and there shall be no more death, neither
sor - row, nor cry - ing, neith-er shall there be an - y more
pain: for the for - mer things are passed a - way, are passed (are
passed), a - way. And God shall wipe a - way all tears from their
eyes, all tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes.

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